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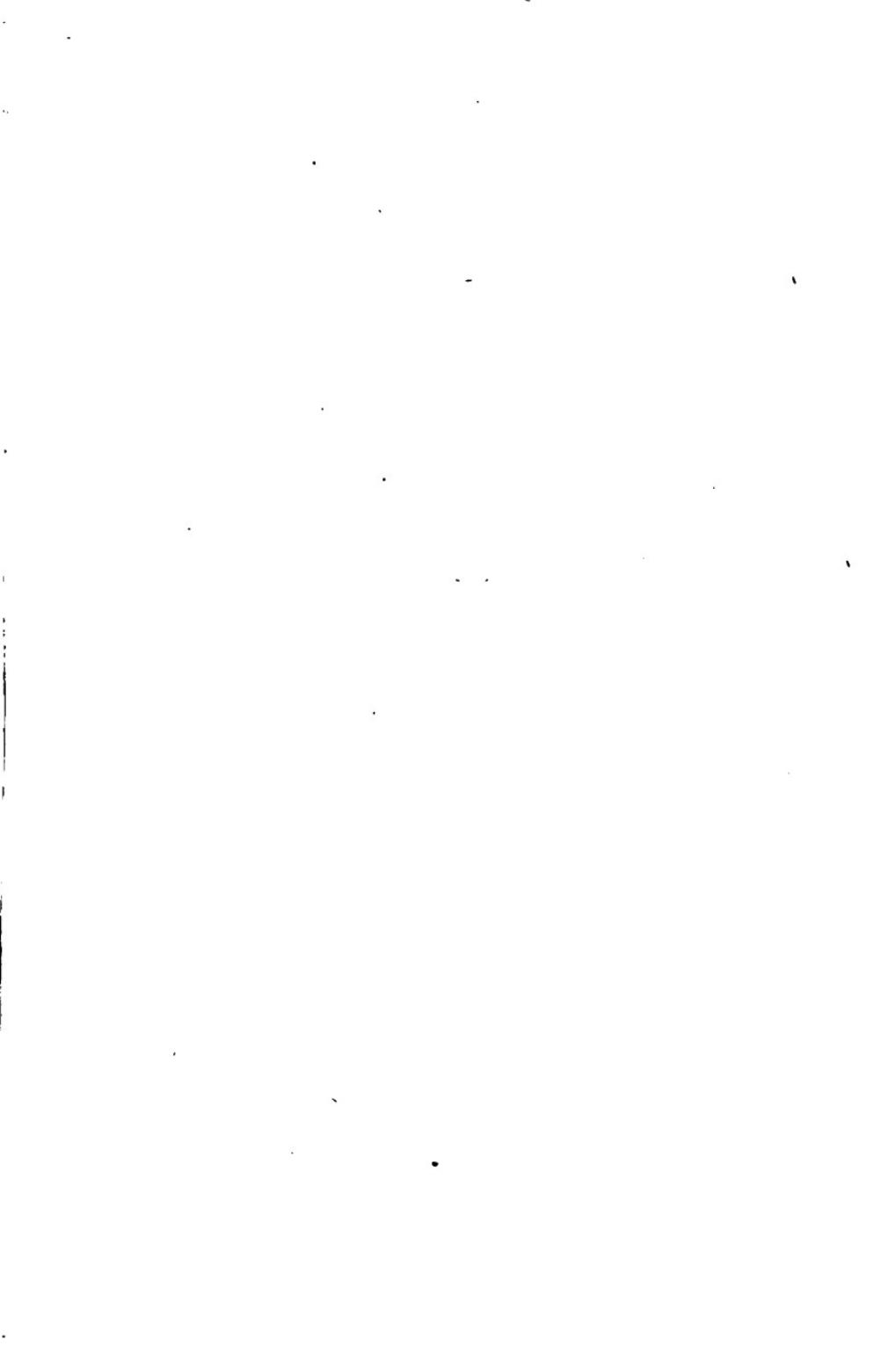
THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
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SOPHY'S SORROWS.—THE WAX DOLL.

THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
GIRLS' OWN STORY-BOOK

A VOLUME FOR

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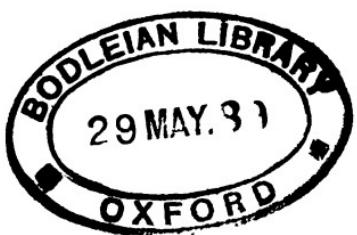
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THE  
Illustrated Girls' Story Book.

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SOPHY'S SORROWS; OR, THE ADVENTURES  
OF A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

CHAP. I.

THE WAX DOLL.

"NURSE! Nurse!" cried little Sophy Roberts, one day, running into the nursery; "Come quickly, and open a box which papa has sent me from London. I think it is a wax doll; for he promised me one."

"Where is the box?"

"In the hall; come quickly, do."

Nurse put down her work and followed Sophy into the hall. A deal box was standing on a chair; nurse opened it, and Sophy descried the curly flaxen head of a beautiful wax doll. She uttered a cry of joy, and was going to seize her treasure, which was still covered with paper wrappings.

"Take care! do not touch, yet," said nurse. "You will break it, for the doll is fastened to the box."

"Quick! break the string, nurse; that I may have my doll."

Nurse, instead of roughly breaking the string, carefully cut it, and removed all the paper and cotton; and Sophy could then handle the most beautiful doll she had ever seen. It had rosy cheeks with small dimples, brilliant blue eyes, and a plump neck and arms, all wax. Its dress was very pretty; a frock of clear white muslin, a blue sash, cotton stockings, and glossy leather boots. Sophy kissed and hugged it twenty times, and holding it in her arms began to jump about the hall. Her cousin Harry, a boy of five years old, who was staying with Sophy, ran into the hall, on hearing her exclamations of delight.

"Look! Harry, what a beautiful doll papa has sent me."

"Give it me, that I may see it better."

"No; you 'll break it."

"Oh no; I will be very careful, and give it you back directly."

Sophy gave the doll to her cousin, again cautioning him not to let it fall.

Harry turned it about and looked at it carefully, then returned it to Sophy with a shake of his head.

"Why do you shake your head?"

"Because this doll is not solid, and I am afraid you will break it."

"Oh, don't be afraid, I shall take such good care of it that it will never be broken. I shall ask mamma to invite Caroline and Lucy to spend the day here to-morrow, that I may shew them my beautiful doll."

"They will break it."

"Oh no, they are too good to be so unkind as to break my poor doll."

The next morning Sophy dressed her doll in readiness

for her little friends who were coming. In putting on its clothes she fancied it looked rather pale. Perhaps, thought she, it is cold, its feet are numbed, I will put it a little in the sun that Caroline and Lucy may see I take good care of it and keep it warm; and she carried the doll to the open window where the sun was shining very brightly.

"What are you doing at the window?" asked her mamma.

"I'm going to warm my doll, mamma; she is very cold."

"Take care; you will make it melt."

"Oh no, mamma! there is no fear; she is as hard as wood."

"But heat will make your doll soft. Some harm will happen to it, I warn you."

Sophy would not listen to her mamma, but laid the doll full length in the broiling sun. At that moment she heard the sound of a carriage; it was her little friends arriving. She ran to meet them. Harry had already received them on the door-steps. They ran into the dining-room, all talking at once; but, notwithstanding Caroline's and Lucy's impatience to see the doll, they did not forget first to go and say good morning to Mrs. Roberts (Sophy's mamma). They then went up to Sophy, who was holding her doll in her arms, and regarding it with a look of consternation.

"Why, your doll is blind; it has lost its eyes!" said Caroline, opening wide her own with astonishment.

"What a pity!" said Lucy; "and so pretty as she is."

"But how has she become blind?" asked Caroline.  
"She must have had eyes."

Sophy said nothing, only looked at her doll, and cried.

"I told you, Sophy, that some harm would come to your doll," said her mamma, "if you persisted in putting it in the sun. It is well that the face and arms have not had time to melt. But, come; don't cry; I am a very clever doctor; and, perhaps, I can put back her eyes."

"Oh, mamma; you can't do that, for they are no longer there."

Mrs. Roberts smiled; and, taking the doll in her hands, shook it a little. A noise was heard of something rattling in the head.

"It is the eyes which make the rattling, you hear," said Mrs. Roberts. "They have dropped into the head; but I will try to get them out again. Take off the doll's clothes, my dears, while I go and fetch my instruments."

The three little girls at once set about undressing the doll, and Sophy left off crying, waiting with impatience for what was to come.

Mamma presently came back, took her scissors, and undid the head, which was sewed to the body. The eyes, which were in the head, fell into her lap. She took them up, replaced them in their sockets, and, to prevent their coming out again, dropped into the head and round the eyes some wax, which she had melted, waited a few minutes till the wax hardened, and then sewed the head to the body. The little girls never stirred all the time. Sophy had watched the operation in fear, for she was afraid it would not answer; but when she saw her doll mended, and as pretty as before, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her half-a-dozen times.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! dear mamma; another time I am sure I shall listen to you."

The doll lived a long time, well taken care of, and much



DOLL'S FUNERAL.

MORNING.

ESTATE.

prized; but, by degrees, it lost its charms, and in this manner.

One day, Sophy took it into her head that it would be well to wash her doll, since children are washed. She got some water, a sponge, and soap, and began to wash it; and so thoroughly did she do this that she brought off all its colour: its cheeks and lips were quite pale, as if it were ill. Sophy cried; but pale the doll remained. Another day, Sophy thought that she would curl its hair. She got some paper, and, that the hair might curl the better, used the curling-tongs: when she undid the curl-papers, the hair came off in them. The curling-irons had been too hot. Sophy had burnt off all her doll's hair, and the poor thing was bald. Sophy cried; but bald the doll remained.

Another day, Sophy, who took great pains with the education of her doll, wished to teach it gymnastics. She suspended it, by its arms, to a packthread; but the doll being too heavy for this, it fell and broke its arm. Mamma tried to mend this; but, as some pieces were wanting, it was necessary to heat the wax a good deal, and the arm was shorter than the other. Sophy cried; but shorter the arm remained.

Another time, Sophy thought that a foot-bath, such as grown-up people used, would be very good for her doll. She poured some hot water into a bucket, and plunged her doll's feet in; but when she lifted her out, the poor thing's feet had melted and stayed behind in the water. Sophy cried; but the doll remained without feet.

After all these misfortunes, Sophy no longer cared for her doll, which had now become hideous, and was ridiculed by all her little companions. At last, one day Sophy wished to teach it to climb trees. She got it up to a

branch, and then made it sit down; but the doll, which had not a firm seat, fell down, and its head striking against the stones was dashed into fifty pieces. This time Sophy did not cry; but invited her little friends to come to the funeral of her doll.

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## CHAP. II.

## THE DOLL'S FUNERAL.

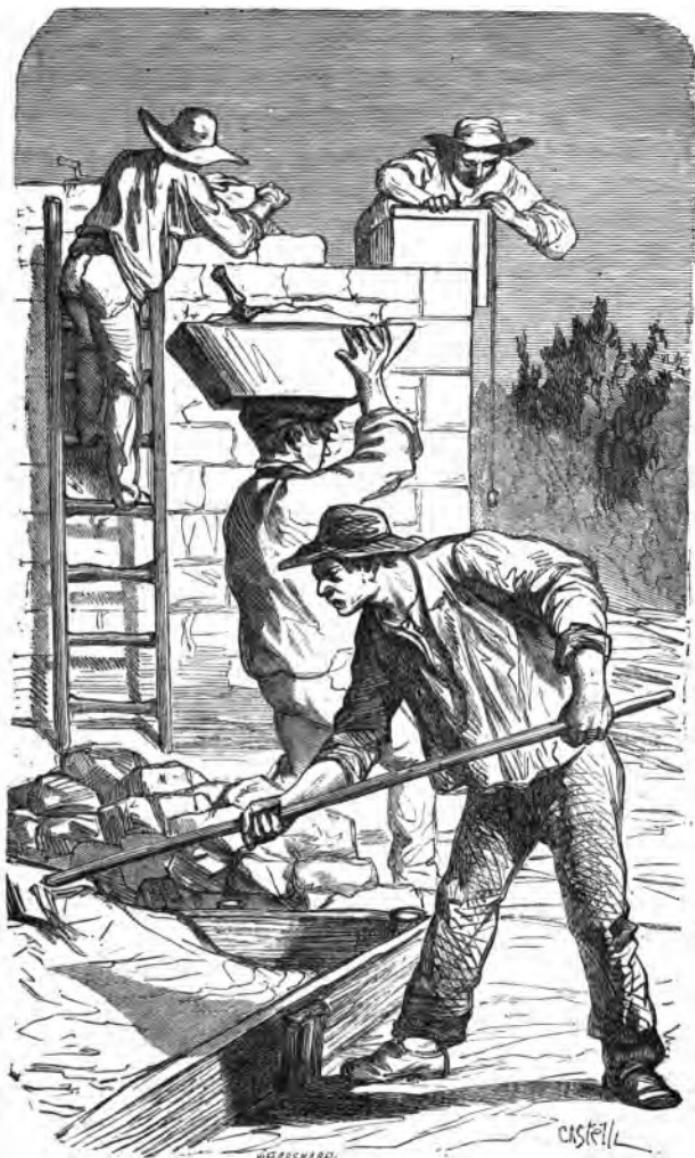
CAROLINE and Lucy came, at Sophy's invitation, to assist in the burial of her doll. They were delighted with this novel idea, and Sophy and Harry were no less amused.

"Come, quick; we have been waiting for you to make the coffin."

"But what are you going to put the doll in?"

"Oh! I have an old box, in which I kept some of my toys. Nurse is lining it with red silk. It is very pretty; come and see."

They ran into the nursery, where Nurse was finishing the pillow and mattress, which were to go into the box. The children all admired this pretty coffin, and laid the doll in; and, that it might not be seen that its head was broken off, its arm crippled, and its feet melted away, they covered it over with a red silk coverlet, and then put it on a bier, which their mamma had directed to be made for them. All of them wanted to bear the bier; but this could not be, as it only admitted of two. After they had pushed and disputed a little, it was agreed that Sophy and Harry, the two youngest, should carry the bier, while Caroline and Lucy walked, one behind and the other before. When the procession reached Sophy's little garden, they put



QUICK LIME.

down the bier, which held the remains of the unfortunate doll, and began to dig a grave; after which they lowered the box, and cast in the mould which they had taken out; then they neatly raked all the ground round the grave, and planted two rose bushes, and, as a finishing stroke, ran to the pond to fill their little watering-pots, and water the rose bushes. This gave rise to fresh amusement, and



renewed peals of laughter; for they ran after each other with their watering-pots, sprinkling one another, pursuing and being pursued, laughing, shouting, and tumbling. Never was there a merrier funeral. It is true it was but that of an old doll, without colour, hair, legs, and head; whom no one cared for, nor regretted.

The day ended merrily; and when Caroline and Lucy

went home, they begged Harry and Sophy to break another doll, that they might again have such an amusing funeral.

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## CHAP. III.

## THE QUICKLIME.

SOPHY was not an obedient child. Her mother had forbidden her to go by herself into the court-yard, where the masons were at work. Sophy was very fond of watching them; and her mamma knowing this, would always take her little girl with her whenever she went to see how they were getting on; bidding her, however, not to stir from her side. Sophy, who wanted to be running about everywhere, asked, one day,

“Mamma! why do you always wish me to keep by your side?”

“Because, my dear, the masons throw stones and bricks, which might hit you; and, also, because there is sand and lime about, which might make you slip and hurt yourself.”

“But, mamma, I should always be very careful; and lime and sand, I think, cannot hurt any one.”

“You think so because you are a little girl, and know no better; but I, who am grown up, know that quicklime will burn.”

“But, mamma,” . . . .

“Sophy,” said her mother, interrupting her, “do not

argue. I know, better than you, what may hurt you or not; and I will not have you go into the court-yard without me."

Sophy hung down her head and said no more; but she put on a sullen look and muttered to herself, "But I *will* go, for it amuses me; and I am sure I shall get no harm."

She had not long to wait for an opportunity to disobey. An hour after, the gardener came to ask Mrs. Roberts to choose some geraniums, which were offered for sale. Sophy was left by herself. She looked all round, to make sure that neither her nurse nor the housemaid could see her, and finding that she was quite alone, ran to the door, opened it, and went into the court. The masons were working, and did not pay any heed to Sophy, who amused herself with watching them, and looking at and examining everything. At last, she came to a large trough full of quicklime, white and smooth like cream.

"How white and pretty that lime is," said she. "I have never seen it so well before, for mamma will never let me go near it. How smooth it is; it must be very nice to walk on. I will cross the trough sliding, as if on ice."

And Sophy put her foot on the lime, thinking that it was firm like the ground; but her foot sank in, and, to keep herself from falling, she put in the other, and sank up to her knees. She screamed, and a mason ran up to her, took her out; and, placing her on the ground, said:

"Take off your shoes and stockings, quickly, miss; they are already quite burned, and if you keep them on any longer, the lime will burn your legs."

Sophy looked at her legs. In spite of the white lime which still stuck to them, she saw that her shoes and

stockings were as black as if they had come out of the fire. She began to scream still louder, and the more so because she felt the pricking of the lime which was burning her legs. Happily, nurse was not far off: she ran to the spot, and at once saw what had happened, pulled off Sophy's shoes and stockings, wiped her legs and feet with



BURNED STOCKINGS.

her apron, took her in her arms and carried her <sup>into</sup> the house.

Just as Sophy was brought into the nursery, Mrs. Roberts came in from speaking to the nursery gardener.

"What is the matter," asked she, alarmed. "Have you hurt yourself, Sophy? Why are you without shoes and stockings?"



THE HAIR THAT WOULD NOT CURL.

Sophy, ashamed of herself, made no answer ; and nurse told what had happened, and how nearly Sophy's legs had been badly burnt.

" If I had not been close at hand, and arrived just in time, her feet and legs would have been in the same state as my apron. You may see, ma'am, how it is burnt by the lime, for it is all in holes."

And, on looking, Mrs. Roberts saw that the apron was quite destroyed. Turning to Sophy, she said :

" You deserve a good whipping for your disobedience ; but as you have already suffered from the fright you have had, I will inflict no further punishment than to take from you your half-crown, which you were saving for your birthday, to buy nurse a new apron in the place of the one you have spoilt."

It was no use for Sophy to cry and ask pardon, and beg to keep her half-crown ; her mamma took it, and Sophy, crying, said to herself, that another time she would listen to her mamma, and not go where she was forbidden.

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#### CHAP. IV.

##### THE HAIR THAT WOULD NOT CURL.

SOPHY was a little coquette ; she liked to be well dressed, and to be told that she was pretty : nevertheless, she was not pretty. She had a round face, fresh-coloured, and merry, with very good grey eyes, a pug nose, a wide mouth, always ready for a laugh, and light hair, uncurled

and cropped short like a boy's. She was very fond of fine clothes ; but could not indulge her love for them, as her mother chose that she should be very simply dressed in a plain white frock, low at the neck, and with short sleeves in winter as well as summer, thick stockings and black leather shoes; and she never put on a hat or cape to go into the garden, as her mother thought it was well to make her hardy. What Sophy most wished for was to have her hair curl. She had one day heard the curly hair of her little friend Caroline Dixon much admired, and since then she had tried to make her own curl. Among other devices, she unfortunately hit on the following. One very wet and close afternoon, the windows and hall-door being open to admit the air, Sophy was standing at the door, her mamma having forbidden her to leave the house. Tired of remaining thus, she every now and then put out her arm to let the rain fall upon it ; then she stretched out her neck a little to catch the drops upon her head, and, putting out her head still farther, she saw that the water-spout of the roof was pouring down in a continuous stream. At the same time she remembered that Caroline Dixon's hair curled best after being wetted.

" If I wet mine," thought she, " perhaps it will curl, too. So she walked out of the hall in spite of the rain, and, standing under the water-spout, received the stream on her head, neck, arms, and back.

When she was thoroughly drenched, she came in doors, and began to wipe her head with her handkerchief, rubbing up her hair to make it curl the more. Her handkerchief was wet through in a minute, and she was going off to ask nurse for another, when she ran right up against her mamma. All dripping wet, and her hair sticking up, Sophy, with a frightened look, stopped pale and trembling.



A DRENCHED YOUNG LADY.

Her mamma, at first astonished, burst into a fit of laughter at the ludicrous figure she cut.

"A very pretty business you have made of it, Miss," she said. "If you only saw the figure you are, you would be the first to laugh at yourself. I forbade you to stir out, and, as usual, you have disobeyed me. To punish you, you shall sit down to dinner as you are. Your hair sticking up like a porcupine's quills, and your frock all wet, and clinging to you, so that your papa and your Cousin Harry may see the fright you have made of yourself. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face, neck, and arms."

As Mrs. Roberts finished speaking, in came Harry and Mr. Roberts. They both stood in amazement at the sight of poor Sophy, blushing, ashamed, half crying, and looking a most ridiculous object; and both burst into a loud laugh. The redder Sophy grew, and the more she hung down her head, the more they laughed; for her rubbed-up hair and her wet clothes, all clinging to her, gave her a most ludicrous appearance. At length her father asked what she meant by making such a sight of herself.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—No doubt it's a new way to make her hair curl. She wishes it to be like Caroline Dixon's, who damps hers that it may curl better; and I suppose Sophy thought it would answer with her.

*Mr. Roberts.*—This comes from being a coquette. She tries to make herself pretty, and you see the fright she is.

*Harry.*—Poor Sophy, run and dry yourself, comb your hair, and change your wet frock. If you knew what a figure you have made of yourself, you would be off like a shot.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—No. She is to dine as she is, with her bristling hair, and her frock full of sand and water.

*Harry.*—Oh, aunt, pray pardon her, and let her comb her hair and change her frock. Poor Sophy! she looks so very miserable.

*Mr. Roberts.*—I vote with Harry, and ask 'pardon for this once. If she does so again, the case will be very different.

*Sophy* (crying).—Oh, indeed, Papa, I will never do so again.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—As your papa so kindly takes your part, you may go to the nursery and have your wet things taken off; but you must not dine with us. You will come down only when we have done dinner.

*Harry.*—Oh, aunt, do let her —

*Mrs. Roberts.*—No, no! Harry, don't ask any more. It shall be as I have said. Go, miss.

Sophy was combed and dressed, and dined in the nursery. After dinner, Harry came to fetch her, and brought her down into the parlour where their playthings were. From that day, Sophy never again put her head under the spout to make her hair curl.

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## CHAP. V.

### THE CLIPT EYEBROWS.

ANOTHER thing which Sophy much wished to have was marked eyebrows. Somebody had once said in her hearing that little Louisa Barry would be very pretty if she only

had eyebrows. Those of Sophy were scanty, and being light in colour, were little seen. She had also heard it said that to make the hair grow thick, it should be often cut.

Sophy one day, looking at herself in the glass, found that her eyebrows were too thin. "Since hair grows



EYE-BROWNS.

thicker by cutting it," thought she, "eyebrows, which are but little hairs, ought to do the same. I shall cut mine, then, that they may grow thicker." No sooner said than done. Sophy took the scissors, and clipped her eyebrows as short as she could. She looked into the glass, and found that it gave her so queer an appearance, she dared not go into the parlour. "I will wait," she said to herself, "till the dinner is upon the table; they will then be so engaged that they will not notice me." But her mamma, not finding her come, sent her cousin Harry to fetch her.

"Sophy! Sophy! are you there?" cried Harry, opening the door of the room. "What are you doing? Come to dinner."

"Yes, yes; I'm coming," answered Sophy, turning her back to him that Harry might not see her clipt eyebrows.

Sophy had hardly put foot in the room, when all eyes turned on her; and every one burst into a loud laugh.

"What a figure!" cried Mr. Roberts.

"Why, she has actually cut off her eyebrows," said Mrs. Roberts.



CLIPPING OFF EYEBROWS.

"How funny! oh, how funny she looks," exclaimed Harry.

"It is astonishing what an alteration this clipping has made in her," said Mr. Arnold, Harry's father.

"I never saw such a fright," added Mrs. Arnold.

Sophy stood, her arms hanging down, and her head bent, not knowing where to hide herself. Thus it was almost a relief to her when her mamma said, "Go to the nursery, miss; you are always playing some foolish trick or other. Be off, and do not let us see you again



THE CLIP'E EYEBROWS.

this evening." Sophy went crying into the nursery; and nurse, in her turn, began to laugh at this round face, so red and without eyebrows. It was no use for Sophy to be angry; everybody that saw her burst out laughing, and advised her to cork herself a pair of eyebrows;

One day, Harry brought her a little parcel, carefully tied and sealed. "See, Sophy! here is a present that papa sends you," said he, with a quizzing air.

"What is it?" cried Sophy, snatching the parcel. She opened it, and found a pair of large black thick eyebrows. "You are to stick them on in the place of your own," said Harry. Sophy reddened with anger, and threw them in Harry's face, who ran off, laughing.

It was six months before Sophy's eyebrows grew again, and they never became so thick as she wished. After this, Sophy never tried to make herself handsome eyebrows.

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## CHAP. VI.

### THE SQUIRREL.

ONE day, Sophy and Harry were amusing themselves in a coppice near the house, looking for acorns, to make baskets and boats. Suddenly, Sophy felt an acorn drop on her neck; as she stooped to pick it up, another hit her on the head.

"Harry, Harry! come and look at these acorns, which have dropped on me: they are all nibbled. What can have nibbled them up there? Mice do not climb trees, and birds don't eat acorns."

Harry took the acorns and examined them, then looked up to the trees and cried out, "It's a squirrel. I see it up there, on a high branch, and he is peeping at us."

Sophy looked up, and saw a pretty little squirrel, with a superb tail curling over its back like a plume of feathers. He was cleaning his face with his furry fore-paws, and, from time to time, he peeped at the children and skipped from branch to branch. "Oh, how I should like to have that squirrel!" said Sophy. "How pretty it is; and how I should enjoy playing with it."

*Harry*.—It would not be difficult to catch it; but squirrels smell badly in a room, and gnaw everything.

*Sophy*.—Oh! I would prevent its gnawing my things by putting them out of its reach; and it could not have a bad smell, for I should clean out its cage twice a day. But how would you set about catching it?

*Harry*.—I should get a cage, and put into it nuts, walnuts, and almonds—the things squirrels like best. I should carry the cage close to this oak, leave the door open, and fasten a string to it; then I should hide myself near the tree, holding the end of the string, and when the squirrel entered the cage I should pull the string; the door would shut, and Mr. Squirrel would find himself nicely caught.

*Sophy*.—But perhaps the squirrel would not go in: the cage might frighten him.

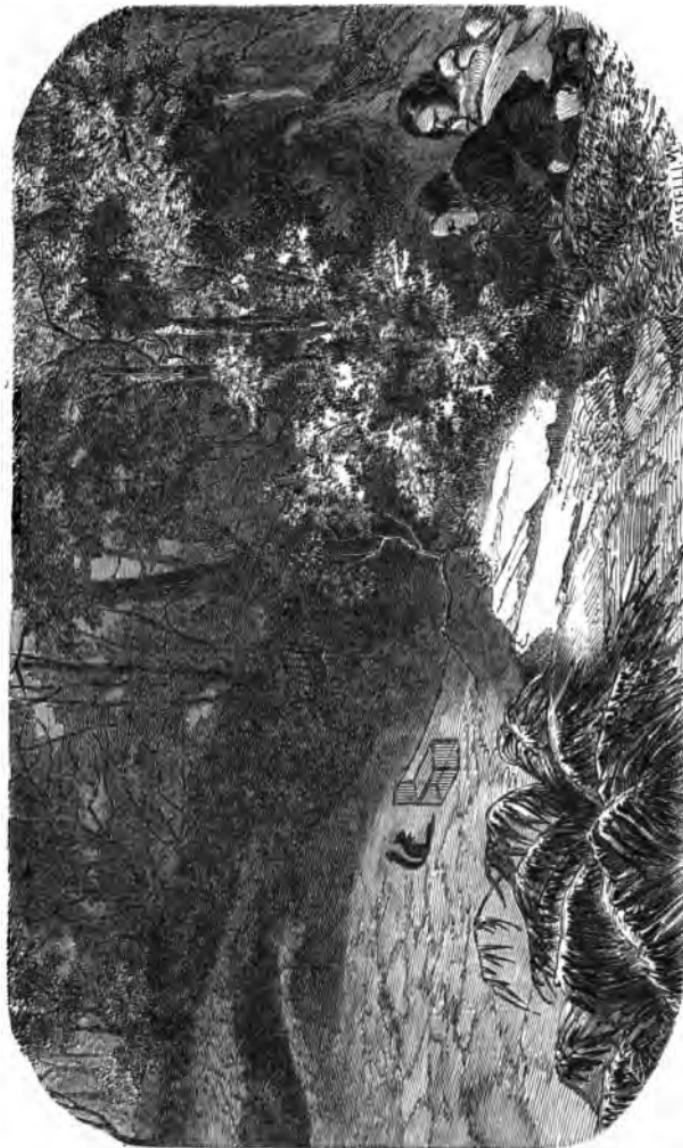
*Harry*.—Oh! there's no fear of that; squirrels are greedy little things, he won't be able to resist the walnuts and almonds.

*Sophy*.—Then do catch him for me, please, dear Harry; for I want so much to have him.

*Harry*.—But what will aunt say? perhaps she won't be willing.

*Sophy*.—Oh, yes! for we will both of us beg her so much that I'm sure she will give leave.

The two children ran back to the house. Harry took



THE SQUIRREL.

upon himself to explain the thing to Mrs. Roberts, who at first refused, but at last gave in, saying, however, to Sophy :

"I warn you, that you will soon get tired of your squirrel; he will climb upon everything, gnaw your books and toys, smell badly, and become a nuisance."

*Sophy.*—Oh, no, mamma! I promise to look after him so well that he shan't spoil anything.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—I will not have your squirrel in the parlour ; you must keep it in the nursery.

*Sophy.*—Oh, yes, mamma! he shall always stay there, except when I take him out.

The children ran off, in high glee, to rummage in the lumber-room for an old cage, which Mrs. Roberts said they would find there, and which had been formerly used for a squirrel. They soon found it, carried it off in triumph, and cleaned it, with nurse's help, and then baited it with almonds, nuts, and walnuts.

*Sophy.*—Now let us carry the cage, quickly, and put it under the oak. I only hope the squirrel won't be gone by this time.

*Harry.*—Wait till I fasten a piece of string to the door, that the cage may shut when I pull it.

*Sophy.*—I'm afraid the squirrel will be gone.

*Harry.*—Oh, no! he'll be there, or close by, till the evening. There, it's finished. Hurrah! Pull the string, and see if it does not do capitally.

Sophy pulled, and the door instantly went to. The children, in great delight, carried the cage to the oak in which they had seen the squirrel ; but, when they looked, he was gone. Much disappointed, they were running from tree to tree to find him, when Sophy was struck on the forehead by an acorn, nibbled like those they had seen

in the morning. "There he is! there he is!" cried she. "I see the end of his tail peeping out from that thick branch."

And the squirrel, hearing voices, stretched out his head to see what was going on.

"Glad to see you, my dear friend!" cried Harry; "and I only hope we shall make your closer acquaintance. Look, what good things we are bringing you! Pray be a glutton for once."

The poor squirrel, which had no idea of the design upon its liberty, saw the cage which Harry had put on the ground, and cast a longing eye at the almonds and nuts. When the children were hidden behind the trunk of an oak-tree, and the squirrel fancied itself alone, it skipped down two or three branches, then stopped and warily looked about it; but finding the coast clear, took another skip down, and so, by little and little, at last reached the cage.

He put one paw between the bars, then the other; but as he could not in this way reach the almonds, which became more and more tempting, he peeped about for some means of getting into the cage, and was not long in discovering the door. He looked at the string distrustfully; again stretched out a paw to reach the almonds, but not succeeding, at last, after much hesitation, ventured into the cage. Scarcely was he in before the children, who were peeping at him from their hiding-place, and watching every movement with beating hearts, pulled the string, and the squirrel was entrapped.

Terror made it drop the almond which it had begun to nibble, and it ran round the cage, vainly seeking for an outlet. The children rushed to their prize, and Harry, carefully securing the door, carried the cage off to the

nursery, Sophy running on before, to call nurse to come and look at her new friend. But nurse was not at all taken with the stranger. "What shall we do with this creature?" said she. "He will bite us, and make a dreadful noise. What new freak of yours is this, Miss Sophy, to encumber us with such an ugly, troublesome creature?"

*Sophy*.—Oh, nurse! how can you call it ugly? Everybody knows that a squirrel is a pretty creature. It does not make any noise; it won't bite us; and you need not have any trouble, for I shall look after it.

*Nurse* (with a sneer).—In truth, I pity the poor creature. You will soon let it die of hunger.

*Sophy* (indignantly).—Die of hunger! Certainly not. I shall feed him with nuts, almonds, bread, sugar, and wine.

*Nurse*.—Here's a squirrel going to be wisely fed; why, the sugar will spoil its teeth, and the wine make it tipsy.

*Harry*.—Ha! ha! ha! A tipsy squirrel! Won't that be funny. I shall have rare sport.

*Sophy*.—Not at all. My squirrel won't be tipsy; he'll be very well behaved.

*Nurse*.—We shall see! we shall see! I will go, in the first place, and get him some hay, that he may make himself a bed. He looks scared out of his wits. I don't suppose he's much obliged to you for taking him prisoner.

*Sophy*.—I will stroke him, that he may get to know me, and see that we don't mean to harm him.

She put her hand into the cage; the squirrel, terrified retreated to the corner. Sophy stretched out her hand to reach it, and, just as she touched it the creature bit her finger sharply. Sophy screamed, and drew back her

hand, which was bleeding. The door of the cage being left open, the squirrel took advantage of this to dart out and race about the room.

Nurse and Harry set off after it, and a most exciting chase it was; for just as they thought they had got their



THE ESCAPED SQUIRREL.

hand on it, the squirrel would take a leap beyond their reach, and a fresh scamper began. Sophy, forgetting her bleeding finger, joined in, and, for a quarter of an hour, they ran round the room after the poor creature, which

now grew weary and bewildered, and would certainly have been recaptured if at that minute it had not perceived a window which was left open, and made its escape through it on to the house-top.

Sophy, Harry, and Nurse, ran down into the garden; and, looking up, saw the squirrel perched on the roof, half dead from fright and fatigue.

"What must we do, Nurse? What must we do?" cried Sophy.

"We must just leave him alone," said Nurse; "you see, he has already bitten you."

*Sophy.*—That was because he did not know me; but when he sees that I feed him, he will grow fond of me.

*Harry.*—I think he will never grow fond of you; he is too old to get used to a cage. I am sure he would pine away in it. We ought to have got quite a young one.

*Sophy.*—Oh, Harry! do throw up a ball to make him come down; then we shall be able to catch him, and shut him up.

*Harry.*—Well, I'll do so; but I don't think he'll come down.

And Harry ran off and got a large ball, which he threw up so adroitly, that it hit the poor squirrel on the head. The ball came rolling down, and after it the poor squirrel; both fell to the ground: the ball bounded and rebounded, but the squirrel was dashed to pieces on the stones, and lay there dead, with its head bleeding and its legs broken.

Sophy and Harry ran to pick it up, and stood horror-stricken to find it in such a condition.

"Oh, Harry! how naughty of you to kill my squirrel."

*Harry.*—It was your fault; you know you wished me to throw up my ball to make it come down.

*Sophy.*—But I only wanted you to frighten it, and not to kill it.

*Harry.*—I never meant to kill it; the ball struck it. I did not think I should have been so clever as to have hit my mark.

*Sophy.*—You are not clever; you are mischievous. Get away; I don't care for you a bit.

*Harry.*—Nor I for you; for you are more silly than the squirrel. I am very glad that I have prevented your tormenting it.

*Sophy.*—You're a bad cruel boy; I won't play any more with you.

*Harry.*—So much the better; I can do very well without you.

*Nurse.*—Instead of quarrelling in this way; own that you have both acted foolishly, and that you are both guilty of the poor squirrel's death. Poor creature! he is better off than if he had been shut up in your cage; for now, at least, he is out of his misery. I'll go and call the gardener, to throw him away. And you, Sophy, go up into the nursery and bathe your hand, and I will soon come to you.

Sophy went off, followed by Harry, who had already forgotten their little dispute. So, instead of sulking, he helped her to pour some water into the basin and bathe her hand, which was rather swollen from the squirrel's bite; and when nurse came up, she bound some rag round it.

The children were rather ashamed at dessert, to tell their parents the sad adventure with the squirrel. Sophy's Mamma was shocked to hear it; and told the children, that

in their eagerness to gratify their own wishes, they had shown very little consideration for the poor creature; which, but for their thoughtless, selfish conduct, might now have been leading a merry life in the wood. Sophy and Harry hung down their heads, and for long after were shy of the mention of a squirrel.

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## CHAP. VII.

## THE CAT AND THE BULLFINCH.

SOPHY and Harry were out walking, one day, with their nurse; having called upon a poor woman, to leave some money for her. They returned from their walk very leisurely: sometimes Harry tried to climb up a tree, sometimes they got through the hedges, and hid themselves among the bushes. Sophy had hidden herself, and Harry was seeking her, when she heard a little *mew*, very weak and plaintive. Sophy was startled, and left her hiding-place. "Harry," said she, "call nurse. I heard a little cry, like that of a cat mewing, quite close to me in the bush."

*Harry*.—Why should we call nurse for that? Let us go, and ourselves see what it is.

*Sophy*.—Oh, no! I am afraid.

*Harry* (laughing).—Afraid! and of what? You yourself say it was a little cry. It cannot then be a large animal.

*Sophy*.—I don't know—it may be a snake or a ferret.

*Harry* (laughing).—Ha! ha! ha! A snake that cries out! That is something new. Or a ferret, which gives so feeble a squeak that I, who was quite near to you, could hear nothing of it.

*Sophy*.—There's the cry again! Do you hear it?

Harry listened, and in fact heard a little feeble cry, which came out of the bush. He ran there, in spite of the entreaties of Sophy. "It is a poor kitten that looks very ill," cried he, after having sought about for a few moments. "Come and see how miserable it looks."

Sophy ran to him and saw a kitten, all white, draggled with wet and dirt, and stretched at length near the spot where she had hidden herself. "We must call nurse," said Sophy, that she may take it away. Poor little thing, how it trembles!" "And how thin it is," said Harry. They called the nurse, who was following them some little way behind. When she joined them, they shewed her the kitten, and asked her to carry it away.

*Nurse*.—But how can I carry it—the poor, miserable little thing is so wet and dirty that I cannot take it in my hands.

*Sophy*.—Very well, nurse. Make a bed of leaves for it.

*Harry*.—Or, rather put it into my handkerchief—that is best.

*Sophy*.—That's it. Let us wipe it with my handkerchief, and put it in yours. Nurse will carry it.

The nurse helped to arrange the poor kitten, which had not the strength to stir, and when it was well wrapped in the handkerchief took it in her arms, and all three hurried home to give it some warm milk. They had not far to go, and Sophy and Harry ran on before to reach the kitchen as soon as possible.

"Quick, Jane," said Sophy to the cook; "give us a cup of warm milk." "What for, miss," replied Jane. "For a poor kitten that we have found in a hedge, and which is almost dead with hunger. See, here! Nurse has it in a handkerchief." The nurse put her little bundle upon the floor; the cook brought a cup of warm milk, and the kitten made straight to it and lapped up the whole, not leaving a drop.

"She has done well, I think," said the nurse: "she has drunk more than two saucers of milk."

*Sophy.*—Ah! see, she is beginning to stretch herself, and to clean her coat with her tongue.

*Harry.*—Shall we carry her into our room?

*Jane.*—I advise you, master and miss, to leave her in the kitchen; she can there dry herself by the fire, and have as much to eat as she wants; or, sleep and go out, as she pleases.

*Harry.*—That's true. Let us leave her in the kitchen.

*Sophy.*—But it shall always be our own kitten, and I shall have it whenever I wish.

*Jane.*—Certainly, miss; you shall see it whenever you like. It will be yours all the same.

She took the kitten and placed it close to the fender. The children left it to sleep there, with many injunctions to the cook to put some bread and milk, in a saucer, beside it.

*Sophy.*—What name shall we give our kitten?

*Harry.*—Call her "Tibby."

*Sophy.*—Oh, no! that's too common. She shall be "Beauty."

*Harry.*—But if she grows up to be ugly?

*Sophy.*—That is true. How then shall we call her. She must have some name.

*Harry*.—I'll tell you a famous one: "Fi-fi."

*Sophy*.—Ah, yes! we'll call her "Fi-fi." I will ask mamma to make her a collar, and to work her name upon it. And the children ran to Mrs. Roberts to tell her the history of the kitten, and to beg her to make a collar for it.

Their mamma accompanied them to the kitchen to see their pet, and to take the measure of its neck. "I do not know if this poor kitten will live," said she; it is so thin and so weak, that it can scarcely stand upon its feet."

*Harry*.—But how came it to be in the hedge? Cats do not live in the woods.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Some naughty children carried it out, perhaps, to play with it, and afterwards threw it into the hedge, thinking it would find its way back to its home.

*Sophy*.—Why then did it not go back? It is its own fault if it did not return.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—So young a kitten might not be able to find the road back; and, also, it might have been brought from a distance. If wicked men carried you far away and left you in some corner of a wood, what would you do? Do you think you would be able to find your way back all alone?

*Sophy*.—Oh! I should have no difficulty about it. I should keep on walking till I met some one, or till I came to a house; then I should say who I was, and I should ask to be taken home.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—In the first place, you might meet with ill-conditioned people, who would not turn out of their way, or leave their work, to put you in the right path. And, in the second place, you can speak, and they would understand you; but the poor kitten, do you believe if she had gone into a strange house they would have known

what she wanted, or to whom she belonged? In all like-likood, they would have driven her away, beaten, or perhaps killed her.

*Sophy*.—But why was she in the bush to die there of hunger?

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Bad boys had perhaps thrown her there, after having worried and beaten her. Besides, she was not so very foolish in remaining there; since it happened by your passing there, she was saved.

*Harry*.—As for that, Aunt, she could not guess we should pass that way.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—The kitten, no; but a good Providence, who knew it, might have permitted it to give you an opportunity of showing your charity, even to an animal.

Sophy and Harry, who were impatient to get back to their kitten, said no more; but returned to the kitchen, where they found Fi-fi fast asleep by the fire. The cook had put a saucer of milk close by her; there was, therefore, nothing more to be done for her, and the children went to play in the garden.

Fi-fi did not die. In a few days she regained her strength, got well and playful. As she grew bigger, she became handsomer; her long white hair was soft and silky; her large green eyes shone like emeralds; and her rose-coloured nose gave her a pretty and perking air. She was a true Angora cat, and of the best breed. Sophy was delighted with her beauty; and Harry, who came often to play with Sophy, was equally taken with her. Fi-fi was the most happy of cats. She had, however, one fault, which caused much trouble to Sophy. She was very cruel in regard to birds. So soon as she was out of the house, she ran up the trees in search of nests, and to eat the young birds that were in them. Sometimes, even, she

killed the poor mother-birds, who sought to defend their little ones against this wicked Fi-fi. When Sophy and Harry saw her springing up the trees, they did all they could to make her come down; but Fi-fi turned a deaf ear to them, and continued to mount higher and higher,



THE CAT AND THE BULLFINCH.

and to feast upon the little birds. One heard nothing then, but plaintive cries of *weet-weet*. When Fi-fi came down from the tree, Sophy gave her a good beating; but she sometimes found means to escape this, by remaining so long up the tree, that Sophy could not wait. At other times, when she was half-way down the tree, Fi-fi made a

jump to the ground, and saved herself before Sophy could catch her.

"Take care, Fi-fi," cried the children to her; "you



will be punished some day or other for your cruelty to the poor birds. Some great misfortune will overtake you."



Fi-fi paid no attention to them.

One day, Mrs. Roberts brought into the drawing-room a charming little bird in a beautiful gilt cage.

" See, my children, what a pretty bullfinch one of my friends has sent me. He sings delightfully."

*Sophy and Harry* (together).—Oh! let us hear him.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—I will make him sing; but don't come too near, lest you frighten him. 'Sweet, sweet,' continued Mrs. Roberts, calling to the bullfinch; 'sing, my friend; sing, darling, sing!'

The bullfinch began to lift its wings, and move its head from right to left, and to whistle to the tune of "Cherry ripe." When it had finished with this, it broke out again with, "Pop goes the weasel;" and afterwards with, "Annie Laurie."

The children listened in silent astonishment; they stirred not, and scarcely dared breathe for fear of disturbing the bullfinch. When it stopped piping, Harry cried out, "Oh, aunt, how well it sings! What a soft, sweet voice it has; I could listen to it for ever!"

" We will try it again after dinner," said Mrs. Roberts; " at present it is tired, having just come off its journey. Let us give it some food. Go into the garden, children, and bring me some groundsel and plantain: the gardener will shew you where to find some."

The children ran off, and shortly returned with enough to fill the cage. Mrs. Roberts told them that another time a handful would be enough; and they put part of what they had in the cage of the bullfinch, who instantly began to peck at it, much to the children's delight.

" Now let us go to dinner," said Mrs. Roberts; " your papas will be waiting for us."

During dinner they talked much of the charming bullfinch. " What a beautiful black head it has," said Sophy.

" And what a pretty red breast," cried Harry.

" We must make it pipe all its tunes," said Mr. Roberts.

So soon as dinner was over they returned to the drawing-room, the children running on before. On entering the room, Mrs. Roberts heard a loud scream; she ran up, and found the children motionless with affright, and pointing to the cage of the bullfinch. From this cage, several of the wires of which were bent and broken, Fi-fi jumped to the ground, holding in her mouth the poor bullfinch, which still fluttered its wings. Mrs. Roberts, in her turn, cried out, and ran to Fi-fi, to make her drop the bird. Fi-fi took refuge under the sofa. Mr. Roberts, who had come in at this moment, seized the tongs and aimed a blow at Fi-fi; but the cat, who was on the watch to escape, darted out of the open door. The poor bird fluttered no more. At last, Mr. Roberts got within reach of Fi-fi, and gave her so severe a blow with the tongs that she opened her mouth and let the bird drop on the floor. After two or three convulsive struggles, Fi-fi stirred no more; she had been struck on the head, and was dead.

Mrs. Roberts, and the children who ran after Mr. Roberts, the cat, and the bullfinch, came up at the last death-struggle of Fi-fi.

“Fi-fi, my poor Fi-fi!” cried Sophy.

“The bullfinch, the poor bullfinch!” exclaimed Harry.

“My dear, what have you done?” said Mrs. Roberts.

“I have punished the guilty, but I could not save the innocent,” replied Mr. Roberts. “The bullfinch is dead, strangled by this cruel Fi-fi, who will kill no more, since I have killed her without intending it.”

Sophy dared not say anything, though she wept bitterly the fate of her poor cat, which she loved in spite of her faults. “I told her,” said she to Harry, “that punish-

ment would, sooner or later, overtake her for her cruelty to the birds. Alas, poor Fifi! you are dead, and by your own fault!"

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## CHAP. VIII.

## THE ASS AND ITS RIDERS.

SOPHY had behaved very well for the last fortnight; she had not once been guilty of a great fault. Harry said that she had not put herself in a passion for long; and nurse reported that she was becoming obedient; mamma also found that she was no longer greedy, idle, or a story-teller. She wished to reward Sophy, but did not know what would give her the most pleasure. One day, as she was working at the open window, while Sophy and Harry played in the garden, she overheard the following dialogue, from which she learned what Sophy most wished for.

*Harry* (wiping his face).—Oh, how hot I am! how hot I am! I think I shall never be cool.

*Sophy* (doing the same).—So am I, and yet we have not got much work done.

*Harry*.—That is because our wheelbarrows are so small.

*Sophy*.—If we took the large wheelbarrows, which are used in the kitchen-garden, we should get on much faster.



THE ASS AND ITS RIDERS.

*Harry*.—We should not have strength to wheel them. I wanted, one day, to use one, but I found great difficulty in raising it; and when I tried to move it, the weight of the barrow made me overbalance it, and I spilt all the earth that was in it.

*Sophy*.—But, at this rate, our garden will never be finished. Before we dig and plant, we ought to wheel more than a hundred barrows full of good earth; and it is so far to have to fetch it.

*Harry*.—What would you have? It will be a long business, but we shall get it done.

*Sophy*.—Oh! if we had a donkey, like Caroline and Lucy Grayson, and a little cart, then we should get the work done very soon.

*Harry*.—Just so; but as we have not a donkey, we must do the work of one.

*Sophy*.—Listen, Harry; I have got an *idea*.

*Harry* (laughing).—Oh! if you have got an *idea*, we are sure to do some folly; for, in general, your ideas are not very brilliant.

*Sophy* (impatiently).—But do hear, before you begin to ridicule. My idea is an excellent one. How much money, every week, does my aunt give you?

*Harry*.—A shilling; but it is to give away in charity, as well as to spend on myself.

*Sophy*.—Very good; I also get a shilling, which makes two shillings weekly. Instead of spending our money, let us keep it till we can buy an ass and cart.

*Harry*.—Your idea would be good, if instead of two shillings every week we had twenty; but if we were to save up our two shillings every week, we could not give anything to the poor, which would not be right, and we

should still have to wait so very long before we could buy an ass and cart.

*Sophy* (reflecting).—Well, but I have got another idea: suppose we ask mamma, and aunt Jane, to give us immediately the money they are going to spend on our Christmas presents, and then we can add that to what we save up.

*Harry*.—But they won't give it us.

*Sophy*.—Still let us ask them.

*Harry*.—*You* may ask, if you please; but I would rather wait to hear what my aunt says to you, before I speak to mamma. I will only ask her if aunt says, “Yes.”

Sophy ran to her mamma, who made as if she had not overheard. “Mamma, will you give me my Christmas presents before the time?”

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Your Christmas presents? I cannot buy them here. I mean to wait to buy them till we go back to London.

*Sophy*.—Oh, mamma! I mean I should like you to give me the money for my Christmas presents. I want it for something.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—How can you want so much money? If it is for any of your poor people, I will give you what is wanted. You know I never refuse you anything reasonable, to give away in charity.

*Sophy* (confused).—Mamma, it is not for charity. It is—it is—to buy a donkey.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—A donkey! What for?

*Sophy*.—Oh, mamma! we want one so much, Harry and I. Just look how hot I am; and Harry is still hotter. It is because we have been wheeling mould for our garden.

*Mrs. Roberts* (laughing).—And you think that a donkey will wheel the barrows in place of you.

*Sophy*.—Oh, no, mamma! I know very well that an ass cannot wheel a barrow. I have not yet told you, that with the donkey we shall want a cart. We will harness our donkey to it, and so we shall be able to load a good deal of earth without tiring ourselves.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—I allow that your idea is a good one.

*Sophy* (clapping her hands).—Oh! I was sure it was a good one. Harry, Harry! — come to the window.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Wait, before you rejoice. Your idea is a good one; but I do not wish to give you the money of your Christmas presents.

*Sophy* (in consternation).—But, then — what shall we do?

*Mrs. Roberts*.—You will wait quietly, and not tease; but continue to behave well, that you may deserve the donkey and cart, which I mean to give you as soon as I can get them.

*Sophy* (jumping, and kissing her mother).—How delightful! how delightful! Thank you, dear mamma. Harry! Harry! We have got a donkey—we have got a cart! Oh, come! Come, quick.

*Harry*.—Where, then? Where, then? Oh, where are they?

*Sophy*.—Mamma gives us them. She is going to buy them.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Yes; I give them to both of you. To you, Harry, to reward you for your obedience and good behaviour. To you, Sophy, to encourage you to imitate your cousin, and to shew yourself always gentle, obedient, and industrious, as you have been for the last fortnight.

Come, we will go and find Lambert, and explain to him what we want, and he will buy your ass and cart.

The children did not need to be told twice. They ran on, and found Lambert in the yard, where he was measuring some oats he had just bought. The children began to tell him, with so much animation, what they wanted—talking both together, and so fast, that Lambert could not understand, and looked at the children in bewilderment. Mrs. Roberts, at length, made all plain by explaining to Lambert what was wanted.

*Sophy*.—Go directly, Lambert, please; we want our donkey at once, before dinner.

*Lambert* (laughing).—But an ass, miss, is not got as easily as a stick from the hedge. I must first learn if there is one to sell, and look about to find you a quiet animal which does not kick, which does not bite, which is not stubborn, and which is neither too young nor too old.

*Sophy*.—Dear me, what a number of things are wanted in a donkey; but take the first you find, Lambert: that will save time.

*Lambert*.—No, miss; I must not take the first I find, at the risk of your being bitten, or getting a kick from the animal's hoof.

*Sophy*.—Oh! never mind; Harry will be able to break it in.

*Harry*.—No, no, Sophy; I do not want to have anything to do with an ass that bites and kicks.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Leave Lambert to himself, my dears. You will find that your commission will be very well executed. He knows all about it, and will spare no trouble.

*Harry*.—And the cart, aunt. How can we have one small enough to harness an ass to?

*Lambert*.—Do not trouble yourself about that, master Harry. While the wheelwright is making yours, I will lend you a small one.

*Harry*.—Oh! thank you, Lambert. That is capital.

*Sophy*.—Set off, Lambert. Do set off, at once.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Give him time to lock up his oats; if he leaves them in the middle of the yard, the chickens and pigeons will eat them.

Lambert closed up his sacks, and laid them on the granary floor; and, to satisfy the children's impatience, went off at once to look about the neighbourhood for an ass. Sophy and Harry thought that he would soon be back, bringing a donkey with him, and, therefore, stayed before the house waiting for him. Every now and then they ran to the yard to see if he had returned. At the end of an hour, they began to find that it was tiresome work hanging about, instead of playing.

*Harry* (yawning).—Sophy, shall we not go and enjoy ourselves in our garden?

*Sophy* (yawning).—Are we not enjoying ourselves here?

*Harry*.—It doesn't seem so. I only know I am not enjoying myself.

*Sophy*.—But if Lambert were to come with the donkey we should not see him.

*Harry*.—I begin to think that he will not come very soon.

*Sophy*.—But *I* think he will.

*Harry*.—Well, let us stay. I am willing, but (*he yawns*) it's weary work.

*Sophy*.—Well, then, go if you are tired. I don't ask you to stop. I can stay by myself.

*Harry* (after a little hesitation).—Very well, I'll be off ; it is really too silly to lose the whole day in waiting. And for what good ? If Lambert comes back with a donkey we shall know directly. You may be sure they will come and tell us at once. And if he does not bring one, what use is there in stopping here, doing nothing, but wearying ourselves.

*Sophy*.—Well, be off ; be off, sir. I don't hinder you.

*Harry*.—Oh ! you are beginning to pout, and for nothing. Good bye till dinner-time, most amiable lady.

*Sophy*.—Good bye, you disagreeable, impertinent boy.

*Harry* (making her a mocking bow).—Farewell, gentle, patient, amiable Sophy.

Sophy stayed waiting for Lambert till the dinner-bell rang. She came in vexed at having stopped so long for nothing. Harry, whom she found in the nursery, looked at her rather roguishly. “ You 've enjoyed yourself, have 'nt you.”

*Sophy*.—No ; I was dreadfully dull, and you were very wise to go off. It 's so tiresome Lambert does not come back.

*Harry*.—I told you how it would be.

—*Sophy*.—Yes, I know you told me ; but, for all that, it 's very tiresome.

A knock came to the door. “ Come in,” said nurse. The door opened, and Lambert appeared. Harry and Sophy uttered an exclamation of delight. “ The donkey ! the donkey ! Where is it ?”

*Lambert*.—There is not one to be had, Miss. I have been seeking ever since I left you. Going everywhere, I thought I was likely to find one ; but it was no use.

*Sophy* (crying).—Oh, how unfortunate ! What a pity. What shall we do now ?

*Lambert*.—You need not take on about it, Miss ; we are sure to get one, only you must wait.

*Harry*.—Wait, how long ?

*Lambert*.—Perhaps a week, perhaps a fortnight ; it depends. To-morrow, I will go into the town, to the cattle-market, and see if I can find a Neddy there.

*Sophy*.—A Neddy ! Why, what is that ?

*Lambert*.—What ! you, who are so wise, Master Harry, don't you know ? A Neddy is a donkey.

*Sophy*.—A Neddy ! how funny. I never knew that.

*Lambert*.—And now I must go and ask your mamma if I may start very early to-morrow for the cattle market, to buy you your Neddy.

And Lambert went off, leaving the children rather troubled at not having got the donkey. "Perhaps we shall have to wait for it a long time," said they, sighing. The next morning was passed looking out for the donkey. It was in vain, Mrs. Roberts told them it was nearly always the case, that we do not get everything we wish at the very moment we want ; and that we must learn to wait, and even sometimes to go without what we most desire. The children answered, "Yes"; but they did not sigh the less, and looked out impatiently for Lambert's return with the donkey. At last, Harry, who was standing at the window, thought he heard in the distance a "Hee-haw," which could only come from a donkey.

"Sophy ! Sophy !" cried he ; "don't you hear an ass braying ? Lambert must be coming."

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Perhaps it is a donkey belonging to some one about here, or one going along the road, so don't raise your hopes.

*Sophy*.—Oh, mamma ; may we go and see if it is Lambert with the Neddy.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—The Neddy; oh, my dear, what a way of talking. It's only vulgar people who call an ass a Neddy.

*Harry.*—Aunt, it was Lambert who told us an ass was called a Neddy; and he seemed quite surprised we did not know this.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—Lambert talks as common people and servants do; but you who live among those who are better instructed, should talk better.

*Sophy.*—Mamma, I hear another “Hee haw;” may we go and see?

*Mrs. Roberts.*—Yes, my dears; but don't go beyond the park-gates.

Sophy and Harry were off like a shot. They ran across the grass to make a short cut. Mrs. Roberts cried, “Don't go on the grass, it is wet;” but they never heard, and ran and leaped like mountain roes. They soon reached the gates; and the first thing they saw on the road was Lambert leading a fine ass by the halter. “Oh, here's the donkey, here's the donkey; thank you, thank you, Lambert. How fortunate!” exclaimed both the children. “What a fine one it is,” said Harry; “And how quiet it looks,” added Sophy. “Let us run in and tell mamma.”

*Lambert.*—Stop! Master Harry, you can mount it, and Miss Sophy can get up behind you, and I will lead him by the halter.

*Sophy.*—But if we should fall off?

*Lambert.*—Oh, never fear. I will walk by your side; besides, it was sold me as a very quiet ass.

Harry got on, and Lambert helped up Sophy, and walked by their side, and in this way they came up to the house. Mrs. Roberts seeing them from her window, went

down, the better to inspect Lambert's purchase. After giving her approval, it was led away to the stable. Sophy and Harry gave it some oats, and Lambert made it a nice litter of straw. The children would fain have stopped to see it feed; but it was just dinner time, so they were obliged to go in to get their hands washed, and their hair brushed, leaving the ass in company of the horses till the morning. For some days after, the ass was harnessed to the small cart, which Lambert had let them have while the wheelwright was making a smart one for the children to go out in, and another small rough one to carry mould, gravel, flower-pots, and all they wanted to put in their garden. Harry had learnt to harness and unharness the ass, and Sophy helped him, and was nearly as expert as himself. Mrs. Roberts allowed them also to ride it. At first, nurse went with them; but when it was found that the ass was as gentle as a lamb, their mamma allowed them to go out alone; only forbidding them to go beyond the park-gates. One day, Sophy was riding the ass, and Harry was making it go on by beating it with a stick. Sophy said to him, "Don't beat him; you hurt him."

*Harry.*—But when I give over beating him, he gives over going; besides my stick is so thin, it cannot much hurt him.

*Sophy.*—What do you think!—I've got an *idea!* if, instead of beating him, I were to prick him a little with spur.

*Harry.*—What a funny *idea!* But, in the first place, you have not got a spur, and in the next, the ass's skin is so tough, it would not feel the spur.

*Sophy.*—Let us try all the same; if the spur does not hurt him, so much the better.

*Harry.*—But I have no spur to give you.

*Sophy.*—We will make one with a large pin, which I will run through my shoe; the head will be inside and the point out.

*Harry.*—Well! that is a bright *idea*. Have you got a pin?

*Sophy.*—No; but we can go back to the house, and I will ask in the kitchen. I know Cook has some large ones. Harry got up before Sophy, and back to the kitchen they rode. Cook gave Sophy two pins, thinking she wanted to pin up a tear in her frock, for Sophy's clothes were often in the wars. Sophy would not arrange her spur in sight of the house, for she knew very well she was doing a foolish trick, and that her mamma would be angry if she knew it. “It will be better to do all this in the wood,” said she. “We can sit down on the grass. The ass will browse while we work, and we shall look like travellers resting after a long journey.” Once in the wood, Sophy and Harry got off. The ass, thankful to be free, quietly fell to grazing, while the children sat down and began their work. The first pin went through the shoe; but it got so bent, it would not do. Fortunately, they still had a pin, and this went easily through the hole made by the first. Sophy, triumphant at the success of her plan, put on the shoe. Harry caught the ass, and helped her to mount. Forthwith Sophy began to press her heel against it, and to prick the poor animal with the pin. The ass went off at a trot. Sophy, delighted, gave prick after prick; the ass, not relishing this, took to a gallop. Sophy grew frightened, and flung her arms round its neck; in her fright, she kept clinging closer to the ass, and pressing her heel into his side; the more she did this, the more, of course, she pricked him. The animal began

kicking and throwing up its hind legs, and presently threw Sophy over its head.

She lay on the gravel rather giddy with her summer-sault. Harry came running up quite out of breath, and helped up Sophy, whose hands and face were much scratched. "Oh, Harry; what will mamma say? What shall we do when she asks us how I came to fall."

*Harry.*—We will tell the truth.

*Sophy.*—Oh, Harry, not all; don't tell about the pin.

*Harry.*—But what would you have me say?

*Sophy.*—Say that the donkey kicked, and I fell off.

*Harry.*—But the ass is so quiet, it would never have kicked but for your villainous pin.

*Sophy.*—If you speak of the pin, mamma will scold us; and she will take away the donkey.

*Harry.*—For my part, I think it's always better to tell the truth. Every time you have wanted to hide something from aunt, she has found it out; and you have been punished more than if you had told the truth.

*Sophy.*—But why would you have me speak of the pin. I needn't tell a fib, if I say nothing about it. I shall tell the truth that the donkey kicked, and that I fell off.

*Harry.*—Do as you like; but I think you are wrong.

*Sophy.*—But you, Harry; you won't say anything? You won't tell about the pin?

*Harry.*—Not I. You know I don't like you to be scolded.

Harry and Sophy went in quest of the ass, but could not find it.

"Most likely it has gone on to the house," said Harry; and both following the donkey's example, took the road home.

When they were within a few yards of the house, they

heard themselves called, and saw their mammas running toward them. “What has happened, my dears; are you hurt? We saw the ass galloping back, with the girth broken. He seemed quite wild and scared; and Lambert had great difficulty in catching him.”



*Sophy*.—No, mamma; nothing at all. I have only fallen.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Fallen? How? What made you fall?

*Sophy*.—I was on the donkey, and it began plunging and kicking. I fell on the gravel and scratched my face and hands; but it’s nothing.

*Mrs. Arnold*.—What made the ass kick, Harry. I thought it was so quiet.

*Harry* (confused).—It was Sophy who was on it, mamma; it was with her that it kicked.

*Mrs. Arnold*.—Oh yes, I know it was with Sophy that it kicked ; but I want to know *why* it kicked.

*Sophy*.—Oh, aunt, because it wanted to kick.

*Mrs. Arnold*.—I don't suppose it was because it wanted to be quiet ; but it is very odd what could make it behave so.

As Mrs. Arnold stopped speaking, they entered the house. Sophy went into the nursery to get her face and hands washed, and her frock, which was dirtied and torn, changed. Mrs. Roberts came in just as Sophy was dressed. She looked at the torn frock she had taken off. You must have fallen with some force to have so torn and dirtied your frock.

“ Oh ! ” said Nurse.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—What is the matter, Nurse ? Have you hurt yourself ?

*Nurse*.—Oh, what an *idea* ; ha, ha, ha ! Here's a pretty invention. Just look, Ma'am.

And she showed Mrs. Roberts the pin with which she had just pricked herself, and which Sophy had forgotten to take out after her tumble.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—What does this mean ? How comes this pin in Sophy's shoe.

*Nurse*.—It certainly can't have run in of itself, for the leather is hard to pierce.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Speak, Sophy ; explain how this pin comes here.

*Sophy* (very confused).—I don't know, mamma ; I don't know.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—What? you don't know? You put on the shoe with the pin in without perceiving it?

*Sophy* (hesitating).—Yes, mamma; I saw nothing.

*Nurse.*—That happens not to be true, Miss Sophy; for it was I who put you on your shoe, and I know there was no pin in then. You would make your mamma believe that I am careless; that is not good of you, Miss.

Sophy made no answer, but grew redder and more confused. Mrs. Roberts told her to speak. If you do not speak the truth, I shall go and ask Harry, who never tells a falsehood. Sophy began to sob; but persisted in keeping silence. Mrs. Roberts went into her sister, Mrs. Arnold's, room, where she found Harry, and asked him what was the meaning of this pin in Sophy's shoe. Harry, seeing that his aunt was very displeased, and would bear no trifling, answered at once, "It was to make a spur, Aunt."

*Mrs. Roberts.*—What did you want a spur for?

*Harry.*—To make the ass gallop.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—Oh, now I understand why the ass kicked and threw Sophy off; the pin pricked the poor animal, and it got rid of it as it could.

Mrs. Roberts then left the room and went back to Sophy. "I know all now," said she; "you are a little storyteller. If you had told me the truth, I should have scolded you a little; but I should not have punished you. Now, you shall be a month without riding the ass." Sophy began to cry.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—When you are more fit to listen to me than you are just now, I must talk to you about the great sin you have committed in telling a fib, and read to you out of the Bible how God punishes liars. You cannot be His child if you do things so displeasing to Him.

When Harry next saw Sophy, he could not help saying

to her, "You see; I told you how it would be. If you had told the truth, we should have been riding our donkey now, and you would have saved yourself all this punishment."

Mrs. Roberts kept her word, and for a whole month the children were not allowed to mount the ass, in spite of all Sophy's entreaties.

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## CHAP. IX.

### THE DONKEY CART.

SOPHY, finding that her mamma would not let her ride the ass, said to Harry, one day, "Since we may not ride our donkey, let us harness it to our cart and take a drive, and be coachman in turns."

*Harry.*—I should like nothing better; but will Aunt let us go?

*Sophy.*—You go and ask her. I daren't.

Harry ran to Mrs. Roberts, and asked leave to harness the ass. His aunt consented, on condition that nurse went with them. When Harry told Sophy this, she began to grumble. "It's so tiresome to have Nurse; she is always so timid; she will not let us go at a gallop."

*Harry.*—Oh! but we must not go at a gallop. I know that Aunt would forbid that.

Sophy did not answer, but pouted the whole time that Harry was gone to seek Nurse and get the ass harnessed. Half an hour afterwards, the vehicle was at the door. Sophy got in, still pouting, and was sulky all the drive, notwithstanding poor Harry's endeavours to make her

pleased and good-humoured. At last, Harry said, "I'm out of patience with your sulks. I shall go back to the house. It's far from pleasant to talk without getting an answer, to play by oneself, or to look at your pouting face." And Harry turned the cart homewards.

Sophy kept on pouting. In getting out, she somehow caught her foot in the harness, and fell flat on her face. Harry quickly sprang out, and carefully picked her up, saying, "I hope you're not hurt, Sophy."

Sophy was none the worse for her tumble; but Harry's kindness to her after her bad behaviour to him, touched her, and she began to cry. "I am afraid you have hurt yourself, poor Sophy; but don't cry, you'll soon be all right," said Harry, kissing her. "Oh, Harry!" replied Sophy, crying still more; "I have not hurt myself; but I'm crying because I am so sorry I was so cross to you."

*Harry.*—Oh, Sophy! don't cry for that. We are very good friends now. Come, dry your eyes; and we will go and have a jolly game.

Sophy gave Harry a kiss, and they both went into the nursery, where they played till dinner-time. The next morning, Sophy proposed another drive in the donkey cart. Nurse said she had to wash some clothes, and could not go with them. Mrs. Roberts and her sister, Mrs. Arnold, were going out in the carriage to pay calls, so they could not accompany the children. "What must we do," said Sophy, looking very disappointed. "If I could only feel sure that you would behave well," said Mrs. Roberts, "I would let you go by yourselves; but, Sophy, you are always taking such freaks into your head that I am afraid of an accident happening through one of your *ideas*."

*Sophy*.—Oh, mamma! don't be frightened. I'm sure I shan't have any *idea*. Do let us go by ourselves: the donkey is so quiet.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—The ass is quiet when it is not teased; but if you begin to prick it, as you did the other day, it will throw you out.

*Harry*.—Oh, Aunt! Sophy will never do so again, nor I either; for I was also to blame in letting her run the pin through her shoe.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Well, then, you may go; but not on the high-road, only in the park; and mind you don't go too fast.

"Thank you, Mamma; thank you, Aunt," cried both the children: and off to the stable they ran to harness the ass. Just as they were starting, they saw the gardener's two little boys coming back from school.

"Are you going out driving, master Harry?" said the elder boy, who was called Andrew.

*Harry*.—Yes; would you like to come with us?

*Andrew*.—Oh, yes! but I can't leave little Johnny; he'll cry so.

*Sophy*.—Well, he can come too.

*Andrew*.—Oh! thank you, Miss.

*Sophy*.—Let's see, who is to sit on the box and drive?

*Harry*.—If you wish to begin, Sophy, here's the whip.

*Sophy*.—No; I would rather be coachman later, when the donkey is more tired, and does not go so fast.

All four got into the cart and drove for two hours, sometimes going at a walk, sometimes at a trot. Each in turn drove. The ass began to get tired, and did not much feel the little whip with which the children beat him, so that he got slower and slower, in spite of the blows and repeated 'gee-ups!' of Sophy, who was driving.

*Andrew*.—Oh, Miss! if you want him to get on, I will get a branch of holly. If you beat him with that, it will make him go better.

*Sophy*.—Dear me, that's a good idea, now we shall stir up this lazy creature.

She stopped, Andrew got out, and went to break a large branch of holly from a tree, that was growing close by. “Take care what you're going to do, Sophy,” said Harry; “you know Aunt forbade you to prick the donkey.”

*Sophy*.—You fancy, Harry, that the holly is going to prick him, as the pin did the other day; but I tell you, he wont even feel it.

*Harry*.—Then why have you let Andrew break that branch of holly.

*Sophy*.—Because it is larger than our whip. And Sophy striking the ass sharply with the holly, the animal went off at a trot. Sophy, delighted at having succeeded, gave a second and harder blow; faster and faster trotted the ass. Sophy laughed; so did the gardener's children. But Harry was a little uneasy, he was afraid something might happen, and that Sophy would be scolded and punished. They came to a pretty long and steep descent. Sophy redoubled her blows; and the ass, greatly irritated, went off at a gallop. Sophy now got frightened, and tried to stop it; but it was too late. The ass, thoroughly roused, ran as fast as its legs would carry him. All the children set up a scream, frightening the ass still more, and making him run all the faster. At length, the creature ran over a heap of earth; the cart was overturned, and the children were sent flying out. But this did not stop the donkey; it still went on dragging the upset cart. The vehicle was so low, that the children were not hurt, beyond a few scratches on their faces and hands. They got



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up sorrowfully ; the gardener's boys went their way home, and Sophy and Harry did the same. After walking some time without speaking, Sophy said to Harry, "Oh, Harry ! I am afraid of Mamma. What will she say to me ?"

*Harry* (sorrowfully).—When you took the holly, Sophy, I was afraid you would hurt the poor ass. I ought to have told you this more strongly. Perhaps if I had, you would have listened to me.

*Sophy*.—No, Harry, I should not have heeded you ; because I thought the holly could not prick through the donkey's thick coat. But, what will mamma say ?

*Harry*.—Oh, Sophy ! what a pity it is you are so disobedient. If you listened to aunt, you would not be so often scolded and punished.

*Sophy*.—I will try to be better ; I really will, Harry ! but it's so tiresome to be always obedient.

*Harry*.—It is much more tiresome to be always punished ; and, besides, I have observed, the things we are forbidden to do, are always dangerous ; and when we do them, some mischief comes of it ; and then we are frightened to see mamma and aunt.

*Sophy*.—Yes, you're right. And, oh dear, what shall we do, there's mamma coming ; don't you hear the carriage. Let us run quickly, and get in before they see us.

But it was no use ; the carriage went quicker than they, and drew up at the door just as the children were trying to get in. Mrs. Roberts and her sister immediately saw the culprits' scratched hands and faces. "More accidents !" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, "what now has befallen you ?"

*Sophy*.—Mamma, it is the donkey.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—I was sure, beforehand, that something would happen ; and so was uneasy all the time we were out. What has the donkey done, that your hands and face are in this state.

*Sophy.*—Mamma, he overturned us ; and I think the cart is rather broken, for he continued running after we were thrown out.

*Mrs. Arnold.* I am sure you have had another invention, which teased this poor animal. Sophy hung down her head, and was silent. Harry reddened, but said nothing.

“Sophy,” said her mamma, “I see by your looks, that your Aunt has guessed rightly. Speak the truth, and tell what has happened.” Sophy hesitated a moment; but made up her mind to speak the truth, and told the whole story to her mamma and aunt.

“My dear children,” said Mrs. Roberts, “since you have had this ass, nothing but misfortunes have happened to you. Sophy is always having *ideas* which have no common sense in them. I shall, therefore, have this unhappy animal—the cause of so much folly and mischief—sold.”

*Sophy and Harry* (in one breath).—Oh, Mamma ! oh, Aunt ! do not sell it. We will never do so again.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—You will not be guilty of the same foolish trick ; but Sophy will invent others, perhaps more mischievous.

*Sophy.*—Oh, no, mamma ! I will not do anything but what you allow me. I will be obedient, I promise you.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—I will then wait a few days ; but I warn you, that at the first of Sophy's *ideas*, as she calls them, the ass shall be taken from you.

The children thanked Mrs. Roberts, who then asked

them where the ass was. They then remembered that it had continued its course, dragging the upset cart after it.

Mrs. Roberts called Lambert, told him what had happened, and sent him in search of the ass. An hour after, back came Lambert. The children were eagerly expecting him.

“ Well, Lambert,” cried both.

*Lambert.*—Well, Master Harry and Miss Sophy, your ass has come to harm.

*Sophy and Harry.*—How! what harm?

*Lambert.*—It seems the poor beast had taken fright, and raced on till it reached the park-gate; this happened to be open, and it rushed through. The stage-coach was coming along just as it crossed the road; the coachman could not draw up his team in time, they ran against the ass and cart, knocked them down, stumbled and fell on on the top of them, nearly overturning the coach. When the men went to raise the horses, and free them from the harness, the ass was found quite dead, he stirred no more than a stone.

At the cries and lamentations which the children made, their mothers ran to the spot. Lambert repeated the story of the ass’s sad fate. Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Roberts tried to comfort Sophy and Harry; but this was a difficult matter, so distressed were they.

Sophy blamed herself for having occasioned the death of her ass; Harry, for having let her use the holly, the cause of the accident. So the day ended very sadly.

For long after Sophy cried whenever she saw an ass the least like her’s: she thought she could never bear to have one again; and it was well she felt so, for her mamma had certainly no intention of giving her another.



A SAD REPORT.

## CHAP. X.

## THE TORTOISE.

SOPHY was very fond of pet animals; she had already had a chicken, a squirrel, a cat, and an ass. Her mamma would not give her a dog, for fear it might go mad. "What animal can I then have, mamma?" asked she, one



THE TORTOISE.

day. "I should like one that could not hurt me, nor run away, and that is easy to look after."

*Mrs. Roberts* (laughing).—I know of nothing, then, except a tortoise that will suit you.

*Sophy*.—Oh, to be sure! A tortoise is just the thing! that won't bite me; and there is no fear of its running way.

*Mrs. Roberts* (laughing).—And if it did try do so, you would always have time to overtake it.

*Sophy*.—Then do buy me a tortoise, please, Mamma."

*Mrs. Roberts*.—What nonsense! It was only in joke that I suggested a tortoise, for it is an unattractive creature—heavy, ugly, and stupid. I don't think you could get fond of anything so uninteresting.

*Sophy*.—Oh, yes, Mamma! do, please, get it. I know it will amuse me; and I will be very good if you will give it me.

*Mrs. Roberts*.—Since you wish to have so ugly and stupid a creature, I will give it you; but only upon two conditions: one is, that you do not let it die of hunger; the other, that the first time you do anything very naughty, I take it from you.

*Sophy*.—I agree to that, Mamma! I agree to that; but when shall I have my tortoise?

*Mrs. Roberts*.—You shall have it the day after to-morrow. I will write this morning to your Papa, who is in London, to ask him to buy one. He will send it to-morrow, by the train, and you will get it early the next day.

*Sophy*.—Thank you; thank you, dear Mamma. And, oh, how lucky! Harry is to come to-morrow, you know, to spend a fortnight; so he will have plenty of time to amuse himself with the tortoise.

The next day brought Harry, to Sophy's great joy.

When she told him she was going to have a tortoise, Harry ridiculed her choice, and asked her what she was going to do with such a frightful creature.

"We will give it lettuce leaves; we will make it a bed of hay; we will carry it on to the grass; and, I am sure, we shall be very much amused with it."

The next morning the tortoise arrived. It was as large as a plate, and, in shape, like a dish-cover; of a dingy, dirty colour; and it had drawn in its head and feet.

"Oh, dear! What an ugly creature!" cried Harry.

"I find it pretty enough," said Sophy, a little piqued at this disparaging remark on her pet.

*Harry* (with a quizzing air).—Oh! hasn't it a beautiful face and sweet smile?

*Sophy*.—Be quiet. You are always ridiculing everything.

*Harry* (continuing).—What I most admire in it is its graceful figure and nimble pace.

*Sophy* (getting angry).—Be quiet, I say; or I will carry off my tortoise, if you laugh at it.

*Harry*.—Pray carry it off. I shall not much miss its company.

Sophy had a great mind to give Harry a slap in the face; but she remembered her promise and her mamma's threat, and contented herself with casting a furious look at Harry. She wanted to take up the tortoise and carry it on to the grass; but it was too heavy for her, and down she let it fall.

Harry, who began to be sorry for having teased her, ran to help her, and suggested that they should put the tortoise in a handkerchief, and carry it between them by holding the corners. Sophy, who got a fright when the tortoise fell, was now very ready to let Harry help her.

When the tortoise felt the fresh grass, it put out its feet, and then its head, and began to eat the grass.

Sophy and Harry looked on with wonder. "You see now," said Sophy, "that my tortoise is not so stupid and uninteresting."

"Yes, I see," said Harry; "but still it is very ugly."

"Yes; I allow, it's very ugly. It has a frightful head."

"And horrible feet," added Harry.



THE TORTOISE.

The children continued to look after the tortoise for ten days, during which, nothing wonderful happened. The tortoise slept on a bed of hay; ate lettuce leaves; and seemed happy.

At last, one day, Sophy had one of her *ideas*. She thought, the day being very hot, that the tortoise would be very much refreshed by a bath. So she called Harry, and proposed bathing it.

*Harry.*—Bathe it! and where?

*Sophy.*—Oh, in the pond in the kitchen garden; the water there is fresh and clear.

*Harry.*—But I am afraid it will do the tortoise harm.

*Sophy.*—Oh, no! tortoises are very fond of bathing. I know it will be delighted.

*Harry.*—How do you know that tortoises are fond of bathing. I think they don't like water.

*Sophy.*—I'm sure they like it very much. Don't crabs like water? Don't oysters like water? And they are rather like tortoises.

*Harry.*—Well, that's true! Besides, we can try.

And they went to take up the poor tortoise, which was quietly basking in the sun on the grass. They carried it to the pond, and plunged it in. As soon as the tortoise felt the water, it hastily put forth its head and feet to try and get out, its clammy feet touching Sophy's and Harry's hands; they let it go, and it fell to the bottom of the pond.

The children, terrified, ran to the gardener's house, to ask him to fish up the poor tortoise. The man, who knew that water would kill it, ran to the pond; it was not deep, so taking off his shoes and stockings and turning up his trousers, he went in. He saw the tortoise struggling at the bottom of the pond, and took it out quickly. He immediately carried it to the fire to warm it; the poor creature had drawn in its head and feet, and did not stir. When it was well warmed, the children wanted to carry it back on the grass, in the sun; but the gardener said, "Stop, Master Harry and Miss Sophy, I will take it; I scarcely think it will eat anything."

"Do you think being in the pond has hurt it?" asked Sophy.

"To be sure, Miss, it has done it harm. Water does not do for tortoises."

*Harry.*—Do you think it will be very poorly?

*Gardener.*—I don't know about that; but I think it will die."

"Die! oh, dear!" cried Sophy.

*Harry* (in her ear).—Don't frighten yourself; he knows nothing about it. He thinks tortoises are like cats, which don't like water.

They had now got back to the lawn: the gardener gently laid down the tortoise, and returned to his work. The children went every now and then to look at it, but it never stirred, neither its head nor its feet appeared. Sophy got uneasy. Harry tried to re-assure her. "We must let it alone, Sophy, to do as it chooses; and to-morrow it will eat."

In the evening they took it on to its bed of hay, and put some fresh lettuce leaves by it; but the next morning, when they went to see it, the lettuce leaves were whole; the tortoise had not touched them. "It's very odd," said Sophy; "for he always eats up his food in the night."

"Let us carry it on to the grass," said Harry, "perhaps it has got tired of lettuce leaves. When they reached the lawn, Harry, who was getting uneasy, though he would not own this to Sophy, carefully examined the tortoise, which never stirred. "Let us leave it here on the grass," said he, "the sun will warm it and do it good."

*Sophy.*—Do you think it is poorly.

*Harry.*—Yes, I think so;" he would not add, "*I think it is dead,*" which he began to fear.

For two days, Harry and Sophy kept carrying the tortoise on to the grass; but it never moved, and they always found it just where they had laid it; and the lettuce-

leaves, which they gave it over night, untouched in the morning. On the third day, as they were carrying it on to the grass, they perceived it smelt badly.

"It's dead," said Harry; "it has begun to smell badly."

"Dead!" repeated Sophy; "it's the bath that has killed it."

They were both standing over the tortoise in great distress, and not knowing what to do with it, when Mrs. Roberts came up, "What are you doing there? standing like statues by that tortoise, which is as motionless as yourselves," continued she, stooping to take it up. In examining it, Mrs. Roberts perceived that it had a bad smell. "Why, it's dead!" cried she, throwing it on the ground; "it has begun to smell badly."

*Harry.*—Yes, aunt, I think it's dead.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—What can it have died of? Not of hunger, for you put it on the grass every day. It's very odd it should die without our knowing why.

*Sophy.*—I think, Mamma, it's the bath which has made it die."

*Mrs. Roberts.*—*The bath!* Why, who could think of giving it a bath?

*Sophy.*—It was I, Mamma; I thought tortoises liked fresh water, and I bathed it in the pond; it fell to the bottom; we could not get it out. It was the gardener who fished it up, after it had been a little while in the water.

*Mrs. Roberts.*—Ah, Sophy! here we have another of your *ideas*. However you have punished yourself, so I have nothing more to say. Only, remember, that for the future, you will have no animal to look after and bring up. You and Harry either kill or let them all die. This

tortoise must be thrown away. Lambert! come and take this poor creature, and throw it into some hole or other.

This was the end of the poor tortoise, which was the last animal Sophy had.

Some days after, she asked her mamma if she might not have some charming guinea-pigs. Mrs. Roberts refused. There was nothing for it, but to submit. So Sophy was obliged to live without pet animals, and have only Harry for a play-fellow, who often came to stay some days with her.

And now, my dear little readers, you must say good-bye to Sophy and her Sorrows; for with the history of her last pet, my adventures come to an end. I have only to add, that the older she grew, the better she became; and *naughty* Sophy, gave place to *good* SOPHIA.

## TREASURE TROVE;

OR,

## THE SABLE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.

"I WOULD give a good deal to know the end of this history! How tiresome it is to have only odd volumes!" So saying, Robert Macgregor, a boy about ten years old, shut the book he had been reading just as the church-clock struck seven. "Dear me, I had no idea it was so late," added he. "Grandmamma will have been up long," and, leaving his bed-chamber, he entered the adjoining room, which had to serve both for sleeping apartment and sitting-room. Though wearing a look of much neatness, everything about it, with the exception of a handsome cabinet, the relic of better days, bespoke great indigence. Near the window sat an elderly dignified-looking woman busy embroidering a lady's collar. She looked up when Robert entered, and greeted him with a smile.

"Oh, here you come, my boy! I was very careful not to make much noise in getting up for fear of awakening you too soon."

"Oh, I have been up long, Grandmamma," said Robert, affectionately kissing her; "for I went to bed in good time

last night ; when I got home from doing your errands, you were out, and I was so tired and sleepy that I thought I would not wait up to wish you good night."

" You did quite right, my Boy ; and when I got back and saw your cap lying on the table, and your bedroom door shut, I knew where you were."

" This morning, grandmamma, I rose as soon as it was light ; but, opening a volume of Hume at the history of Charles the Second, I grew so absorbed I could not lay down the book till I got to the end. Ah, what troubles Charles had ! king though he was. When I think of him, I take courage."

" But," rejoined Mrs. Forbes, Robert's grandmother, "*he* regained his kingdom, while we shall not recover our fortune."

" Who knows !" cried Robert, cheerily.

" Ah, youth is always sanguine," murmured his grandmother, again sighing.

" But only guess, Grandmamma, what I made yesterday. I had quite a windfall."

" I am afraid I can't guess, my dear boy ; so I think you had better enlighten me."

" Well, as I was coming from school, yesterday evening, I saw Dr. Pattison getting out of his gig, in Castle-street. For some reason or other his man-servant was not with him as usual ; and there seemed no one at hand to hold his horse, so I offered my services ; and when he came out from his visit, he gave me a shilling, saying, ' Here, my boy, is something to buy yourself marbles.' There's the money, grandmamma, and I want you to lay it out in a pound of butter, for it troubles me to see you eat dry bread at your breakfast ; you who have not been used to do so."

"My dear Boy, I really don't mind such a slight privation, and we have much more pressing needs; for instance, you will soon want a new pair of shoes."

"You might say *do want*," rejoined Robert; "for these are out at the toes, and the soles are nearly gone."

"Dear me! I had hoped they were not quite so bad. Why, it must hurt your feet to walk in them."

"Not much, Grandmamma. I did not mean to complain. I can wait a little for a new pair. But now I have done my breakfast, so I must be off to school;" and, collecting his books, the little fellow hurried away.

Mrs. Forbes was the widow of an Edinburgh advocate, who had an excellent practice; but was, unhappily, a man of such extravagant habits, that when he died rather suddenly, it was found he had left no provision for his widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes had never had more than one child, a daughter; and she, being gifted with great beauty, had married very early in life a Mr. Macgregor, a large Leith shipowner. When this gentleman was apprised of the reduced circumstances of his mother-in-law, he made her a large yearly allowance, and continued this to her even after the death of his wife, who was taken from him soon after the birth of their first child, Robert, the hero of this tale. This child seemed destined to inherit an ample and well-acquired fortune, when a series of unlucky accidents brought his father to the verge of ruin.

Mr. Macgregor's last hope lay in the return of a richly freighted vessel from America; and when news came that this ship had foundered in a heavy gale off the coast of Spain, so great was the shock that it brought on a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off in a few hours. When

his affairs were wound up, and all creditors satisfied, nothing remained for the poor orphan.

Mr. Macgregor had no near relatives, who might have taken an interest in Robert. This being the case, Mrs. Forbes did not hesitate to come forward and adopt



THE POCKET-BOOK.

the child. Though at a loss to know how she should support herself, she yet hastened to Leith to fetch her grandson. As she had almost entirely withdrawn from the world after her husband's death, she was now able,

without much comment and enquiry, to take up her quarters in an obscure part of the Old Town. After discharging her cook, with the intention of keeping only one servant, she sold all her furniture which was far too handsome for her present circumstances ; and, with what she had saved, and the money realised by this, hoped, through strict economy, to be able to support herself and Robert for a time. She still possessed some trinkets ; but these she did not wish to dispose of till harder pressed, and so laid them by for a rainy day. Mrs. Forbes embroidered very beautifully, and hoped, by this means, to add something to their slender funds ; but, though she practised the most rigid economy, she found the little she possessed rapidly diminishing ; and discovered that the same embroidery for which she had paid so much in the days of her prosperity, brought in very little to the worker of it. So little, that though she laboured with the greatest assiduity, the produce of her needle did not suffice to feed their modest household. When Robert attained his seventh year, she was obliged to sell most of her trinkets, in order to enable her to give him the benefit of some schooling ; but at the time my story opens the winter was coming on, and their affairs wore such a gloomy aspect, that Mrs. Forbes had been compelled to give notice of her intention to withdraw her grandson at the end of the present quarter from the excellent school to which he now went as day-scholar. This was a great trouble to her, for she was well aware of the advantage of a good education ; and the boy took much interest in his studies, and was making rapid progress.

About half-past twelve, as Mrs. Forbes sat busily engaged on her work, Robert burst into the room quite panting.

"Grandmamma! Grandmamma!" cried he, throwing himself on to a chair, "I have run so fast that I am all out of breath."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried poor Mrs. Forbes, trembling.

"There's nothing the matter! quite the contrary. Only think, I have found a pocketbook."

"A pocketbook?"

"Yes; and it contains a number of bank notes;" and, taking it from his pocket, Robert put it into her hand.

"Oh dear," cried Mrs. Forbes; "they are fifty pound notes, and ten of them."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Robert, clapping his hands for joy. "Providence sends us this fortune."

"To restore it to its owner, Robert," gravely rejoined Mrs. Forbes.

These words calmed the poor boy's transport.

"Yes, that's true! You are quite right," he said sadly. "The pocketbook does not belong to us; somebody, no doubt, has lost it."

"And such a loss might ruin a whole family," added Mrs. Forbes.

"Yes; to lose five hundred pounds at once. What a misfortune!"

"And especially if the owner has children, Robert."

"But we don't know whose pocketbook it is; so how shall we do about returning it?"

"We can advertise."

"Oh yes; I had not thought of that; and we shall be paid for the expense out of the pocketbook."

"To be sure; but first let us see if the pocketbook will not afford us some information. Ah, just as I thought; a letter, and some visiting cards. Mr. Menzies, 9, Moray Place."

"I will go there immediately, Grandmamma."

"It will be better for you not to carry the pocketbook with you. Ask to see Mr. Menzies, give him my address, and say that here he may learn something of great importance to him."

"But why should I not give him the pocketbook at once, without making him take the trouble to come here. He will be so glad to get it directly."

"Because, my boy, I wish to be quite convinced, before we give up such a considerable sum, that we restore it to the person to whom it belongs. And though it seems clear, from what we see here, that Mr. Menzies is the owner; still it is more prudent for me first to put some questions to him. He may not, too, be in when you go; and it would not be well to entrust such a thing to a servant. The proper way is for me to give the pocketbook into the owner's own hands."

"Oh, to be sure! ~~you are~~ right, Grandmamma. We must first be told, by the person who claims it, all that is in the pocket-book. At school, when we find a knife, or anything else, it matters not what, we are not so silly as to cry, 'Whose is this clasp-knife? whose this pen-knife?' We only ask, 'Who has lost anything?'"

"Exactly! and now do ~~not~~ lose a minute, my Boy, but be off."

"I shall soon be back, Grandmamma," said Robert, snatching up his cap, and hurrying out.

Robert was a handsome boy, and strikingly like his mother; so that Mrs. Forbes, who had been wrapped up in her daughter, idolised her grandson; and, in her love for him, found a great alleviation to her sorrows; while he, who had been with his grandmother ever since he was two years old, was no less fondly attached to this kind relative,

and repaid her care of him with a tenderness and fore-thought far beyond his years.

Mrs. Forbes had been obliged to give up keeping a servant, and this threw a good deal more work on her hands ; but before Robert had reached his tenth year, the wish to save his grandmother as much trouble as he could, had made him a most handy independent little fellow. On coming out of school, he never stopped to play with his comrades, but hastened home to see if he



THE WIDOW'S LANDLORD.

could go errands for his grandmother, or in any other way assist her. His childish talk and cheerful spirits were also of great service to poor Mrs. Forbes, in often diverting her thoughts from the painful subjects on which they were too apt to dwell.

In locking up the pocket-book in her cabinet, which she did as soon as Robert was gone, Mrs. Forbes could not help thinking, that, perhaps, the person who had lost it was very rich; and that five hundred pounds, more or less, might be of little moment to him. Whereas to her, in her destitute condition, such a sum was a fortune; but, said she, sitting down to her work, better is it to live in poverty with a clear conscience, than gain this world's goods at the expense of honesty.

At this moment the bell rang—a very rare occurrence with them. Without thinking it could be Mr. Menzies already come, she hastened to the door, and turned pale at the sight of Mr. Maclaren, her landlord.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Forbes; but I have a good many payments to make to-day, and have therefore come to ask you to settle our little account."

"Our little account," stammered the poor lady, looking very troubled and confused. "I think I now owe you, Mr. Maclaren——"

"For two quarters, ma'am; I suffered the first to run on, because you asked me; now, I trust you are ready to discharge both."

"I grieve to say, Mr. Maclaren, that I am not yet in a position to pay you."

"And I, Mrs. Forbes, am not in a position to wait longer. I have spent a good deal on this flat, and I have heavy taxes to pay. How do you suppose I am to satisfy my creditors, if my lodgers do not pay me?"

"I trust, Mr. Maclaren, that waiting a little for such a trifling sum, will not put you to much inconvenience."

"There is no such thing as a trifling sum," roughly rejoined Mr. Maclaren. "What are all large sums, but a collection of small ones?"

"If you won't wait, what shall I do?" said poor Mrs. Forbes, wringing her hands.

"This is a pretty look out for my four pound! Really, ma'am, I think those who can't pay my rent should move into cheaper quarters."

"I have sought for such in vain; and, you know, I went to the top of the house, when I saw my resources were becoming exhausted."

"How come your means to be exhausted? That's what I don't understand; for I have been told you were once well off."

"It is true, that I was comfortably off some time ago, because my daughter's husband, who was wealthy, assisted me; but through reverses of fortune, for which he was in no way to blame, he became ruined. My son-in-law's good name alone was saved. At his death, his child was left destitute. Could I let my grandchild go to the work-house? To maintain him, I sold all that I had; my furniture first, with the exception of that cabinet, on which I set an especial value, as having been a gift to me from my daughter."

"It's a pretty piece of furniture," broke in Mr. McLaren.

"Afterwards," continued Mrs. Forbes, "I sold, one after another, all my trinkets; and thanks to these, and the labour of my hands, my grandson has been kept from starvation; and amply has he repaid me for all the sacrifices I have made for him."

"But has the boy no relations on his father's side?"

"My son-in-law had no very near ones; he himself was an only child, and I think there was no intercourse kept up between him and more distant members of the family;

so that I do not know where to turn to on the boy's behalf."

" Well, Ma'am, the long and the short of it seems, that you have no money ; and, as I am not rich enough to lodge you gratis, the only accommodation I can offer you is, that in a week you pay me my four pound, or I take this cabinet in discharge of the debt, and you must go elsewhere. This is all I have to say; so I wish you good morning."

The moment he was gone, Mrs. Forbes threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears. It wanted but this to fill up the measure of her distress. How, in a week's time, could she raise four pounds ? And if compelled to give up a piece of furniture so dear to her, she was not out of her difficulties. It seemed Mr. Maclaren would not let them stay on ; and where else could they go ? Leaving aside the expense of moving, what references had she to give, or security to offer, that would make any one willing to receive her into a respectable house.

Distracted by these sad thoughts, she happened to turn her eyes to the cabinet ; and, suddenly, a ray of hope dawned upon her. This piece of furniture, which now held such a treasure, might it not also contain the saving of them. If the gentleman, to whom the pocket-book belonged, was good and generous, it seemed impossible that he should not recompense the poor boy, who restored him his property ; and, if this recompence were only a sovereign, still, by offering it to her landlord, as an instalment of her debt, she might, perhaps, obtain time for the payment of the rest. This consoling reflection so far cheered her, that she was able to regain her outward composure by the time Robert returned.

" Well !" asked she, " what news do you bring ?"

"Mr. Menzies was not in; but the pocket-book is his; and I am sure he will soon be here. Oh, Grandmamma, he lives in such a handsome house! There were such fine statues and pictures in the hall; and the door was opened by such a grand footman!"

"Never mind that now, Robert," broke in Mrs. Forbes.

"No! I must tell you about that afterwards. I said to the man, that I was very sorry his master was out, because I wanted particularly to see him. And on this, the servant exclaimed, 'Perhaps you have come about the pocket-book he has lost.' It is clear enough that it is his, is it not, Grandmamma."

"Yes; and then?"

"And then I left your address with the footman; who said that he would give it his master directly he came in; and that, probably, Mr. Menzies would soon be here."

"The sooner the better, my dear boy; for I am impatient to see what you will get. It is usual, for the finder of anything valuable, to receive a recompense."

"A recompense, grandmamma! and why? for not having kept another's property?"

"For having taken the trouble to find the person to whom it belongs."

"Much trouble, indeed! to walk from here to Moray-place. Oh, no; I will not take anything for such a trifling service."

"But, Robert, you would not say so, if you only knew—"

"What, Grandmamma?"

"That while you have been gone, Mr. Maclaren came to ask for his rent; and, as I cannot pay him, he is going to turn us out of doors."

"Oh, Grandmamma, you don't say so!"

"It is only too true, my poor Boy. We owe Mr. Mac-laren four pounds; so, if Mr. Menzies offers you a sovereign, you must take it."

"I will, I will! But it is very bad of Mr. Maclaren."



THE OWNER OF THE POCKET-BOOK.

"It is a debt, Robert; so he has a right to demand it. We must not be unjust to him; he may be pressed for money."

"Yes, grandmamma; but still I think he should not be so hard on us. He might have given us a little more time. Oh, dear! I never thought of the rent."

"In future," said Mrs. Forbes, "let our first care be to try and lay by the rent; but we will hope for the best now. Hark! there's a ring!" she added, in an agitated voice.

"It must be he! it must be he! Never fear, grandmamma; I will take the reward."

Robert hastened to the door, and there stood a portly gentleman of about sixty, somewhat out of breath with the exertion of mounting to the topmost flat.

"Is Mrs. Forbes in?" he inquired.

"I am Mrs. Forbes," replied that poor lady, coming forward to receive the stranger, with an air of good breeding that strongly contrasted with the miserable dwelling she inhabited.

"I have just learnt, Mrs. Forbes, that while I was out, you sent a little boy to me, who left your address with my servant."

"You are Mr. Menzies, I believe."

"I am; and, after what my servant tells me, I hope to hear from you some tidings of a pocket-book, which I dropped this morning. It should contain ten fifty pound notes, some visiting cards, and a letter from New York, in which I am advised —"

"I have not read the letter," broke in Mrs. Forbes. "The address was sufficient to inform us of your residence, and my little grandson at once hastened to your house."

"Is this the boy who found my pocket-book?" asked Mr. Menzies, looking at Robert with some interest.

"Yes," replied Robert; "in St. Andrew-square."

"Ah! I had just come out of the bank, and I think.

I must have whisked out the pocket-book with my handkerchief. It was some time before I discovered my loss. If you want further proof that I am the owner, the Bank can furnish you with such."

"Oh, no, sir! The information you give leaves no doubt;" and, so saying, Mrs. Forbes rose and taking the pocket-book from the cabinet, put it into his hands, adding, "I think, Mr. Menzies, you will find your property all right."

Mr. Menzies only cast a rapid glance at the contents of the book, and, taking Mrs. Forbes's hand, said, "Madam, my obligation to you is very great. Allow me to show my gratitude by presenting your grandson with a small portion of what he restores me. Here, my boy!"

"A fifty pound note!" cried Mrs. Forbes. "Oh, it is too much! far too much,"

"No, no! I insist."

"Oh, dear Grandmamma!" exclaimed Robert, his face beaming with joy. "Here's far more than we want to pay Mr. Maclaren."

"And who is this Mr. Maclaren, my boy?"

"He is our landlord," rejoined Mrs. Forbes; "and we owe him four pounds. I think it is useless to try and conceal from you that we are poor, for your first glance round this room must have made you aware of the fact."

"I am sorry, very sorry for this!" said Mr. Menzies. "Pray speak to me without reserve. I do not say this from impertinent curiosity; but I am a bachelor, and rich, and may be able to assist you. The moment you spoke I saw that you had not always been in the position you now are."

"No; my son-in-law, Robert's father, was a man in affluent circumstances; but a series of disasters deprived

him of his fortune, and he died quite ruined, leaving his only child destitute and an orphan."

" Is the boy quite unprovided for?"

" So much so that I have been compelled to give notice that he will quit the school to which he now goes when the present quarter expires."

" Mrs. Forbes," rejoined Mr. Menzies, looking compassionately at Robert, whose engaging manners and appearance had very favourably impressed him; " it would be a thousand pities this boy should not continue to go to school; for you must be well aware his whole future depends on the education you give him."

" I am fully sensible of the importance of a good education, and would strain every nerve to procure Robert this advantage; but I fear it is out of my power."

" Nothing easier, my good Lady. I will send him to the High School; and, if he is diligent and gets forward, he shall afterwards go to the College. There, that's settled! Say no more! say no more!" added Mr. Menzies, interrupting the grateful thanks of Mrs. Forbes and her grandson.

" By the bye, my little Friend, I have only heard your christian name. I think (turning to Mrs. Forbes) you said you were his maternal grandmother?"

" Robert Macgregor, sir."

" Robert Macgregor! Robert Macgregor! Bless me! surely it must be *his* son. Tell me," he continued, in an agitated voice, " was his father's name Robert, and was he a ship-owner at Leith?"

" Yes; his father was Robert Macgregor, a large ship-owner at Leith. Did you know him?"

" Know him? Why, he was my school-fellow. My oldest, dearest friend! My benefactor!"

"Can it be?" said Mrs. Forbes, in joyful surprise.

"Yes; to him I owe everything. I was born to no fortune. It was Robert Macgregor, who lent me four hundred pounds, to trade to New York; and this was the making of me. He and I often wrote to each other, and Macgregor's letters always spoke of his great prosperity. Judge, then, of my dismay, when, landing in Scotland eight years ago, anticipating a joyful meeting with my friend, I was informed at once of his ruin and death. All the steps I took to find the child, which he had left, were



THE WIDOW'S RELIEF.

unavailing, though I put an advertisement in the papers."

"Oh, Mr. Menzies! it is long since I have looked into a newspaper."

"I am so thankful," continued their friend, "that chance, or rather, I should say, a good Providence, has at length brought about what I greatly desired. When I heard of my friend's ruin and sudden death, it was my intention to adopt his child, and thus repay to the son what the father had done for me."

"Be easy, therefore, Mrs. Forbes. Robert is rich, very rich. The half of my property is his, in the first place;

and if he only proves himself a son worthy of so excellent a father, he shall be my sole heir."

"May God bless you!" said Mrs. Forbes, now shedding tears of joy. "I cannot express how much I feel your goodness."

"Oh, dear Grandmamma! our sorrows are now all over. How happy we shall be!" cried Robert, flinging his arms round her neck.

"And now," continued their benefactor, "you must not stay a day longer in this villainous hole. I will write and settle with the landlord. Your moving won't be a long affair. My people shall fetch your things. The carriage is waiting. You must come at once, and live with me; and, in a happier future, forget, I trust, the sorrows of the past."

Robert Macgregor did not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of his benefactor; but testified, by every means in his power, his grateful appreciation of the generous interest taken in his welfare: and it was not long before Mr. Menzies loved his adopted son as dearly as if he had been his own child.

Both at school and college, the youth's career was a brilliant one; and he continued to be, in joy as in sorrow, the solace and the pride of his aged grandmother, who lived to see many an anniversary of *Treasure Trove*, the glad day on which the Sable Cloud showed its Silver Lining.

## RUTH AND HER PET;

OR,

## THE BLACK CHICKEN.

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LITTLE Ruth had a great love for animals, and was so tender-hearted that she could not help crying when she saw a carter brutally beating his horses, or a sportsman chastising his dog. More than once, she had spent all the money she had in buying birds, which cruel, mischievous boys had caught in a trap and put in a cage. It troubled her so much to see the poor affrighted things, fluttering their wings and beating their pretty heads against the bars of their prison, that, as soon as they were in her possession, she hastened to open the door of the cage, and watched with delight the released captives take wing to a neighbouring wood, from whence they would pour forth their gladdest songs, as if to thank her for having restored them to their liberty. If her parents would only have allowed her, she would have turned the house into a hospital for all the sick animals in the neighbourhood; for there was nothing she better liked than to pet and nurse any poor creature that had met with an accident.

But her mother did not gratify this fancy of her's. "We are not rich," said she; "and another mouth to feed is an additional expense."

One day Ruth came to her mother, carefully holding something in her hands. "Guess, Mother, what I have got here.

*Mother.*—I can't say; perhaps a cake.

*Ruth.*—No; it's not that.

*Mother.*—Then it's some fruit.

*Ruth.*—Oh, no! you're very wide of the mark.

*Mother.*—Oh, I see it moves! I think it must be a mouse.

*Ruth.*—Oh, no! It's something better than that.



RUTH'S PITY.

*Mother.*—I hear a chirping; it must be a bird.

*Ruth.*—Not exactly a bird, or, at least, not a little bird that flies; but look! The sweetest tiny black chicken you ever saw. It was Barbara Denny who gave it me. You will let me keep it; won't you, Mother?

*Mother.*—Poor little creature! But you don't consider

that it will be much better off, and happier, with the hen.

*Ruth.*—But it has got no mother; it was hatched by a duck, which is now sitting on her own eggs, so that she cannot look after this chicken. Barbara says she has not time to look after it, and that it will die if I don't take it. And that would be a sad pity, for it is a dear little creature. Oh, Mother! you'll let me rear it, won't you?

*Mother.*—Well, I suppose you must have it; but I warn you, this little creature will give you nearly as much trouble as a child. You must always be attending to it, now giving it to eat, now keeping it warm. Are you sure you will have patience enough for this? I know very well that you are fond of animals; but it is one thing to amuse yourself occasionally with them, and another to give all your time and care to them. And this you must make up your mind to do, if you wish to keep this chicken; for I tell you plainly, that if I hear it often crying and complaining, I shall take it from you; for I have no notion of seeing creatures about me ill cared for.

*Ruth.*—Don't be afraid, dear Mother; I shall take the greatest care of it, and it will lead an easy life. Oh, how pleased I am! My dear chick, I love you dearly already.

*Mother.*—Take your little covered basket, and put in a handful of these feathers, to make it a nest; and then put it near the hearth. It is so young that it requires a good deal of warmth. Very well. Now take this egg, boil it hard, and give the chick part of it, cut up into very small pieces. We shall not always indulge it with such a dainty; but while it is so young, we must feed it well.

Ruth was not long in discovering that her mother had not exaggerated when she spoke of the trouble the chick

would give her, for certainly the little creature demanded a great amount of attention, and announced its requirements most imperiously. It was seldom contented but when she held it in her hand, the warmth of which seemed to please it. When she was busy, playing or working, it was not always very pleasant to be called off by this impatient little creature, clamouring for one of its frequent meals.

Especially of a morning, at break of day, it was hard to be awakened by its impatient cries. Many little girls would have put it in an out of the way room, and, not hearing its cries, would perhaps have forgotten it, and the little creature would have died of hunger. But not so our good little Ruth. She never got out of patience with her dear Chick-chick, and she was as fond of it, and cared for it as much as if it had been her child; so that the creature was not long in becoming attached to her, and followed her about everywhere like a dog. When she sat down, Chick-chick jumped on to her lap; then hopped along her arm up to her shoulder, where it would comfortably roost or dress its little feathers, or sometimes even go so far as to peck its young mistress's ear.

One day, Aunt Martha came over to propose that Ruth and her parents should accompany her, in her spring cart, the next morning, to spend the day with some distant relatives who lived near Dean Forest. Ruth was delighted at the proposition, for a day's excursion was a great treat to her, and she dearly loved to go with her kind Aunt Martha; but, suddenly, her face, which had been radiant with joy, became overcast; and, presently, she burst into tears.

"Oh, my chick! my chick!" cried she. "I cannot leave it all day alone in the house."

*Aunt Martha.*—You can leave it what food it will want.

*Ruth.*—Oh, Aunt! it is too little to look after itself. It must be kept warm; and it will not take the trouble to search for its food. No, no, Aunt; I am very disappointed; but I must stay at home to look after my chick.

“Why, the child is quite absurd with her love for animals,” said her father. “She makes herself quite a slave to them. Wife, you must not let her have any more pets.”

*Aunt Martha.*—Why not? What harm is there in loving animals? Are not they God’s creatures as well as we? Ruth exercises her patience, perseverance, and goodness of heart in taking care of them. She is yet too young to be capable of doing much good to her equals; but what she is now doing for her animals, she will, hereafter, do for her fellow-creatures. She is faithful in little things, and God will entrust her with great things.

“Sister Martha, you always speak up for your godchild. You quite spoil her.”

*Aunt Martha.*—Look, brother; if you had to confide a child to some one, would you not rather entrust it to Ruth, who sacrifices her own pleasure to the welfare of her charge, though that charge be only a chicken, than to Gertrude Bell, who is always ready to give a kick to dog or cat and would let her mother’s poultry starve rather than trouble herself to throw them a handful of grain? Believe me, Brother, the child that keeps her bedroom in order, and sees to the comfort of the domestic animals, will hereafter attend to her house and children.

*Father.*—You argue so well, there is no answering you. But say, which is to stay at home, the child or the chicken?

*Aunt Martha.*—Show me this dear chick, Ruth. Oh ! it's not very heavy ; could you not carry it with you in a basket?

*Ruth.*—Oh, Aunt ! what a good thought ! How kind you are ! But will mother give leave.

*Mother.*—Yes ; so long as you don't trouble us with it.

*Ruth.*—No, no ; I will take sole charge of it.

Next morning, the little girl's first care was to wrap up in paper the provision of grain for Chick-chick ; and to tidy its basket preparative to its setting out on its travels.



CRUEL GERTRUDE BELL.

I will not affirm that Chick-chick found the expedition as enjoyable as did Ruth ; for if it could have spoken, I think it would have complained of being so long shut up in its basket, and jolted on a hard road.

When they got to their destination, Ruth released her little prisoner, much to its satisfaction ; and it hopped about the kitchen, chirping with joy. But during dinner, I am sorry to say it did not comport itself very well, causing its indulgent mistress a good deal of trouble, by taking great liberties, such as hopping into dishes and plates, getting into every one's way, and soiling its glossy feathers ; so that Ruth was obliged to return it to its basket, saying. “ Oh, you naughty, troublesome Chick-chick, I expected you to behave much better when you came out visiting ;

I am afraid everybody will call you a spoilt chicken. I shall be ashamed to bring you out another time." After dinner, Aunt Martha proposed a walk in Dean Forest, which was not far from Farmer Martin's house: so they all set forth and rambled about, and then sat down on the mossy turf, at the foot of a fine old oak. Ruth had brought out Chick-chick in its basket; and when they rested, she took it out, that it might enjoy itself by running about on the grass, and picking up worms and other insects. Presently, she asked her mother if she might go and gather



RESCUE OF CHICK-CHICK.

herself a pretty nosegay of anemones, primroses, and wood-sorrel.

"Yes, you may do so," said her mother; "but don't stray too far: and you would do well, before you go, to put your chicken back in its basket, for I cannot be answerable for its safety."

*Ruth.*—Oh, mother ! Chick-chick is so pleased to get out, I think I can leave it a little with you, and I shant be long gone.

And thus saying, she ran further into the forest, and was speedily so taken up with her nosegay, that, for the present, she quite forgot Chick-chick. All at once, she heard a noise behind her, and turning round, she saw her pet, which had probably been following her for long, though she was too much occupied to notice it. Chick-chick was uttering a cry of distress, and hopping and flying as fast as it could, pursued by a pointer. Before poor Ruth could come to the rescue of her pet, the dog snapped it up and ran off, followed by Ruth, wringing her hands and calling on it to stop. A sportsman, the master of the dog, hearing the noise, called out sharply, “Ponto ! what have you got there ? How dare you, sir !” Ponto, ashamed of himself, hung his tail between his legs, and dropped the chicken. And, oh, how fortunate ; it was not killed—it stirred. The gentleman came forward, picked it up, and giving it to Ruth, said : “Here, my little girl ! I don’t think your chicken is greatly the worse. Ponto has not mauled it much ; it’s very lucky he did not give it a grip.” He was then about to chastise his dog for its unsportsmanlike trick ; but tender-hearted Ruth, who could not bear to see any creature suffer, begged so hard it might not be punished, that its master yielded, saying, “Well, Ponto, you shall get off this time ; but never let me catch you again at such tricks.”

Ruth, fondling her poor pet, ran back to her parents, and greatly excited, told them of Chick-chick’s mischance and narrow escape. She then carefully put it into its basket, where, I think, Chick-chick was not sorry to go, or it was a good deal ruffled, and rather hurt by its late

adventure ; so that it was glad to stay quiet all the way home.

This chicken, so tenderly reared, grew up into a splendid black Spanish hen ; and Chick-chick being no longer an appropriate name, its mistress changed it to Partlet ; and wherever gentle little Ruth was seen, so sure was Partlet to be close at hand.

One day, when the little girl had been sitting for an hour on a haycock, busy learning a lesson, she saw with surprise that Partlet, usually so active, sat all this time by her side without stirring ; suddenly, however, the hen got up and began to " cluck-cluck " with a very self-satisfied air. And what was Ruth's delight to find that she had laid, in the hay, her first egg—a large one, and as white as milk. Ruth carried it in triumph to her mother.

" Just look, mother ! here's Partlet's first egg. Is it not a fine one. You shall have it for your breakfast to-morrow ; the second shall be for father ; and the third for Aunt Martha."

Partlet continued, for some time, to lay an egg every other day ; but one morning, Ruth came to her mother looking very troubled, and said that she thought her hen must be ill, for it would not leave its nest, and uttered such odd cries.

" Don't alarm yourself, Ruth," said her mother, " there's nothing amiss with Partlet ; she only asks to be left alone to hatch her eggs. Go and ask Barbara Denny to let you have a dozen of her finest ones ; put them under Partlet, and you'll see how she'll reward you for all your care of her by giving you a fine brood of chickens."

Ruth did as her mother bade her ; and very soon Partlet presented her with the chickens, which thrrove capitally.

Her mother had part of the yard fitted up for Ruth's



THE FIRST EGG.

poultry, and then said to her, " You know, I am not rich enough to keep a girl to look after the poultry-yard; so you must take the entire charge of yours. Here is a provision of grain, which will last you till your brood has grown up, when I shall give you no more; for you must then sell your eggs and chickens, and with the money they produce, buy what is sufficient to bring up others."

You may well suppose, that Ruth, who had taken such good care of her one chicken, did not neglect her poultry-yard.

In all the country round, when people wanted fresh eggs and fine fowls, they came to Ruth, who was noted for the excellence of hers. And so, by degrees, she amassed



RUTH'S POULTRY.

a very nice little sum. As for Dame Partlet, so long as she lived, she was the queen of the poultry-yard, and reigned supreme in her mistress's affection.

Aunt Martha's prediction came true; for Ruth proved as good a wife and mother of a family, as she had shown

herself a careful mistress over her poultry and other animals.

With them she had served an apprenticeship of vigilance and self-denial, which stood her in good stead through life.



## THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL;

OR, THE

## HISTORY OF LAURA AND HER PROTÉGÉE.

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L AURA was a very tidy little girl ; no one ever saw her with her hair rough ; her hands dirty ; or her frock torn. When very young, she took great pains to learn to work with her needle ; so that, if her own frock, or her doll's, met with any tear, she might be able to mend it. It was a pleasure to see her bedroom ; it always looked so very neat, for nothing was ever out of its place.

When eight years old, Laura caught the scarlet fever, and was dangerously ill ; for some months she could not go about, as she had formerly done, and was too weak to resume her lessons, so that her chief resource lay in working ; for, as her malady had been an infectious one, none of her little companions were allowed to visit her, and being an only child, she had no brothers and sisters to turn to.

Mrs. Knight (Laura's mamma) encouraged her little girl's love of needle-work, for she saw that it beguiled the tedium of her long confinement to the sofa ; and she was also desirous that her daughter should excel in an employ-

ment so useful to a woman. Mrs. Knight was herself very skilful with her needle; so she taught her little girl to sew, knit, crochet, embroider, and do worsted work; and Laura soon became very expert in all these accomplishments. For her amusement, and to give her an opportunity of turning her labours to some account, her mamma had given her three of the prettiest dolls that the Soho Bazaar could furnish, and on these she exercised her ingenuity and the dexterity of her fingers. For the benefit of my young readers, who, I dare say, take a lively interest in such matters, I may as well give a slight description of these three dolls. One was a large wax young lady, with the prettiest face you ever saw.

Sweet blue eyes and golden hair,  
With skin most delicately fair.

The second—in contrast to the first, which was English and a blonde—was French, made of china, and a charming brunette; and the third was as fine and plump a baby as you would wish to see, opening and shutting its eyes, and crying in the most infantine manner.

Laura was delighted with her gifts, and called the blonde, Blanche; and the brunette, Rose; while the baby went by the endearing name of Baby-Beauty. She made each of her pets a complete wardrobe, down to knitting them stockings; and accomplished what I, from my recollection of dollish days, consider a great feat—two smart bonnets for the young ladies, which would have done credit to the experienced fingers of a modish milliner; while Baby-Beauty's round face was encircled by a nicely-quilled cap, and one of the prettiest-quilted hoods a baby ever wore. But even the most perfect toys will lose their novelty, and cease to charm as they did in the first days of

their freshness. One morning, Laura had just finished what she considered a perfect ball dress for Blanche, and seating that young lady in an arm-chair, and spreading out her skirts to display her elegant toilette, she turned to her mamma, saying, " My dolls have now got everything they want; I really cannot tell what more to make them. What do you suppose I was thinking just now, dear Mamma?"

" Really, Laura, I cannot say; so many thoughts pass through that busy little brain of yours, it would be difficult for me to guess them all."

" I was thinking, Mamma, that I was getting rather tired of working for senseless dolls, that cannot thank me, nor be pleased with the pretty things I make them. I think I should take more pleasure in my work, if I felt it was of some real use; I should like better to dress some poor little girls, who would show pleasure at their new clothes, and think me very kind, and be extremely grateful for my trouble."

" My dear child, you are mistaken in thinking what you have been doing has been of no use; while working for your dolls, you have been improving yourself in sewing, cutting out, and making, which you can hereafter apply to very useful purposes. You think you would like to dress some poor little girl; but hitherto, you know, I have not been able to allow any poor children to come to the house for fear of their catching your illness. Now, however, that you are so far recovered, the doctor advises me to take you into the country; and there you will, probably, not want for opportunities to clothe poor children, if you wish to do so. However, I must warn you, that if you expect your gifts to be repaid with gratitude, you will often be disappointed. You must content yourself with

the reflection that you have done a good act, and one pleasing to God ; and this should be the chief motive in your work, and not the desire to gain the applause of your fellow creatures. Will you think of this, my dear child," added her mother, stooping to kiss her little girl.

About a week after this conversation, Mrs. Knight and Laura, attended by a servant, left London. As Dr. Barry recommended sharp bracing mountain-air for his patient, it was settled they should go into Wales, and take up their quarters in a farm-house, near Crickhowel, the inmates of which were well known to Dr. Barry, who had a very good opinion of them, and had frequently sent some of his friends to lodge with them. The doctor said it was of great importance that Laura should go where she could get good milk and fresh eggs ; and that nothing would sooner conduce to the recovery of her strength than being in the open air all day, and going about the farm. So, telling Laura that he expected her to come back with a pair of roses in her cheeks, and able to give him a great deal of information about cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry, the good doctor took leave of them. This was the first time Laura had stayed in a farm-house, and to a little girl born in London, and who had never been many miles out in the country ; you may imagine the novelty and delight of this scene. It was such a pleasure to Laura to find herself in the midst of so many animals. In a morning, she was awakened by the crowing of Chanticleer, and when she was dressed, she went with Esther, the farmer's daughter, to see her milk the cows, and look after the pretty calves. As Laura was a little cockney, she was at first rather afraid of cattle ; but her fear soon went off, when she found how quiet the cows were, and how freely Esther went among them. Being thus reassured, she speedily

became very familiar with them, and amused herself with distinguishing each by any name she could think of, such as old Mother Brownie, Madam Brindle, Mrs. Dun, Lady Snowball, Kitty Clover, and half a dozen other titles.

Laura had never enjoyed her breakfast so much as now, that she had a basin of delicious new milk from her own especial favourite, Lady Snowball; and a fine egg, newly laid by the black Spanish hen, to whom she had given the name of Topsy. Immediately after breakfast, Laura was out again, and this time with Sarah, another of farmer Wilson's daughters, whose business it was to look after the poultry. She would fill Laura's pinafore with grain; and who so busy and happy as the little girl, standing in the midst of her claimants and dispensing her favours with a liberal hand! It was a pretty sight to see that well-stocked poultry-yard flocking up to be fed. There were snowy geese, gobbling turkeys, greedy ducks, guinea fowls, and chickens of all breeds, from the pert little bantam to the awkward Malay bird, that looks as if it were on stilts.

After feeding the fowls, Laura had a nice little basket given her, and was allowed to go round and collect the eggs, an occupation of which she was very proud. Of course, among other things, Laura was introduced to the pigs; but, after one or two visits, she felt no desire to prosecute a further acquaintance with them: their dirty habits were so repugnant to her own love of cleanliness and order, that she could not help feeling a great aversion to them. At first, she did think she would see if they could not be taught better, and spoke about it to Mrs. Wilson, the farmer's wife; but when the latter assured her that it was a pig's nature to be dirty, and nothing would ever make it otherwise, and she herself saw them,

soon after being scrubbed, roll themselves in the mire, she gave up the task as hopeless.

Although Laura grew stronger and stronger every day, her mother, remembering the doctor's advice, did not



THE DIRTY PIG.

wish her to go back to any of her lessons, thinking it would be time enough to resume them when they returned home. So Laura had little to do but amuse herself; and when she was tired of going about the farm-yard, she would often take a nice walk with her mother, who



THE BLACK GOAT.

being a good botanist, told her the names and properties of the flowers they found in their ramble. Sometimes she went out by herself, and watched the labourers coming

home to their dinners, or, of a fine evening, the women driving the cows back to the byre.

One morning, when she was strolling a little beyond



THE IMPORTUNATE BEGGAR.

the farm, she saw a pretty black goat browsing by the side of the road, and, near it, a little girl of about ten years' old, who apparently was taking charge of it.

Laura would fain have made acquaintance with the goat, but she was not prepossessed with its keeper. Mamma told me, thought she to herself, that here I should probably find poor children to clothe: certainly this little girl stands in need of my assistance, but she is so dreadfully dirty I shall never dare to go near her. How black her face and hands are, and how torn her clothes! And as for her hair, it looks as if a brush and comb had never come near it; and it is all hanging about her eyes. I never saw such a wretched object; I don't like to look at her. And she was just about to turn away, when she saw the little girl run after an old gentleman who was walking along, and follow him for some time, repeating, in a whining monotonous voice, "Just a penny, please, sir, to buy some bread; there are six of us, and my mother is ill."

At first, the gentleman bade her begone; but, at length, wearied by her importunity, he threw her a penny, just to get rid of her, saying—

"It's a shame for you to be begging; you ought to be working, you lazy girl."

In returning to her goat, the beggar girl had to pass Laura. She looked at her, for a moment, with her large, soft black eyes, and then repeated her petition: "Please, Miss, a penny."

"The gentleman was right," replied Laura; "why don't you work? You are big enough to do something else than beg. Are you not ashamed of following such a disgraceful trade?"

"But, Miss, I don't know how to work. Mother wanted to put me with a farmer, to look after his geese, but when he saw me, he said ——." Here the little girl became confused, and hesitated.

“What did he say?”

“He said, Miss, that I was too dirty and helpless; and that if I could not look after myself, I was not fit to look after his animals. And yet it’s no fault of mine that mother don’t give me other clothes.”

“No; but why don’t you mend those you have, and wash them?”

“I don’t know how to set about it, Miss; and Mother never has time. She goes out to work very early of a morning; and when she comes in at night, she is too tired.”

“You told that gentleman just now your mother was ill; that is not true then? Is it no more true also that there are six of you children?”

“Only four, Miss. I have three little sisters, who go to the parish school; but I don’t, because I have to look after the goat. I say what I do to the gentry that they may give me more.”

“And, so to get a penny more, you tell lies, horrible lies! Do you not know that God forbids lying, and that he will surely punish it?”

“I did not know, Miss, it was so wrong to tell a lie if it did not hurt any one; but, as you say God forbids it, I will never do so any more.”

“You look like a good little girl, though you are so dirty. What is your name?”

“Martha, Miss.”

“Well, Martha, if you will go and wash your face and hands in the brook which runs down there, I will give you a penny.”

Laura ran joyfully back to her mother, and said, “Oh, Mamma, I have found a very dirty little girl who does not know how to do anything, who is very slovenly, and

a beggar, and even a storyteller. Do you think that I can cure her of all these faults, and be really useful to her?"

"My dear Laura, in your zeal for reform, you have certainly got hold of a subject that requires a large measure of it. I cannot say that your account of your *protégée* sounds very encouraging; and I much fear that you are preparing a disappointment for yourself. But tell me where you picked up this very promising pupil."



THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

Laura gave her mother a very detailed account of her meeting and talk with Martha, and added, "I am sure, dear Mamma, she is not a bad little girl; but no one has taken the trouble to teach her better, so it is no wonder she does what is wrong."

"If so, Laura, you may certainly be very useful to her. It is a good and a great work that you are going to undertake, but one that demands much patience. Are you sure you will have sufficient to go through with it."

"Oh yes, Mamma, quite sure; besides, you will help me a little, won't you?"

"No, my dear! You must not count upon that. I do not refuse to give you some materials to clothe your *protégée*; but my help will stop there. I wish, if you succeed, you should have all the merit of your good work."

"Oh, Mamma, Martha must be dressed from head to foot; her clothes are so dirty and ragged."

"I advise you, Laura, only to renew them gradually by giving her each article as a reward for her diligence and docility. Above all, never let your love of order and cleanliness make you forget that what relates to the body is of secondary importance. If you wish to be really useful to Martha, let her soul be your chief concern; teach her to distinguish good from evil; and to attain this end, there is but one way; and that is to teach her to know God, to fear Him, and to love Him."

Laura dreamed all night of Martha. Immediately after breakfast she went out to look for her, and found her a little way off, sitting by the side of her goat. She ran up to her, and was delighted to see that Martha had washed her face and hands; for she thought she had done this to please her.

"Martha, would you like me to show you how to mend your clothes? Look what great rents your apron has; it would be easy to run them up. And the handkerchief round your neck would not look half such a rag, if it, too, was mended."

"Oh, I should be very thankful, Miss, if you would be

good enough to shew me how ; but I have no needle and thread."

"Oh, I have brought all that in my basket ; only I should not like to touch your apron and neck-handkerchief, so dirty as they are. See, I have brought a piece of soap with me, that you may go and wash them in the stream, and when you have done so, spread them out on the grass in the sun, and they will soon dry."

She followed Martha to the brook, and would not let her leave off rubbing until the last spot had disappeared.

While the apron and handkerchief were drying, Laura took from her basket a comb and brush, and, giving them to Martha, said, "Now, comb out your hair from its entanglement, then brush it quite smooth, and plait it ; and here are some black ribbons to tie it. You need not again put on that horrible thing in the shape of a bonnet, you are far better without."

When the process was completed, Laura clapped her hands, saying, "Oh, you've done it very nicely ; and you can't think how much better you look. One would not suppose you were the same girl that had all her hair hanging about her eyes. I will give you the brush and comb, if you will promise me to use them every morning."

Martha readily promised all that Laura wished ; for she wanted to please her ; and she also felt the comfort of having her hair out of her eyes, and was glad to be told that it made her look nicer.

When the apron was dry, the two little girls sat down on the grass, and Laura began to give her first lesson in sewing, or rather in mending.

Martha was not wanting in intelligence, nor was she awkward ; but as she had never done anything of the kind before, she rather tried her young mistress's patience.

As they worked, the little girls talked; and Laura, calling to mind her mother's advice, tried to give her companion some notion of religion. Martha had rarely heard any one speak on this subject, and she listened with attention, and was especially interested in the stories drawn from the life of Jesus Christ.

Before going, Laura said, "Have you not another frock?"

"Yes, Miss, my Sunday one; but it's almost as ragged as this—so bad that I did not like to go to the Sunday-school or church."

"Very well, put it on to-morrow, and then you can wash this one, and we will mend it; but as your frock is larger than your apron, and very dirty, I think it would not do to wash it in the stream, but when you go home to-night, put on some water to boil; and when you undress, if you are not too tired, rub your frock well with the piece of soap I have given you, and let it soak all night in the hot water: this will bring out the dirt, and early to-morrow you can hang it out to dry. See how much better your apron and neck-handkerchief look for being washed. When we have finished mending your old clothes, I will give you materials to make new ones; but you must sew them yourself: I will teach you how, and help you when you are in any difficulty. As soon as you are nicely dressed, you will be able to go to the Sunday-school and to church. I will teach you to read and also to knit, for your feet are bare and need stockings. You see we have got a good deal to do, so you must mind and come every morning in good time."

Martha was only too glad: the idea of having a new frock pleased her greatly, and as she was not naturally idle, she found it much more amusing to work and talk

with Laura than to remain all day alone by the side of the road doing nothing.

For some days all went on well: the pupil progressed, and the mistress was delighted. When the weather was not fine enough for them to be out of doors, they ensconced themselves in one of farmer Wilson's barns, and, sitting on the hay, worked and talked while the goat was tethered close by.

One morning as Laura went to meet her pupil, she saw her following a woman, and begging from her. Though she had not actually forbidden Martha to do so, she had taken it for granted she had given up begging, and was therefore much surprised and annoyed. She called up Martha and scolded her very much, who, to excuse herself, said that her mother had blamed her for not bringing home any money.

"Why did you not tell me this?" said Laura; "I would rather have given you some money: I will not have you beg, do you hear? I will not have you do it: it is only idle worthless persons who take up such a trade. Were you not ashamed, just now, at being repulsed like a dog by that woman of whom you begged?"

"I will never do so any more," Martha answered, very humbly; but notwithstanding her submission, Laura could not recover her serenity. This incident had put her out of humour, and all day she gave way to impatience, and was ready to find fault with everything poor Martha did. Her hair was ill arranged—she had spotted her apron—she did not even know her letters. At last she wound up, by saying that Martha was so awkward and stupid, it was no use to try to teach her; and that she must be an ungrateful girl not to take more pains to learn, and other things of the same sort, so that the poor girl

began to cry; and for the first time they separated angry, and hurt with each other.

When Laura got home, and began to think of what had passed, the small voice of conscience made itself heard, blaming her for the way in which she had behaved. "What!" said this monitor, "You would teach the religion of Christ to this child, and you begin by setting her a bad example—in being wanting at once in gentleness, patience, and charity—the three virtues which our Lord so strongly enforced, both by precept and practice. Oh, thought she, crying, I see now why I have so soon failed in my duties: it is because I had too much confidence in myself; I did not sufficiently ask God to help me in the difficult task I was undertaking; but to-night I will pray Him to give me more patience; and to-morrow I will go and ask Martha to forgive me all the hard things I said to her: she is such a good girl, that I am sure she will no longer be angry with me."

The next morning, on going to the usual spot, Laura did not find Martha: she thought something must have detained her; but one hour passed, and then another, and no Martha made her appearance. Laura, greatly troubled, went home to her mother, and said—

"Oh, Mamma, I behaved very badly yesterday to Martha; she is offended, and has not come to-day; and she was getting on so nicely, and I was so fond of her! Oh, Mamma, I am so sorry!"

Her mother strove to comfort her, saying Martha had not come, perhaps, because she was not well, or that her mother wanted her at home.

"Oh, no, Mamma, it is not that; she is offended with me, and will never come back: and what troubles me, is

to think she will again become a dirty little beggar, and that it will be all my fault."

"Do you know where she lives, Laura? We might send to her."

"Oh, no, Mamma, I never thought of asking her, and Mrs. Wilson does not know."

Poor Laura was very sad all day: the next morning she betook herself to the old spot, but more from habit than from any hope of finding Martha there. What, then, was her surprise and delight to see the latter run to meet her, saying—

"I was very sorry I could not come yesterday, Miss, but my little sister was poorly, and Mother forbade me to leave the house, for she could not stay to take care of her. To-day Mary is rather better; but she is still in bed, and I have only come to tell you that I must go back to her. If you could come with me, and give me my lesson, I should be so glad; but I am afraid you won't like, for our cottage is not a nice place for a young lady like you to be in."

"Wait a moment, and I will run and ask Mamma," said Laura; and on her way she said to herself, "Martha has a better disposition than I have; she seems to have quite forgotten what I said to her the day before yesterday; and if any one had said half as much to me, I should have borne them a grudge for long."

Her mother did not wish to damp Laura's pleasure; so she consented to her going with Martha, though she did not much like her being in so dirty a cottage.

Martha's parents lived in an isolated dwelling, some way from the farm; the exterior of their cottage was rather picturesque, for it had a thatched roof, and the walls were covered with ivy; but when Laura put foot inside, she

drew back in disgust; the windows were covered with dust and cobwebs, through which the light could barely struggle; the walls sadly wanted a fresh coat of whitewash; and the floor looked as if it had not been scrubbed for many a day; and the air was so fetid, that Laura felt stifled.

"Leave the door open," she hastily called to Martha; "how can you live in the midst of all this dirt?"

"I have been always used to see the house like this, so it did not seem so bad to me; but since I have known you, Miss, I have thought to myself, I must clean things up a bit; but, somehow, there has always been so much to do! And then I was afraid you would think me late in coming to you."

Laura looked about her for a moment, undecided. To her, so scrupulously clean, to remain in this cottage where she did not like to sit down, was very trying. She was tempted to go, but thought to herself, Martha will be hurt; besides, if I wish to make her understand the importance of cleanliness, I must stay to tell her how to set about cleaning her cottage. If I went off, she might say, "it is easy for the young lady to complain of the house being dirty; but she might as well have stopped to tell me how to clean it." So, conquering her repugnance, Laura called out briskly, "Martha! to-day we will leave the lessons alone, and you shall clean the house under my superintendance. Put on some water to boil; then take up your little sister, she does not seem very poorly, for she is smiling at me, and she will be a thousand times better sitting in the sun before the house, than in this dirty bed. When that was done, Laura helped Martha to carry the tables and chairs out of doors, and then made her clean the windows, and open them to admit the fresh air; and

while Martha was doing that, Laura went outside, and, standing on a chair, took a large pair of scissors and clipped the ivy which, not having been pruned, had nearly grown over the windows. When Martha had thoroughly cleansed these, Laura made her scrub the floor, and while that was drying set her to rub the chairs, and wash the tables and dresser. Little Mary was delighted with the bustle going on about her, and, quite forgetting her poorliness, begged the young lady to let her help Martha. Laura told her she might wash the little crockeryware the cottage contained ; and when she had finished, despatched her to gather a nosegay of daffodils, which the little girl was very pleased to arrange in a cracked blue mug, and set on the table.

When all was done, Martha looked very pleased at the transformation ; and Mary clapped her hands, crying, " Oh, how much better our house looks ! Won't father and mother wonder when they come home ;" and added, after a minute's pause, " Its just like Martha, since you have taught her, Miss ; she has the same clothes, and yet she looks quite different ; and, do you know, Miss, that yesterday, before I went to bed, she washed me, and afterwards sat up mending my clothes."

" Oh, I am so glad to hear this !" said Laura, turning to Martha with a very pleased look ; " for it shows me that you have profited by my lessons ; and I am sure that you will be much happier, now that you know how to employ your time, than if you had passed all your life in idling and begging. Mamma tells me that God means all of us to work, and that He does not like lazy people."

" I always thought," said Mary, " that rich young ladies had nothing to do but amuse themselves ; but now I shall know better. I see, by your teaching Martha,

that you must have worked hard to know how to sew so nicely, and I will be very diligent at school."

Before Laura left the cottage, she said to Martha, "As your mother goes out early every morning to work, and leaves you in charge of the house, it is your place to see that all is clean, and in order, and well aired, like to-day. I will come once every week, to see how you are getting on; and you had better come to me, of a morning, an hour later, so that you may have time to put all in order before you go out; and if you do this every day, you will have no difficulty in keeping the house tidy.

Laura went home to her mother, with a long history of the day's doings. And Mrs. Knight praised her little girl, and called her a zealous reformer.

The next morning, mistress and pupil resumed their lessons, and went on with them all the summer. Laura was now quite strong again; and her mother felt anxious to return home: so it was settled they should shortly leave. Laura was rather uneasy about what would become of her protégée, when they went; and said to her mother, "I am very sure now, that Martha will never again take to begging, or be a sloven, and a storyteller. She loves God too much, I think, to fall into any great sins; and, besides, she can now read tolerably well; and you told me you would give her a Bible and other good books, that she might be kept in the right way. But it is the thought, that a great part of the day she may be unemployed, which troubles me. I am afraid that, perhaps, some of the bad idle girls of the village might possibly entice her off with them, if she has not much to do."

"If her parents can spare her," said Mrs. Knight, "it would be best to try and get her a place in the village. I will speak to Mrs. Wilson about this."

"Oh, yes, Mamma! pray do. Her parents would be very glad to get her into a situation. Her sister, Mary, can look after the goat, and Sarah attend to the house. If you only saw, mamma, how neat their cottage now always is, and how improved Martha's three sisters have become, since she has set them such a good example!"

"My dear Laura, you ought to be very well satisfied with the way in which you have spent your summer. You have a twofold cause for gratitude to your heavenly Father: first, that He has restored you your health; and, secondly, that He has given you the opportunity you so much desired, of being really useful to your neighbour."

The day after this conversation, as Laura was speaking to Martha, of her wish to find her a place, the latter suddenly interrupted her, saying—

"Look, Miss; there's Farmer Jones just coming by—he was the farmer that would not take me because I was too dirty, he said. I should so like to ask him if he now wants a farm servant."

Laura encouraging Martha, she went up to Farmer Jones, who was an elderly and very respectable-looking man, and made known her request.

He looked at her for a moment without speaking, as if trying to make out who she was. She had on a new gingham frock, a white cotton apron, a red neck-handkerchief, and a cap as white as snow, showing her hair neatly smoothed. On her feet, she wore stockings of her own knitting, and a good strong pair of shoes, Laura's gift. How could Farmer Jones recognise, in this trim little maiden, the dirty beggar girl whom he had rather roughly repulsed six months ago.

"Who are you?" he asked, "for I think I have never before seen you."

"Martha Gwatkins, please, Sir. I once before offered myself to you."

"Martha Gwatkins! Why it's not possible. She was as dirty and ragged as you are clean and trim."

"But it is Martha Gwatkins, Sir; only Miss Laura Knight, whom you see yonder, has been so kind as to give me all these clothes, and to teach me many things, during the summer."

"Yes!" said Laura, coming forward. "I have given her the materials for her clothes; but it is she who has made them all. I can assure you, Farmer Jones, that she is a good, honest, active little girl; and that, if you engage her, you will be well satisfied with her."

"I have enough farm servants," said Farmer Jones; "but my wife is growing old; and a little girl to assist her in the house work, would be a great help. Martha's appearance now pleases me so much, that I am very ready to take her on trial."

Laura thanked the farmer, as if he had rendered her a personal service. She knew that not only was he a thriving man, with whom Martha would be well lodged and fed, but also that he and his wife were good, religious people, who would take an interest in her spiritual welfare.

She could now leave her little *protégée*, not without regret, but, at least, without uneasiness about her future lot.

You may imagine how sorry Laura was to leave the neighbourhood of Crickhowel, where she had spent so pleasant and profitable a summer; and how grieved poor Martha was to lose her little benefactress.

Many years passed without Laura's revisiting that part of Wales. She grew up, and was on the point of being married: when consulted as to where she would like to travel for her bridal tour, she unhesitatingly chose South Wales, and especially Crickhowel and its neighbourhood; because, she said, she had a great desire to see once more the little village in the beautiful Vale of Usk, where she had met with Martha, and learn what had become of her early *protégée*.

Mr. Tracey, the gentleman whom she was going to marry, was rather surprised at her choice; for he thought she would have preferred the Continent; but he immediately acceded to her fancy.

After reaching Crickhowel, they drove over to farmer Wilson's; for Laura wished to renew her acquaintance with the good people among whom she had spent such a happy period of her childhood; but they found that the worthy pair had been dead some years, their daughters married and scattered over the country, and the farm in the hands of strangers.

From thence they went on to farmer Jones's, hoping there to learn some tidings of Martha Gwatkins. On entering the farm-yard, Laura remarked that everything looked neater and better arranged than she remembered it. All the animals had such an air of comfort and placid satisfaction, that one could see they were well cared for. Even the fruit-trees in the orchard looked more thriving and in fuller blossom than any they had yet passed.

The door of the kitchen was open, and, looking in, they saw an old man dandling a fine boy; while a young woman was busy preparing the dinner. At the noise which Laura

and her husband made in entering, the young woman turned round, came forward, and suddenly uttering an exclamation, cried, "Why, it's actually Miss Laura. Yes; I'm sure it's herself. Oh, how glad I am to see you, Miss! I have often talked of you, and wished to see you! Have I not, Father?"

Laura shook hands affectionately with Martha, for she



it was, grown into a fine comely young woman; then going up to the old man, whom she now recognised as Farmer Jones, she gave him her hand; and caressed the fine little fellow on his knee. After which, sitting down

by Martha, she said, "Now tell me all that has befallen you since we parted."

"Oh, I have been very happy!" replied the young woman; "and all my happiness, under Providence, I owe to you."

"That is what she is always saying," broke in farmer Jones; "and it's very true, ma'am, for I kept her on because I found her so cleanly, orderly, and well-trained. Every one in the house soon liked her, and my son above all: so that he came to me, one day, and said, 'Father, I wish to marry Martha.' 'She has no money,' I answered; 'but she is worth more than many that have. Some will say, you might have looked higher; but I am well content. With so good, clever, active, and tidy a wife, all will go well in the house. Marry her, then; and you two manage the farm for me, for I am getting old.' That is the way, Ma'am, she became my daughter-in-law; and a happy marriage it was for my son.

"Her sisters have profited by her example and good training, and are steady, honest, well-conducted girls. God will bless you, Ma'am, for you have been the guardian angel of that family, who, but for you, would have fallen not only into misery but vice."

My dear readers! were not these words the best wedding present Laura could receive? What trinkets could have given her so much gratification as the thought that she had been the instrument chosen by God to bring these souls to Him. This love of order, which she had succeeded in imparting to Martha, did not only influence Laura's outward life, but extended to her soul. She was not content that the outside of the cup should be clean,

whilst the inside was full of rottenness. Sin is disorder, and vices are stains on the soul, which it is even more needful to purify than those of the body.

This Laura had comprehended, and this she had been so fortunate as to make Martha comprehend.



## LITTLE JOSEPH.

**I**N a miserable hovel, on the sea-shore, at Deal, a poor woman was sitting, early one morning, mending some ragged garments, while a little boy of eight years old was getting up, and two girls, still younger, lay sleeping on a wretched straw pallet.



THE TORN TROUSERS.

"Mother," said the little boy, who was called Joseph, "can you not buy me another pair of trousers? Just look! you mended mine yesterday, and now here is one leg split from top to bottom, and the other with large holes in it. I have not liked to go into the town, since I

have been so badly dressed, for fear of being laughed at ; so I stay upon the beach, where I scarcely see anyone."

While her child was speaking, the poor woman had buried her face in her hands, and began crying ; at length she raised her head, and said—

" My poor Boy ! I have long wished to give you a new pair, that you might be able to return to school, and go to church again, as formerly ; but it is impossible—quite impossible : I do not even earn enough to buy bread for us all."

" Do not trouble yourself, dear Mother : you have often told me that God cares for the unhappy : He will not let me go quite bare ; besides, I shall soon be old enough to help you to earn money."

" Ah, my dear Child, whatever be your condition, take heed not to get into a habit of drinking ; never taste beer



THE TOPER.

nor spirits : it is that which ruined us. If your father had not given way to this terrible habit, he might have

been living now, and we should have been happy, as in the first years of my marriage. In those days the neighbours would stop to remark how nicely you were dressed. Your father was a fisherman, and made a good livelihood ; but gradually he took to drinking, and left off bringing me his earnings."

"Oh, yes, dear Mother ; and I recollect how of an evening, when he came home, he would beat you. I used to be so frightened, that I hid my head under the bed-clothes ; or if I was up, ran out of the house. At those times, I scarcely knew my father—he, who in general was so gentle, was then more like a wild beast."

"Ah, my Child ! and think of his dreadful end. One day, when he could not stand, he fell into the dock, and was drowned, leaving me in this destitute condition."

"Do not be afraid for me, dear Mother : I too well remember that dreadful day, not to look upon beer and spirits as poisons. I will never taste them ; but see, now that you have patched my trousers, they won't do so badly, after all."

So saying, Joseph took the piece of dry bread, which his mother gave him, and left the cottage : he went and sat down upon a rock which rose a little above the sea. It was a very lonely spot, and he had been in the habit of coming to it ever since he had been afraid that the holes in his clothes would be remarked. Here he would remain for hours, watching the vessels pass, and wishing that he was one of the cabin-boys whom he saw so nimbly climbing up the masts ; or he would amuse himself by throwing stones to a great distance in the water. He had become quite an adept in this ; but to-day he was not in a mood to amuse himself, and thought, "What a pity it is that I am too young to work : I should so much like to earn enough

to buy me a pair of trousers. I see that Mother is very troubled that she cannot give me a new pair; but a thought has struck me. Down there, are men and women catching mussels; why should I not do like them? One need not be big nor strong for that. I have a broken knife, which will serve to loosen them, and I have seen an old basket at home ~~which I will fetch to put them in~~. I will not say anything to Mother, for I should like to take her by surprise, so I will hide my money, and when I have enough, buy my trousers myself. How astonished she will be when she sees me well dressed."

No sooner said than done: he ran home and got the basket, and set to work in earnest. The most difficult spots did not deter him: he jumped from one rock to another—scaled the most jagged and slippery—often being up to his middle in water, and finished by getting a small number of very fine mussels. Now, the difficulty was to sell them: he did not feel very bold about offering his merchandize, and besides he was ashamed of his appearance. However, at last he took courage to go up to a small pretty country house close by. The garden-gate was open: he advanced timidly; two pretty little girls, about five and seven, who were playing with their dolls, came up and peeped curiously into his basket.

"What have you there?" asked the elder, "small black shells? but they are not very pretty, and besides they are all alike. Have you no other ones?"

"They are mussels, Miss, and I sell them to eat: they are very good. Will you ask your mamma if she will buy some of me?"

The two little girls ran into the house, and soon came back with a very pleasing and benevolent-looking lady.



MUSSEL-CATCHING.

" You have mussels to sell," she said to Joseph ; " How much do you want for those you have?"

" I do not know, Ma'am."

" What, you do not know the price you want?"

" No, Ma'am; for this is the first time I have had any to sell, and I do not know what they are worth."

" If I give you sixpence, shall you be satisfied?"

" Oh, yes, Ma'am, very satisfied. How pleased I am to have gained all that myself. This piece of silver is very



THE MUSSEL-SELLER.

pretty, Ma'am, only I am afraid of losing it, as it is small. Would you be good enough to change it for pence?"

" You do not, then, give your mother your money to keep?" said one of the little girls.

Joseph held down his head, and coloured with confusion, then took courage to say—

“I wish to keep what I get until I have enough to buy me a pair of new trousers.”

“And certainly, my little friend,” replied the lady, “you are greatly in want of them. Bring me some more mussels occasionally, and I will buy them.”

Joseph thanked the lady, and went off in great spirits: he carefully tied up his pence in the corner of an old handkerchief, and, instead of going home, again plunged among the rocks on the beach, where he knew he should find pretty shells and sea-weeds: of these he collected a small provision, made a kind of basket with the larger marine plants, and disposed the shells to the best advantage, mixing with them the prettiest sea-weeds. Then he took the road once more to the pretty white house.

“Those nice little girls,” thought he, “seemed to wish for shells; their mamma has been so good to me, that I shall be glad to give them pleasure.”

The two little girls were still in the garden, and were delighted when he offered them his sea-weeds and shells.

“What is your name?” said Alice, the elder of the two sisters.

“Joseph! Miss.”

“Well, Joseph, wait a minute; I have four pennies in my purse; I will go and fetch them for you.”

“Oh, no! Miss; I beg of you. I do not wish to sell them. I will get prettier ones another time, for which you shall pay me; but these I should like to give you.”

“But your trousers, which you want to buy.”

“I shall earn enough for them by my mussels.”

“Well, then, thank you very much. We are very pleased to have these pretty shells; are we not, Bertha?”

"Oh, yes!" cried little Bertha; "and you are a very nice little boy; though you are not *nicely* dressed."

From this time, Joseph rather began to lose his fear of being seen in his ragged condition; and almost every day he went to the entrance of the town, and posted himself before a second-hand clothes shop, where there was a pair of trousers for sale, in very good condition, and just about his size, but beyond his present means; for they were ticketed two shillings; and his great fear was, that they would be sold before he had earned that sum: so he kept on working with great ardour. Every one did not pay him so much for his mussels as the charitable lady—his first friend; but, still, at the end of a fortnight, he had got the required sum. It was on a Friday evening, that he had collected his last pence; and all that night, he could hardly sleep for joy. The next morning, he found his mother sighing over an old cloak, all in rags, which she was trying to mend.

"Ah!" said she, "I shall never dare to go to church with this to-morrow. I know that God will listen to my prayers offered up at home; but, nevertheless, it is a trial to me not to go to His house, to ask Him to come to our aid."

Now, thought Joseph, I must work to buy a cloak for Mother.

In putting on his trousers, he perceived, that while he had been in bed, his mother had put in a patch, which had covered the largest holes.

"They are yet in much better condition than Mother's cloak," said he to himself; "and, after all, is it not right, that the mother should be served before the son? Yes; whatever it may cost me, I am resolved that I will go and

buy her a cloak, that she may be able to get to church to-morrow."

He ran to the shop, and asked for a cloak ; but, alas ! there was not one for less than three shillings ; and when he timidly proposed to the shopwoman to give her his two shillings, promising to bring the other next week, she roughly replied : " If you had shillings coming in as easily as that, your clothes would not be in such holes." The poor child went off looking very red and ashamed, and ready to cry. On his way, he began to reflect, and said to himself, " What ! if I were to go to the good lady, and ask her to lend me the other shilling ? As she so often buys mussels of me, she knows well that I earn money, and that I should be able to return her the loan."

He immediately bent his steps to the white house ; and not daring to ring at the bell, waited till some one should appear. At length little Bertha saw him from the drawing-room window, and ran down to the door. " Have you brought me some shells, Joseph ?" said she ; " but how sad you are looking ! Mamma, come down and ask Joseph what is the matter."

The kind lady came forward, and Joseph told her what had befallen him : and timidly asked for the shilling, promising to work hard, so as to be able to return it promptly.

" You do wrong, my child, to borrow. We should only spend what money is already ours. You are not sure of being able to return this loan ; since to-morrow, nay, even to-day, God might visit you with sickness, which would prevent your working. However, as your object is a very praiseworthy one, I am willing to lend you the money ; and will, besides, go with you to make your purchase, that

I may be sure you are not taken in. Put on your hats, my dear children, and come with us."

When the shopwoman saw the lady, she was much more civil than she had been to poor Joseph; for she was a bad woman, who sought to get as much money as she could, and only respected rich people. She let the lady have a much better cloak for three shillings, than the one she had shown Joseph; and afterwards, at her request, brought forward the trousers, for which Joseph had so longed, and also a jacket. The lady paid for the three things, and gave them to Joseph to hold; and when they were out of the shop, said to him: "Here is your cloak! but, remember, you are to pay me the shilling in the course of the week; as for the jacket and trousers, I have much pleasure in giving them to you. From the very first day we saw you, Alice wished me to make you this present; but I refused, because I should have been very sorry if you had got into the way of asking for things, instead of working to earn them. Now that I see you industrious and persevering, I no longer fear that you will become a beggar."

"Oh, no! Ma'am; be sure I will never ask for anything; I should be quite ashamed to do so; and if you think that I ought to earn these clothes, will you keep them until I have the money?"

"No, my poor Boy, you have well deserved these clothes; and in refusing them, you would show a misplaced pride. Come and see us when you have got them on; your little friend Bertha will be very pleased to see you well dressed."

"Oh, Ma'am! how good you are; and how happy my poor mother will be."

When he got home his mother was still out working for

the day. He spread out the cloak on the bed ; and, after having carefully washed himself, put on his new clothes. His little sisters looked at him with astonishment, and jumped for joy at the improvement in his appearance. "I shall buy *you* also new frocks one of these days," said he.

When his mother came in, he ran up to her, crying out, "Was I not right to say that God would not let me go quite bare. Look at my good clothes." Then drawing her to the bed, "And look, too, at this cloak. It is I who have bought it, with the money I have earned by working and fishing for mussels."

His mother threw her arms around his neck and kissed him tenderly, her eyes full of joyful tears.

"Is this really true, my dear child? Then I shall have much more pleasure in wearing this garment than if it had been given me in charity. But tell me all about it."

While he related his story, the poor widow forgot all her troubles, and only thought how grateful she ought to be to God, who had given her so good a son. In finishing, Joseph added :—

"Now I shall not rest till I have got the shilling which I owe the good lady."

The next day, being Sunday, he did not work ; but went to church, with his mother, to thank God for all his benefits. But, very early on Monday morning, he took his basket and old knife and ran to the beach. Alas! a furious gale had sprung up in the night, and enormous waves rolled over the rocks on which he used to find mussels. Vainly he waited for the tide to go out far enough for him to get on these rocks ; a too strong wind drove in the waves, and he was obliged to give up the attempt.

For three days he met with the same disappointment.

On the fourth day, when he saw the sea still rougher, he went and sat himself down on his favorite rock with a heavy heart. "Ah!" said he, "the lady will think that I do not mean to return her money, and that I am ungrateful and lazy."

He was suddenly stopped, in the midst of his lamentations, by the sight of a small vessel which the wind was driving in his direction with irresistible force. "It will strike upon the rocks. O God! save these poor sailors. O how fast it is driving on. See! it is all on one side! and the waves wash over it every moment. Shall I run for help? But I am so far from every one. The poor ship will go to pieces before I can get back: the crew, perhaps, may get here ~~by swimming~~, if they only *can* swim, and these terrible waves do not swallow them up."

And, presently, as he had feared, the vessel struck, and so close to where Joseph was that he could see all that the men on board were ~~doing~~. The sea broke over the deck every ~~moment~~, and it was plain that the crew could not remain ~~much~~ longer without being washed overboard. Joseph kept ~~repeating~~, "O God! O God! have mercy on them!"

All at once, he uttered a cry of joy, ~~and~~ drew from his pocket a ball of string which had served to fly a kite, fastened the end round a stone, and threw it towards the ship.

We have already said that he was very skilful at this exercise; however, the first stone fell into the water. He drew in his string, and threw a second, which shared the same fate; but the third fell upon the deck, at the feet of a man, who picked it up, loosened it from the stone, and fastened it to a long rope, which Joseph pulled to land. He looked about him to see to what he could fasten it,

but there was no tree, stake, nor anything that could serve his purpose. He was afraid of not being strong enough to hold the end, when the men fastened it to them. If he was pulled down from the rock, and dragged into the water, he would probably be killed. What was to be done?

"I must save them," he thought; "and God will give me strength." He wound the cord round his body,



THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

grasped it in his hands, and sat down, his feet firmly resting against a ledge of rock. He saw the cabin boy come down the side of the ship, throw himself into the sea, and, for long, struggle against the waves, always holding the rope. At length, he reached the beach, and

clambered up the rock on which Joseph was; and, though very exhausted, was able to sit by his side. The two boys had the satisfaction of seeing one after another—three sailors and the captain—gain the land. When the latter saw that it was a little boy who had succoured them with so much bravery and intelligence, he could not sufficiently testify his gratitude.



JOSEPH'S WELCOME HOME.

"I could, probably, have reached the shore by swimming," said he; "but the cabin boy and two of my men could not swim, and I would never have abandoned them; though it would have been very hard to have perished almost within sight of my wife and children, for I live close by.

"Come, my men! you shall go to my house, for we all stand in need of dry clothes."

When they were near the village, the captain pointed to a white house, exclaiming, "Here we are!"

"What!" cried Joseph; "you are the husband of the good lady who lives there, and the father of the two nice little girls?"

"Yes, my Boy. Do you know them?"

"Oh, yes; it is they who have given me these clothes; but, pray, Sir, *you* who have seen how rough the sea is, will you say to the lady that one cannot catch mussels, and that is why I do not pay her."

"You owe her money?"

"Yes, Sir; a shilling."

"Well, my boy, it is now ~~sae~~ that owes *you*; and something more than money, for *you* have saved her husband's life. Go ~~home, and~~, in a few days, you shall hear from me."

The next week, the captain, with his wife and children, entered the widow's cottage, and said to her:—

"I come to ask you to let me carry off Joseph. I have obtained the command of a new vessel; and, though he is yet young to be a cabin boy, I will take him under my charge, and see to his education. He is so brave and intelligent, that I am sure he will become an excellent sailor. Do you agree to this?"

"Oh, Sir!" said the poor widow, "I shall only be too happy."

"As for you, my Boy," said the captain, turning to Joseph; "be at ease about your mother; during your absence, my wife and children will not let her want."

One may readily imagine the joy of little Joseph, who had always longed to be a cabin boy; however, he was still more happy, perhaps, when he returned from his first voyage, bringing with him a good sum of money, and a heap of presents for his mother and sisters.

## THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

**H**OW very tiresome!" said Arthur, one morning, to his sister Lucy, "for us to have to go out every day with Nurse, as if we were quite little children. She always takes us the same walks, and will never go the prettiest roads, or very far, for fear of losing her way."

"Yes; and she is always saying, 'Do not run so fast, you will fall down. Do not walk in the dirt. Give me your hand.' It is really most tiresome. I would much rather play indoors."

"Do you know what we will do some day, Lucy, to-morrow, for instance? We will get up very early, before Papa and Mamma are awake, and go out quite alone to make a voyage of discovery, as Robinson Crusoe did on his island. We will go where we like, stop where we please, and be thwarted by no one. Won't it be amusing?"

"But, Arthur, Mamma will think us lost."

"Oh, no! I don't write badly, and I shall put on her table a piece of paper with this on it, 'We have gone to make a voyage of discovery, and shall be back in the evening.'"

"Oh, that's the very thing, Arthur! How amusing! You will awake me to-morrow, will you not?"

"Oh, yes; depend upon it."

Little Arthur was so full of his great enterprise for the morrow that he began by forgetting to repeat his evening



A DISAGREEABLE CAPTURE.

prayer; perhaps, if he had said this, he might have been led to reflect whether God would approve of what he was about to do ; whether it was not wrong thus secretly to run off from home ; but no, he only thought of his great project, and was so taken up with it that he scarcely slept. At daybreak he went to call his little sister, and they both dressed very quietly, so that they might not awaken nurse, who slept in the adjoining room. They went down into the kitchen to get two large pieces of bread to take with them for their breakfast ; and then, Arthur having succeeded in writing his note, off they set, running at full speed for fear of being discovered and overtaken : at last they stopped, quite out of breath, in the middle of a meadow. The birds sang gaily overhead, while a number of daisies and other pretty flowers raised their heads, sprinkled with dew, to catch the warm rays of the sun. And were Arthur and Lucy happy ? No ! for when they had got far enough away, no longer to dread being retaken and ignominiously brought back, they began distinctly to hear the small voice of conscience, which continually whispered, “ What you are doing is wrong, very wrong. Your parents have often forbidden you to go out alone ; they will be very displeased with you ; and God, who sees you from his blue sky above, will certainly not protect disobedient children.” Lucy walked along quite sedately without even thinking of picking the flowers which grew in her path, though in general her great pleasure was to gather nosegays to bring back to her mamma. She ended by proposing to her brother to take a short walk, and then return home ; but Arthur jumped, sang, whistled, and did all that he could to amuse himself and stifle the small voice of conscience ; so he answered his sister, “ No, no ; we are out now, and our own masters,

and it shall be for the whole day : besides, if we came in now instead of waiting till the evening, we should be punished just as much. Stop ! *there* is a nice place to sit down ; we will go and rest, and eat our bread."

After dispatching their frugal breakfast, the children began to play ; but nothing amused them. They tried to build a hut and a castle, but soon gave up the attempt, and resumed their walk.

"Oh, Arthur," Lucy would cry, "do not go there ; see ! those horses ; they will run over us ;" or, "Look at that dog ! I am sure he is fierce, and will bite us. Come on the other side."

"What a coward you are to-day, Lucy ; in general you are more brave."

"Because, Arthur, in general I am with grown-up people ; whereas to-day . . . ."

"What, Lucy ? Don't you think me strong enough to take care of you. I only wish robbers or lions would come, and then you should see how I would drive them away with my big stick."

The pieces of bread had been long devoured, and the children began to want another meal. Arthur had taken the precaution to bring out his purse ; but they had yet to find a village and a shop, where to buy something. At last, after walking a long time, they did come to a village, and began to examine the few shops it contained. The raw meat in the butcher's did not tempt them ; but in a huckster's shop they espied some stale cakes.

"Now we have found something that will do for us," said Arthur ; and he was going in to buy them when a drunken man staggered out, and, staring at the children with a besotted look, seized Lucy by the arm, and, bursting

into a loud laugh, cried, "What a nice little girl! she shall come along with me."

Lucy, greatly terrified, screamed out, and struggled, while her brother, who had bragged so much a minute before, now hid behind a door. By dint of struggling, she at length broke from the hands of this horrid man, and escaped at full speed. Arthur followed, and they both ran, not daring to look behind them until they could no longer run.

After this adventure, Arthur began to find it was time to return home, and, above all, that a good dinner would be very acceptable. The difficulty now was to find their way back. There were plenty of labourers in the fields who could have directed them; but Lucy had now such a terror of every man, that she began to cry as soon as her brother wished to accost one. They, therefore, determined to walk on, trusting to chance to find their way home. From time to time they stopped exhausted with hunger and fatigue, then walked on, then rested, and thus proceeded till night surprised them. They were now near a wood, and resolved to stay there and crouch under a bush to sleep, for they were so tired they could scarcely stand upon their legs. It had been very fine all day, but now the night was chilly, and the wind blew through the trees, making a doleful sound, at which Lucy trembled and pressed close to her brother.

Suddenly, this valiant little man gave a shriek of terror, and rushed out of the bush; for, overhead, from the branch of a tree, a loud hoot was heard.

"I think it is a tiger," he said, trembling; his terror making him forget that there are no wild beasts in this country.



THE DISCOVERY.

"Tu whit! to whoo!" again cried the voice, and a large bird flew out heavily.

"It is only an owl," said Arthur, much reassured.

"Owls won't hurt us; will they?" asked poor Lucy, who, until now, had not dared to speak nor stir. "They do not carry off little children to their nests to eat them, like a great bird which I have seen in a picture book?"

"Oh, no! The bird you mean, Lucy, is a kind of vulture, found upon high mountains in Switzerland. An owl is only strong enough to carry off a rat. But, now, lie down close by me, and try to sleep."

And fatigue getting the better of their terror, they fell into a sound slumber, only awakening when the sun shone into their hiding-place. They rose quite benumbed, and set forth; now, fully determined, to ask their way of the first person they might meet.

Scarcely had they got a hundred yards, before they saw their father's gardener coming towards them.

"You naughty children! Here have I been looking for you all the night. Your parents are in dreadful anxiety about you; and your mother is ill with grief."

"Oh, let us run to her!" cried Lucy.

"Do not scold us, John," said Arthur; "we have been punished enough. If you only knew how hungry and cold we have been this night."

"And how frightened," added Lucy; "there is no fear that we shall ever do so again. We have seen that we are too young to do without grown-up people."

You may imagine how pleased their parents were to get them back all safe and sound; and, thinking they had been punished enough, they only strove to make them comprehend the gravity of their fault. But God, who is always displeased with children when they behave ill, sent

Arthur and Lucy a chastisement, which neither the care nor the tenderness of their father and mother could avert.

From being out all night in the open air, they had taken a violent cold, and fell ill. For six weeks, they had to stay shut up in their bed-room, instead of running about the garden, enjoying the pretty flowers, and the pleasant sunshine. But when, at last, they rose from their sick beds, I think they were wiser and better children than before the memorable day on which they made their **VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.**



## BLIND THOMAS.

"AGATHA! Will you give me your hand, and lead me out walking a little?" said old Thomas to his granddaughter. "I cannot trust myself much to Tray; he is too young, and sometimes leaves me to play with other dogs, or drags me into bad roads."

"You must beat him, grandfather, when he is not good. I have not time to lead you out walking. I must go to school directly; and I have promised to fetch Lizzy."

Old Thomas sighed; called Tray to him, tied a string to his collar, and went out. For some months he had been quite blind; and it seemed to him very hard, after working all his life, to be now obliged to stay whole days in the house without being able to do anything. He lived with his son and daughter-in-law, who did not treat him ill, but being completely taken up with their own affairs, they found no time to amuse him. As for his grandchild, Agatha, you may see by the way in which she answered him, she was not an amiable child. She was a little egoist, who never did anything but what amused herself. I think she had learnt, in her catechism, that Jesus Christ wills, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves; but she had certainly not paid attention to this precept, for she never seemed to think it necessary to trouble herself about others.

Old Thomas's only diversion was, in fine weather, to



BLIND THOMAS.

walk on the high road, which was bordered by trees and hedgerows, under which he would often sit and rest. He could hear the prattle of children passing to school, the wagoners' talk, and the roll of carriages ; and he felt less lonely than at the door of the farm-house.

This day, while sitting under the hedge, he heard the voices of several children drawing near. "Stop ! there's your grandfather," said one. "Hold your tongue ! do," cried a voice, which he recognised as Agatha's. "If he knows that I am here, he will ask me to take him a walk ; and that wearies me. I would rather play."

" You are hardly civil to him," said another ; and the little troop passed on.



GOOD LITTLE MARY.

Tray, awakening with a start, jerked the string out of the old man's hand, and ran after Agatha.

" Stop !" said Lizzy. " There's father Thomas's dog ; we must take it back to him. He will no longer have any one to lead him."

" We shall be late at school," said Agatha, " if we go back there again. It is not worth while. I will drive Tray away, and he will soon return by himself."

" But what will your grandfather do if he does not return ? Stop ! take his cord. It will be much better to lead him back."

"No, no ! You'll see that he will go." And she began to pick up sticks and stones and fling them at poor Tray; who went off a little way, and then came back. Agatha shouted, got into a passion, picked up a large stone and threw it at him with such force that he fell and rolled on the ground, howling piteously. Agatha, terrified at what she had done, seized Lizzy by the arm, and rapidly dragged her off towards the village, saying—

"Let us get off quickly, that it may not known it is I."

Old Thomas heard his poor dog howling, and called it many times, but all vain ; at length, he set off groping his way, to find it at the risk of being run over. Suddenly, he heard light footsteps, and a gentle little voice, which said—

"What are you looking for, Father Thomas?"

"Oh ! is it you, my good little Mary ? Just see where Tray is, and why he howls so."

"I will run up to him, Father Thomas, for I can see him on the road ; but stay *you* here, and do not get run over."

In a moment she returned, carefully carrying Tray, who now only moaned piteously.

"Poor beast," said she, "his leg is broken ; but, come, Father Thomas, and lean on my shoulder : we will carry Tray to my father's, and he will bind it up. He was able to cure our cat's leg, which had been caught in a snare."

Mary's house was close by, and her father immediately left his work to attend to the poor animal. He carefully put the broken leg between two splints of wood, so that Tray might not move it ; he then bandaged it up with some rag which Mary had fetched from his cupboard, and said to old Thomas—

"For some days it will be better for him not to walk: shall I carry him to your house, or would you rather I kept him here? He shall lie upon the hay in the granary, and Mary will take good care of him."

"If you are kind enough to keep him with you, it will be a good thing for him; for, at home, he gets more blows than caresses. Ah! I shall have a sad time of it till he is well. If you only knew how long the days seem to me when I cannot get out!"

"Father Thomas," said little Mary, "if you like I will come every day before I go to school, and take you a little walk. When it is fine, you can sit under the hedge until I come out of school; or, if it is not warm enough for that, I will come again to take you another little turn on the road."

"Poor child! It would be a very dull way of passing your play-time. I do not wish you thus to sacrifice yourself for me."

"I do not know what you mean by that. I am never so happy as when it seems to me that I can be of some use."

"That's very true," said Mary's father; "and you cannot think what a good little housewife I have in her. I should have been very badly off, after the death of my poor wife, if I had not had her to keep the house clean and in good order, and to help me as much as is in her power."

"God bless her!" cried both the old men.

During this colloquy, Mary was off running to school. Old Thomas having said that he would spend the day with her father—who, being, by trade, a shoemaker, always worked in doors—she reached school late, and the mistress scolded her; but, as she felt that she had not

loitered about playing, but had stopped behind to do something useful, she did not mind.

Scarcely was school over, before she got back to take old Thomas home.

When they entered the farm-house kitchen, where all were ready assembled for supper, she was surprised to see no one come forward to take the blind man's cap and stick, and put him a chair. His plate was laid at the bottom of the table, away from the others; and his broth was served out to him in a pewter porringer, instead of a blue plate, such as the other members of the family had. Although Mary knew that her father was expecting her back to supper, she would not leave old Thomas till she had comfortably settled him in his place, poured him out something to drink, and cut up his small piece of beef.

She observed that Agatha looked confused and ashamed, while her grandfather told her what had befallen poor Tray; but she did not guess why.

Early the next morning, our good little girl, who had already cleaned and put everything in order at home, came to fetch old Thomas, to take him his usual walk. While going along, she said to him, "Tray is much better this morning; he has eaten his food with a good appetite, and I am sure it will not be long before he is well. But, Father Thomas, tell me something which has been in my thoughts ever since yesterday. Why, at meals, do they put you at the bottom of the table, far from every one, and give you a pewter porringer?"

"Agatha sat near me some time ago; but she said it disgusted her to see me eat badly; so she took her seat at the other end of the table. As for the pewter porringer, they gave me that because, one day, I put my plate too

near the edge of the table, so that it fell off, and was broken."

Mary did not again allude to this; but every day she managed to remain with the old man to the end of his dinner, rendering him those small services of which he stood in need, and teaching him to eat much more neatly, by dexterously using a piece of bread to push up what he had on his plate.

The farmer's wife could not help admiring the care which the kind child took of her father-in-law. For the first time she felt ashamed of neglecting him as she did, and scolded Agatha for not being kinder to him.

One day, Mary, coming to fetch old Thomas, met Agatha, who said to her

"Leave Grandfather at home to-day, and come and have a long ramble in the woods with us. It is Thursday, we have a holiday, and many of us girls are going flower-picking and bird's-nesting. It is such a fine day, we shall amuse ourselves famously."

"It is just because it is so fine, that your grandfather must not stay in doors. I shall, therefore, take a long walk with him."

"How can it amuse you to walk quite slowly and quietly along, giving your hand to an old man, who is always dull and discontented?"

"Keep *your* eyes shut for five minutes, and you will find it is not surprising people are rather dull when they can no longer see: but Father Thomas is not dull; he tells me what he used to do when he was young, and many other histories."

"And that amuses you better than coming to play with us."

"I don't know that it amuses me better; I should

much like to come and play with you ; but I am sure that I should not feel happy if I thought your grandfather was all alone indoors, longing to go out."

" You are not even his relation ; nothing obliges *you* to trouble yourself about him."

" That is the very reason why I like to do it. One day, I saw a pretty little girl, very well dressed, giving a piece of money to a poor woman, who thanked her so gratefully, that I thought to myself, how happy this little girl is ; and how I should like to have as much money to give to the poor. The next day, Tray broke his leg ; and hearing Father Thomas lament, that on this account he should be obliged to stay at home, I saw that God wished to shew me that I also had something to give. The little rich girl gives her money, and I my time ; so that we both can be charitable in our own ways. But here I stand chattering, and keeping him waiting. Good-bye ! I hope you will be amused."

Off ran Mary, on her charitable errand ; and Agatha stood still for a moment. Conscience whispered, " What Mary does, you should do. Are you not Father Thomas's grandchild ? Is it not your fault that he is deprived of his dog ?" " Ah ! never mind," replied self-love ; " it would weary me to lead him about, whereas Mary says she likes to do it. But here come my playmates ; let me join them and think no more about it."

It was easy to say " think no more about it ;" but not so easy to do so. When you are dissatisfied with yourself, you end by being so with all around you ; and this was now the case with Agatha, and completely prevented her enjoying her walk.

Meanwhile, kind little Mary gaily walked along, giving her hand to the good old man.

"We might very well have brought Tray with us to-day," said she; "but, as I meant to take you for a long walk, I was rather afraid of tiring him."

"To-morrow, then," replied Father Thomas sadly, "he can begin to lead me again; and my little Mary will be free to amuse herself as she likes."

"Oh! that will not hinder me from often coming to lead you out walking. Don't you like the companionship of your little Mary, better than that of Tray?"

"Dear Child! to you I owe the sole moments of happiness which I have tasted since I lost my sight; and morning and evening I pray God to reward you for all the good you do me."

"Do you know, Father Thomas, whither I am leading you?"

"No, my Child."

"To the town."

"To the town, Mary! and why there? Should we not be better in the fields, listening to the sweet singing of the birds, and feeling God's pleasant sunshine, which warms my old limbs?"

"I will tell you why we are going there. You know Dame Margaret, who was blind like you. Well! Yesterday, I met her, and was astonished to find that she was quite cured, and saw as well as any one. She told me she had found out a skilful doctor, who has lately come to the town. He removed something from her eyes, and then she saw quite clearly. So I said to myself, Father Thomas must go and see that doctor. I should be so pleased if he could cure him."

"Oh, my child! there is scarcely any hope of that. When I began to lose my sight, I consulted several doctors, who told me that perhaps later on they could per-

form an operation for me ; but since then, when I have spoken to my son about returning to one of them, he has answered : ‘At your age, my father, there is no chance of curing you ; and what good is there in going and spending money, and putting you to useless pain. We have already had to pay enough to these gentry.’”

“ You have, then, no money of your own ? ”

“ The farm has been bought with the money I earned



THE OCULIST.

by the sweat of my brow ; but now, all is my son’s, and he thinks he does quite enough in lodging and feeding me.”

“ We can, at least, see the doctor ; he will say whether he can cure you or not, and perhaps he will not charge much.”

The old man shook his head incredulously ; but out of complaisance to his little guide, followed her without making any further objection.

Mary had ascertained where the doctor lived, and at what hour he could be seen. She rang at the door of a handsome house ; they were admitted, and had to wait a

little in the hall. At the end of a quarter of an hour, a servant ushered them into a study, where an elderly gentleman, of very benevolent aspect, received them. He made the old man sit down by the window, and examined his eyes.

"With God's help, I am almost sure of being able to restore your sight, and that in a very short time."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man joyfully. "Can it be possible that I shall again see the blue sky, the trees, the flowers, dear Mary's sweet face! I dare not believe this; it is too much happiness for me. "But Sir," added he,



THE DOCTOR.

hesitatingly; then stopped, his face wearing an expression of sorrow and embarrassment.

Mary, who watched him attentively, immediately said: "Sir! my friend wishes to know if it will cost much to

cure him ; because, since he has been blind, he has not had anything ; and his son, perhaps, would not like to pay much."

" Your friend ; then he is not your grandfather !"

" No, Sir," said old Thomas ; " Mary is the daughter of one of my neighbours. She is no relation of mine ; but every bit as good, or better than one, to me. From pure goodness of heart, she has looked after me, and led me about for the last three weeks ; giving up all the pleasures of her age to be useful to me."

" Well, my little Mary ; since you set me so good an example, I will not be less generous than you. You lead this worthy old man about for nothing, and I will cure him for nothing ; I shall be sufficiently recompensed by the pleasure of having done a good action. Bring him again to me to-morrow morning ; and I promise you, that soon he will be able to do without your services."

I do not think that there existed upon earth two hearts more joyful than those of Father Thomas and his little guide, when they again took the way to the village. Mary had much ado to refrain from jumping for joy. On coming to a turning in the road, they perceived a little girl, with eyes cast down, walking very fast. Mary recognised Agatha, and called out to her.

" Well ! have you enjoyed yourself ; have you had a pleasant ramble ?"

But Agatha made as if she neither saw nor heard them, and went on without vouchsafing any answer.

A few moments' after, they were joined by Lizzie and the other children, who had been out with Agatha.

Upon Mary's putting the same question to Lizzy, she answered :

" We should have enjoyed ourselves very much, if

Agatha had not been there; but she was in such a bad humour, that she spoiled all our pleasure; and we could not play any nice games. She always wants you to do what she takes into her head, and will never give way to others."

"Oh, that is very true," said another little girl. "We played at hide and seek in the wood; and, because she had set her mind upon another game, she would not join us, but remained sulking while we were amusing ourselves. In running past her, I got caught by some thorns, and begged her to help me to get my frock free; but she said, that as I had been willing to play a game which she did not like, I was rightly served, and might free myself. And only see, Mary, it is all through her, that my frock is so badly torn by the brambles; and that I shall be scolded when I get home. *You* would not have done as she did; *you are always so obliging.*"

"You have not told," said Lizzy, "what Agatha did besides, even more naughty. Little Sophy had found a bird's nest, with eggs in it; and as Sophy did not wish to give it up, she pushed her so rudely, that the nest was shaken out of her hands, and the eggs broken. The poor child cried for a quarter of an hour. Oh! Agatha is a bad girl, we will not play with her any more."

"No, certainly not!" cried all the other children. "She is not obliging enough."

The Doctor, as he had promised, in a few days restored Father Thomas his eyesight, much to the old man's happiness, you may suppose. He immediately set to work again like a young man. His neighbours would ask him, "Why do you give yourself so much trouble? Your son is rich enough to maintain you; and, at your age, it is only fair you should rest."

Whereupon he would reply, "This is my secret."

At the end of a year, when the good Doctor returned to the town, where he did not always live, Thomas carried him a handsome present; and, when the latter was unwilling to receive it, said to him, "I do not want money; this is the first which I have earned with the eyes you restored me, and it would pain me greatly if you did not accept my offer."

"I will not absolutely refuse," replied the Doctor; "but the first poor blind person I meet I will cure gratis for your sake, and it will be as if you had paid for him."

After this old Thomas again set to work. "Is it for your grandchild Agatha's dowry that you are collecting money?" was the question next asked. "She has a large enough one already, without your toiling to increase it."

"No; it is not for Agatha's marriage portion, but for that of my other child, my dear Mary, with whom her father cannot give much."

And the good old man really had the happiness, before his death, of being able to raise a pretty sum for his beloved Mary, and to see her happily married.

A young man, a stranger, having taken one of the best farms in the neighbourhood, was desirous of choosing a wife among the girls of the village. He was rich, good-looking, and, what was still better, religious; and so it was, that many young girls would have been glad to have been chosen by him. He frequently met Agatha at the village gatherings; and she pleased him, for she had a pretty face, and played the amiable to him; but as our young farmer did not only look to personal appearance, he asked several persons what they thought of her, and got for answer —

"It's a good match; she is rich and a pretty girl."

"Yes; but is she good?"

"One can't exactly say she is bad, but she only likes to amuse herself and do what pleases her. While she is junketing at the neighbours', it is Mary who looks after her grandfather and sick mother."

Eventually, the farmer asked one of the young men of the village to introduce him to Mary, of whom he heard so much good spoken.

"Willingly," said the young man. "Come along, we shall probably find her at old Thomas's."



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

And, on approaching the farm, they saw the young girl, who was very neatly but plainly dressed, gently pushing along an arm-chair on castors, in which sat a sick woman. After carefully arranging the two pillows which supported the invalid, she re-entered the farm-house, and presently appeared giving her arm to an old man, whom she led to a bench by the sick woman; then taking from her pocket a religious book, she began to read aloud.

"Now!" said the villager to the young farmer; "would one not say that she had enough to do to see after these good people? and yet it is she who looks after her father's house, cooks for him, and mends his clothes; but she always finds time to give help to those who need it: and so she is adored in the village. It is only about herself that she does not find time to think."

"That is the wife I want," thought the farmer to himself. "What should I do with Agatha, who would neglect her husband and children to go to merry-makings, as she already neglects her relations. No; Mary is neither so rich nor so pretty, but she is worth a thousand of the other."

And he ended by marrying Mary, to the great mortification of Agatha, who fell ill from vexation. She had made herself so little liked in the village that she got no husband, but became a sour, morose old maid, detested by her neighbours, of whom she was always speaking ill; and loving no one but herself and, *perhaps*, her cat a little. All her life she had only sought happiness for herself, but had not found it; whereas, Mary, who had striven to make others happy, was blessed with as much felicity as is to be met with in this world: because she loved God with her whole heart, and her neighbour as herself, and was therefore cherished by all around her.



## THE TWINS.

MRS. FREEMAN had two little girls, twins ; the one called Fanny, the other Lucy. Do my little readers know what are twins ? They are two brothers or sisters, or one brother and sister, born on the same day. Fanny and Lucy were very like each other; they had the same coloured hair and eyes, and were both of one height ; and if you had seen them of a morning, as they came out of their bed-room, looking very nice and neat and hand in hand, going to give their Mamma a kiss and wish her good morning, you would hardly have distinguished the one from the other.

But at the moment my story opens, they had long been up, and were playing in the garden. If you could look at them in their pretty trellised arbour, each with her doll in her arms, you would see they are no longer like each other. Fanny's hair is smooth, her hands very clean, and her pinafore no less so. While Lucy has her long fair curls all in disorder, and falling about her eyes, because she has lost the comb which kept them back. Her frock is dirty and torn ; her shoes are undone, and the shoe-strings trailing ; and her stockings are falling about her heels.

This is because the two sisters, so like each other in face and figure, have very different dispositions. Fanny is gentle, teachable, and tidy ; while Lucy is hasty, giddy,

and so untidy that she has got the name of Miss Disorder. Madeline (Lucy's doll) is still untidier than her poor little mistress: for her frock is in tatters; her feet without shoes and stockings; her wig half pulled off her head; and her face without any colour, because she has been left out of doors a whole day in the rain. It appears, also, that this young lady is very badly brought up, for Lucy is always putting her in the corner; while Edith (Fanny's doll), looking as trim as her Mamma, sits very good and quiet by her side, waiting for the wreath of daisies which Fanny is making her. Suddenly, Lucy, who had just put Madeline in the corner for the fifth time, exclaimed—

“Fanny! don't you hear some one crying near the garden gate?”

“Yes, I do now,” said Fanny, listening; “let us run down to the gate to see who it is; but don't leave your doll, for fear you forget it.”

“Oh, no, I will come back afterwards for it,” said Lucy, who was already far on in front.

Having reached the gate, the twins looked about them, and saw a little country-girl, who was crying bitterly, while her basket lay upset at her feet.

“What is the matter with you, that you cry so?” asked Lucy.

“Oh, Miss, I am in such trouble! Mother gave me this basket of eggs to take to a grocer in the town, who was to pay me for them. I have tumbled down; and, look! they are all broken.”

“Is your Mother very hard upon you, that you are so troubled at this accident. Will she scold you much?”

“If she were only to scold me, Miss, I should not so

much mind ; but I know she will give me a great beating, and send me to bed without my supper ; for, once before I broke some eggs, and Mother said she would whip me soundly if ever I did so again ; and, yet, I am sure it was not my fault this time ; for there was a cord hidden in the grass in which I caught my foot and fell."

"A cord ! let us see ?" said Lucy, "Oh, it is my skipping rope. Yesterday I was playing with it, when, all at once, I twirled it out of my hands, and it fell on the grass outside the gate. I immediately began to play at something else, and quite forgot to go and fetch it before I went in. I am very sorry that I was the cause of your having this accident. If I could only pay you for your eggs ! What were you going to sell them for ?"

"Three shillings, Miss."

"Oh, dear ! I have not near so much money. I have only a few half-pence."

"Wait a moment !" said Fanny, "and I will go and fetch the three shillings."

Mrs. Freeman gave each of her little girls a small weekly allowance ; but, in the hope of correcting Lucy of her carelessness, she made her pay forfeits for all the little things she lost ; so that the poor little girl, far from having any money, was often in debt to her mother ; while Fanny, on the contrary, always had her purse well filled.

The little country-girl was overjoyed, when Fanny gave her the money, and thanked her over and over again ; saying, she would pray God night and morning to bless this kind young lady.

As for Lucy, she was very troubled and vexed with herself, for having caused the little girl such an accident ; and so sorry she could do nothing to relieve her. She went

back to the house rather out of humour, and never giving a thought to poor Madeline, who was still in disgrace behind a bush.

The next morning, when their Nurse came to call them, she said—

“Look! here is a beautiful bunch of lilies of the valley, which a little country girl brought very early, saying, it was for the good young lady. Do you know for which of you it is intended?”

Lucy hung down her head, and said nothing.

Fanny took the nosegay, and smelling it, said: “That good little girl must have got up very early to go into the woods and pick me these flowers, and in such bad weather. Look! it pours with rain.”

*Lucy.*—Oh! how tiresome; we shan’t be able to go into the garden to-day; and we shan’t know what to do in the house.

*Fanny.*—Oh! there are many pretty games we can amuse ourselves with in-doors. We will play with our dolls. Look! Edith has waked up; and now that I am ready, I will put on her clothes. Is Madeline dressed?

*Lucy.*—Oh, Madeline! I don’t know at all where she is; where can I have put her? Oh! now I remember, I forgot yesterday to bring her out of the garden. Oh, my poor doll! and it rains so fast. I must go and get an umbrella, and fetch her in.

But poor Madeline was no longer worth bringing in; she was so stained with wet and dirt, as to be scarcely recognisable, and quite unfit to touch. Altogether, she had become such a wreck of a creature, that she was condemned to be thrown on the ash-heap; and Lucy had to go without a doll; for her Mamma would not buy her another.

Some days after this sad occurrence, Mrs. Freeman said to her children.

"My dears, I have just had a letter from your Aunt, in London; and she talks of coming to spend some weeks with us."

*Fanny*.—Oh, how nice! Dear Aunt Mary, who is so fond of us, and tells us such pretty stories.

*Lucy*.—I do so hope she will bring us some pretty toys. I should be so pleased, if she gave me a doll. It is very tiresome to be without one.

The day this dear Aunt was to come, our two little friends were so impatient that they got up an hour before their usual time, and clamoured to be dressed; although they had been repeatedly told she could not come till dinner time. They were to wear new frocks in honour of this joyful occasion, and would put them on before breakfast; though Nurse shook her head, and suggested the expediency of waiting till a later hour. After they had strutted before the glass, and sufficiently admired themselves, they went to ask Mamma, if they might go a little in the garden.

"My dear children, I do not think your new frocks will be improved by a romp in the garden. It would have been wiser not to have put them on till dinner-time."

*Lucy*.—But, Mamma, Aunt Mary might come before you think she will. Don't be afraid; we will put on our garden-pinafores, and be very careful of our frocks.

*Fanny*.—Besides, Mamma, we won't play and make a figure of ourselves; but just walk up and down, as grown-up people do."

*Mamma*.—Very well, my dears, since you mean to be so careful, you may go."

For half an hour they comported themselves with as

much discretion as young ladies of twenty; but, suddenly, a splendid butterfly flew right across Lucy's face, as if purposely to tempt her. Away went all her good resolutions, and away went she in full chase.

"Take care! take care!" cried Fanny. "You know you said you wouldn't play."

"Oh, this is not playing!" replied Giddypate; "and I mean to give over directly."

The butterfly flew across a flower-bed, and Lucy, in her eagerness to pursue it, rather than go round the border, tried to jump over it; but, in so doing, her frock unfortunately caught on a rose-bush, and was torn from top to bottom.

"What shall I do?" she cried, bursting into tears; "Mamma will be sure to punish me. And this, to-day, when Aunt Mary is coming! Oh, dear! how unlucky I am."

"Listen!" said her kind little sister, who was as much concerned as herself; "you know that when I tear any of my clothes, I am not much scolded; because I am generally very careful, and therefore Mamma is ready to overlook an occasional accident. So, if you like, we will go into the summer-house, and I will change frocks with you."

Lucy was not proof against her sister's generosity. The exchange was made, and the children returned to the house.

*Mamma.*—What, Fanny! you in general so careful, have you torn all your frock to pieces, and that after promising me you would not romp? You are a naughty little girl; and, for a punishment, shall dine in the nursery and not see your Aunt till to-morrow.

At these terrible words Lucy, who had only expected

her sister to be slightly scolded, threw her arms round her Mother's neck, and said, " You must not punish Fanny, Mamma : it was I who tore my frock, and she kindly gave me hers, that I might not be punished."

*Mamma.*—My children, you have both done wrong. You, Fanny, in wishing to deceive your mother; for, though your intention was good, nothing will excuse a deception. And you, Lucy, in again falling into your old fault; and, especially, because you were willing that your sister should be scolded for what you had done. However, your ready confession is something in your favour, and so, this once, I will not punish either of you severely. Go and dine in the nursery, and change your frocks. In the evening, you may see your Aunt, and I will not even tell her what has happened.

This Aunt was very rich ; she had no children, and dearly loved her little nieces. She took them on her lap and kissed them affectionately. " My dear children, I have brought you some very pretty presents, but as they cost a good deal of money and much labour, I should not like, after giving them you, to find they were lost or spoilt directly. I will, therefore, wait a week to judge whether you are careful enough to be entrusted with them."

For two days Lucy was almost as tidy and careful as her sister, so desirous was she of getting her Aunt's beautiful gift, which she was very curious to see. But, alas ! very soon her bad habits got the better of her, and she became as untidy as ever. When the week was over, their Aunt called Fanny and Lucy into her room, and the little girls' eyes were immediately attracted to two charming wax dolls that lay on the table : these dolls were beautifully dressed, and, by the side of each, was a small red leather trunk.

"I thought," said their Aunt, "these two gay young ladies could not come to you without bringing a good wardrobe with them. You may look into the trunks and see what they have in, and when you have done I want to speak to you."

The two little girls were delighted with what they found in the trunks, which contained a complete wardrobe for the dolls, and they handled and admired each article.

"My dears," said their Aunt, "now that you have examined all those things, come and see what I have in my lap. All these articles, you perceive, are spoilt, and all I found in places where they should not have been. You must see that I cannot give the doll and its pretty wardrobe to the little girl who has been so careless with her own things; because she would take as little care of my gifts, and they would soon be spoilt or lost. Look! whose thimble is this, which I found in the gravel in the garden? These scissors, which were on the stairs? This torn handkerchief, which was hanging on a rose-bush? This odd glove, this dog-eared book, and this straw hat, all out of shape, and with the strings torn off?"

"Mine," replied Lucy, at each question, looking very red and with her eyes cast down.

"I am very sorry, Lucy; but your doll must go back with me. I had such pleasure in bringing it you; but I feel it would not be right to give it to such a careless little girl. Fanny, you may take yours, for I am sure it will be in good hands with you."

Fanny threw her arms round her Aunt's neck and said, "Oh, Aunt! I should have no pleasure in playing with this beautiful doll if Lucy had not one too. Do, please, give her a month's trial; and if, at the end of that time, she has become tidy and careful, will you then give each

of us our doll? If not, I would rather go without mine."

Aunt Mary was very pleased with Fanny's kindness to her sister; and, kissing her affectionately, said it should be as she wished.

This time Lucy made a strong resolution to correct herself; partly because she had experienced the ill consequences of her negligence and disorder, which were always bringing her into trouble; and, more particularly, because she did not wish to deprive Fanny, who was always so kind to her, of her doll. With the help of her sister, who set her so good an example, and was always on the watch to remind her what **she ought to do**, and warn her when she was going wrong, **Lucy**, at the end of the month, had so far improved in **order** and neatness that her Aunt willingly gave **her** the doll; and kind little Fanny, in witnessing **her** sister's **pleasure** at **having** deserved this present, was **amply rewarded** for her **own** self-denial in waiting a month for **her** doll.





AUNT MARY.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO  
RECEIVE.

THREE children, Bertha, Charlotte, and Herbert, were out with their nurse one cold morning in the beginning of December, merrily talking of the coming new year, and of the gifts they expected to get.

"Mamma has promised me a beautiful work-box, completely fitted up!" said Bertha.

"And me a charming doll!" cried Charlotte. "You will help me to dress it, won't you, Bertha?"

"And I," added little Herbert, "am to have a rocking-horse, with a saddle and bridle; it will look just like a live one. What capital rides I shall have on its back! but I shall take good care of it, and rub it down every day, and pretend to feed it, just as if it were a real horse."

Chattering thus, the children had come up to a wretched hovel, and all three stopped on hearing loud sobs proceed from the interior. Nurse, who had been behind, now came up, and they begged her to ascertain the cause.

She opened the door, and perceived two children half naked: a little boy, of two or three years old, from whom the cries came; and a little girl, about eight, who was trying to quiet him.

"What is the matter with your brother, my child," said Nurse.

"Oh, he is so hungry! It is useless for me to say to him, 'I have no bread.' He frets because I do not give him any."

"Where are you parents?"

"Father is dead; and Mother has gone out charing for the day. She will come in to-night, and bring us something for supper. She had no money when she went out, and left us nothing to eat. It seems very long to wait, till eight, when one is so hungry. If I could only take James out a little, it might amuse him, and make him more patient; but, look, we are so badly dressed we have not even shoes, and our feet would get frost-bitten."

"What is your name, my poor child?" said Charlotte.

"Sarah, Miss."

"Well, Sarah, listen a moment. I have some pence in my pocket, and will go quickly and buy you some bread."

The children, followed by their nurse, ran to the nearest baker's shop, and, clubbing together their pence, bought a large loaf; at sight of which James dried his eyes, and shouted and jumped for joy.

Our little friends had scarcely got home, before they rushed to their mother, and began all three telling her about the poor children. When they had succeeded in making her understand the matter, their Mamma said—

"I shall go to see them, and will procure work for their Mother, if I find her a deserving woman; and, from time to time, give them bread. But as for clothing them completely, as you ask me, that is more than I can do. We are not rich, my dear children. I spend a great deal upon you; and, at present, I have not sufficient money to spare for your purpose."

"Oh, Mamma, they are so ragged!" said Charlotte. "If they were only better dressed, they could go to school

and learn to read, instead of staying all day alone in that miserable cottage."

"It would indeed be a great blessing, my dear children; and I deeply regret that I cannot procure it for them."

The children were much troubled, and all the evening could talk of nothing else but their little *protégés*, and how they might be useful to them.

"Listen, Bertha!" said Charlotte, suddenly; "an idea has struck me. Let us ask Mamma for the money she means to spend in buying our New Year's gifts. I am sure she will give it us, and then we can buy all that is wanted to clothe Sarah and her little brother."

"I should very much have liked to have had a new doll," said Bertha; "but Sarah wants a frock more than I do a toy, and I can still play with my old one. But, Herbert, what do you think? Are you willing to give up your rocking-horse?"

"I shall be rather sorry to do so; but poor little James's feet were covered with chilblains. He must really have shoes and stockings. So good bye to my beautiful horse. I must caper about on a stick."

Their Mother was very happy at having such compassionate children, and kissed them tenderly when they came to make their proposition. On the morrow she took her little girls to a draper's, where they bought good warm stuffs, for frocks for the poor children; and calico, flannel, and stockings; afterwards, they went on to a shoemaker's, and ordered some shoes.

When they got home, the two little girls seated themselves near the window, and began to set to work as diligently as little dressmakers, making the clothes which their Mother and the Nurse had cut out.

"What a pity I do not know how to sew," said Her-



THE DESOLATE CHILDREN.

bert; I can now do nothing more for our poor little children."

" You give up your horse to them," said Charlotte; " and that is doing a good deal. If you knew how to read well, you could read aloud to us while we worked; that would amuse us, and we should get on faster."

" Unfortunately, I do not read well enough for that. Do you know what I mean to do? I will every day keep the cake I get at lunch, and, when your clothes are finished, I shall have a stock, which Sarah and James will be very pleased to eat."

" Your cakes will be stale," said Charlotte, " and worth nothing. Rather ask Mamma to give you the pence which they cost, and then you will have enough to buy these poor children a good dinner."

" Capital! capital! That's just the thing. Bread will taste much better to me than my cake, when I think of the pleasure they will have in eating their good dinner."

Thanks to their Mamma, who helped them, the children finished the clothes by New Year's day. The morning of this great day, after having affectionately kissed their parents, they set off with Nurse, carrying with them their bundle of presents. Nurse, unknown to the children, had given the poor woman a hint of what was coming; so they found Sarah and James, though still in rags, well washed and with their hair nicely smoothed. After displaying the contents of the bundle before the admiring eyes of the children, they left them to dress while they went a walk with their Nurse.

In about half an hour they came back, very curious to see how their poor *protégés* looked; and so pleased were they with the improvement in their appearance that

nothing would satisfy them but carrying James and Sarah off in triumph, to exhibit to their parents.

When their Mamma had sufficiently admired them, they were taken into the nursery to have a good dinner there. James ate everything that was given him ; but Sarah wanted to keep something. "Have you eaten enough already ?" said Bertha. "Are you not still hungry?"

"Oh, yes ! I am still hungry. But this is so good I should like Mother to taste it."

"Eat your own dinner, Sarah," said Bertha ; "and we will carry some to your Mother."

Herbert loaded himself with a large basket, which he could scarcely carry, and they all set off to the poor Mother, who was beginning to get rather anxious at the long absence of her children.

Herbert opened his basket, and drew forth a large piece of cold meat, a plum pudding, and a loaf of bread.

"I have brought you this," he said ; and he scarcely felt any regret for the loss of his rocking-horse, but was nearly as joyful as James, who shouted and jumped about the room.

On returning home, the children ran to their Mamma, and, kissing her, cried, "How happy we are ! What a pleasant New Year's day!"

"Yes, my dear children ; you are much happier for this act of self-denial than if you had selfishly preferred your New Year's gifts to the task of relieving these poor children. The novelty and charm of your new toys would soon have worn off ; but the remembrance of this good action will be a lasting pleasure. And I hope my dear children will never forget the lesson they have learned to-day, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

## THE GRATEFUL DOG.

LITTLE Philip Hartley, having been a good and obedient boy for a whole week, his father, to reward him, took him, one day, to a show of learned dogs. When the fine red curtain rose, Philip saw enter on the stage, leaping on her hind legs, a handsome white greyhound, dressed like a fine lady. She had a robe of rose-coloured silk, a hat with feathers, and a fan. Then came on a Pointer in the uniform of a general, with a little sword by his side. He took up his position opposite the fair lady, and the two danced in the most admirable manner. Many other dogs afterwards came on, and leaped through hoops, drew little carriages, and went through the manual exercise, and even fired off pistols.

At first, Philip was much amused, and laughed heartily; but, by degrees, his face were a serious and even sad look. Among these poor dogs, stood their master with a long cane in his hand; and Philip observed, that this cane fell often and sharply upon a poor little white poodle, which had so honest a face, and a look so timid and unhappy, that little Philip felt interested in her from the first moment he saw her. The poor poodle tried to do all that her master told her; but so great was her fear every time she came near him, that she failed in the tricks required of her. Once, even, she turned to run off the stage; then her brutal master gave her a great kick, which made her cry out and howl in so piteous a manner, that



THE SUFFERING DOG.

Philip could no longer bear it. His eyes filled with tears; and, turning to his father, he said in a low voice :

“ Oh, Papa ! since you say I have been a good boy and pleased you ; please give me what I am going to ask you for ; and I promise, for the future, to do all you wish me.”

*Mr. Hartley.*—What is it, my dear boy, that you so much desire ?

*Philip.*—It is, that you would buy me that white poodle. She looks so miserable, and her master beats her so cruelly. Whilst I, if you gave her to me, would take the greatest care of her, and try to make her very happy.

Mr. Hartley, pleased to find that his son had a good heart, agreed to speak to the master of the dogs ; and, after the show was over, asked him if he would sell the poodle.

“ Topsy ?” said the man ; “ yes, very willingly ; she is a good dog, but idle, and won’t learn anything.”

Papa paid the price of the dog ; a string was put round Topsy’s neck, and Philip proudly led her home. At first, the poor animal seemed sad and afraid ; but when it found that its young master fondled instead of beating it ; such a liking to him did it take, that it was never happy out of his sight.

In the garden, it ran with him ; it sought him everywhere when he hid ; it fetched his ball, when he threw it ; and even his cap and handkerchief, when he let them fall.

Sometimes, Philip would put Topsy in a corner, and make her stand begging ; or, with a stick between her legs, like a sentry with his musket : then, he would put a piece of sugar upon her nose, and the intelligent animal would stand without stirring, whilst the young master

would call out "Carry arms!" "Present arms!" But at the word "Fire!" she would toss the sugar from her nose, and catch it in her mouth.

One day, just as Philip and his Nurse were coming into the house after a long walk, the little boy perceived that he had dropt one of his gloves, which he was in the habit of taking off and dangling in his hand. He asked Nurse to go back with him and look for it; but Nurse said they must both come in, as dinner was just ready.

Philip, bethinking himself of Topsy's cleverness, showed her the odd glove, saying, "Go, find!" Topsy scampered off, and soon reappeared with the missing article.

You may well think how Philip fondled and loved the intelligent animal.

Unfortunately, with all these good qualities, Topsy had also her defects; her coat was frequently draggled with mud, and thus dirty, she sometimes jumped up on the furniture, and left her marks upon the fine carpet of the drawing-room. This vexed Mrs. Hartley, and she often said that Topsy must be sent away. Then her little boy so coaxed, and so prayed her to keep Topsy, that she finished by yielding to his wishes. One day, however, going into her bed-room, Mrs. Hartley found Topsy, who, after her return from a long walk, had jumped up on the bed, and dirtied and torn the handsome silk quilt which covered it. So angry was she then, that in spite of the tears and entreaties of Philip, she at once declared Topsy should be given away on the morrow, to a gentleman in the country. It was in vain that Philip was told that his dog would be well taken care of, and that in the spring he might go and see her. The poor child was so unhappy, he could not eat his dinner. He asked, that his dear pet might, this last night, sleep in the same room with him;

and this she was allowed to do. When his Nurse had put him to bed, and had left the room, he got up softly, and laid himself on the carpet, by the side of Topsy, crying and fondling her, saying, "Oh, my good dog! what shall I do without you? Who will run with me in the garden? Who, like you, will be ready to do all I wish; and how sorry you will be to lose your little master?" Sleep surprised him in the midst of his grief; and he lay at rest by the side of his dog.

He had been asleep some time, when he was suddenly awakened by the fierce barking of Topsy, who rushed to the door, scratching at it violently. Philip, frightened, opened the door, and ran to his parents' room. His father quickly rose, and followed Topsy, who led him to the dining-room. At the moment Mr. Hartley entered, he saw a man in the act of jumping out of the window; though the window was far from the ground, Topsy made but one jump, and sprang out after the thief. Mr. Hartley, opening the front door to pursue, heard a scuffling near the garden-gate; and, on running there, found valiant Topsy had fixed her teeth in the housebreaker's leg, and pinned him to the spot, in spite of the man's struggles and blows. A policeman, who had been attracted to the spot by the noise, now came up and took the man into custody.

Mr. Hartley went back to the house with Topsy. On entering, he said to his wife and Philip, who ran to meet him, still in great alarm, "Without this good dog, we should have lost, not only all our plate, but a large sum of money which was in my desk. So, now, we will never part with Topsy; but take good care of her so long as she lives."

Philip, much delighted, hugged and patted his favourite,

who had quietly lain down at his feet. From that day, he took so much pains to cure Topsy of her bad habits, that he completely succeeded; and Mrs. Hartley had no longer to complain of her, but ended by becoming very fond of this faithful and good animal.



## THE RABBITS.

**O**H, Mamma! I do so wish you would give me a live rabbit!" said little Charles; "I have seen such beauties at Farmer Barton's."

*Mamma*.—But, consider, my boy, a live rabbit is not like your wooden horse, which you can leave for weeks in the cupboard without its taking any harm. You must daily feed a rabbit, or it will die of hunger. Its hutch, too, must be often cleaned out; and, you know, Nurse has not time to do that.

*Charles*.—Oh, Mamma! I will look after it, and feed it.

*Mamma*.—My dear boy, you know you are very thoughtless; I am afraid you will often forget the poor creature, and then it will suffer.

*Charles*.—Oh, no, Mamma! I really won't forget it. Do give me one, I have such a great wish for it.

*Mamma*.—I am willing to oblige you, Charley, because you have been very good all this week; but, remember, if you neglect the rabbit for a single day, I will take it away again.

The next morning, Charles heard his Nurse calling to him from the kitchen. He ran in, and saw on the table a basket, with a cover. He raised the lid, and put in his hand, thinking to find fruit or cakes; but what was his

surprise to feel something soft and warm, that struggled in his fingers. He drew back, frightened ; saying : " Oh, Nurse ; what is it ? I am frightened."

Nurse opened the basket, and drew forth a fine white rabbit, with pink eyes, and a blue ribbon round its neck.

Charles jumped for joy, and made such a noise, that he frightened the rabbit.

" Oh, how pretty it is, and how pleased I am."

But all at once he stopped : " Nurse ! I hear a noise in the basket ; is there anything more in ? "

Nurse again put in her hand, and now drew forth a second rabbit ; but, this time, it was a black one, with a red ribbon round its neck, to which was fastened a little gilt bell ; and this rang every time the rabbit moved.

Charles called this one Blacky, and the other Muff. They were speedily installed in a nice hutch, with a good litter of straw.

Every morning, Charles took his knife and little basket, and went into the garden to get them some green food. Often, too, taking a piece of bread and an apple, he would sit on his favourite bench, and let his pets out of the hutch ; then, Muff, who was the bolder of the two, would jump upon his knee, and take the bread out of his hand ; while Blacky would raise herself on her hind legs, to reach the apple Charley held out.

Was not this very nice and amusing ? But you shall hear what happened, when Charley had had the rabbits a fortnight. His Aunt Jane and Cousin Herbert, came to stay a few days at The Dingle (Charley's home.)

The little boy was very pleased to have a playmate about his own age, and took Herbert off to see his rabbits ; but the next morning he was in such a hurry to show his

cousin a new rocking-horse, and box of soldiers, that he quite forgot to go before breakfast and feed his pets.

He thought of them after breakfast, and was on his way to the garden, when he heard himself impatiently called by Herbert, who said he had been looking for him, and that he must come along with him at once, as the carriage was at the door, and they were all going to make a day's excursion to Crummock Lake.

The news of this pleasure quite drove the poor rabbits out of Charley's head. He ran off, with Herbert, in high glee; and, when he got home, late in the evening, was far too tired to think of anything but bed.

It was only the next morning, on awakening, that his rabbits rushed into Charley's mind. He jumped out of bed, and, hastily dressing himself, ran off to the hutch. Alas! what did he see? Blacky stretched at length; and poor Muff, all huddled up in a corner, and looking very out of sorts. He gathered them some lettuce-leaves; but they did not touch them, and Charles, getting frightened, ran off to tell his Mamma; who, when she heard what had happened, said they were suffering from their long fast of yesterday. She went to see them, and found that Muff was beginning to eat; and, after some time, Blacky also came round.

Charley, much relieved, began to play with Herbert, and soon forgot his late trouble. In the evening, however, he thought he would just like to go and take a peep at his dear rabbits; but, on looking into the hutch, what was his surprise to find it empty! No Muff! no Blacky!

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried he, running to his Mother; "Oh! where are my rabbits? They are not dead, surely."

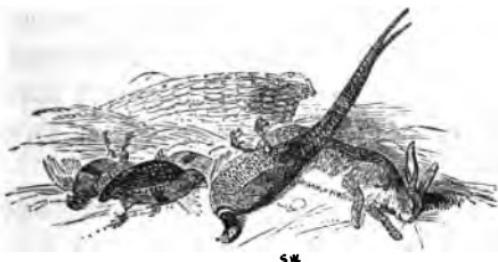
"No, Charles; they are doing very well. But do you



THE PRESENT OF RABBITS.

not remember our agreement? As you have neglected the poor creatures, they are forfeited; and I have given them to your Cousin Anna, who will take better care of them."

Charles dared not complain, for he felt that he deserved this punishment; but he could not help sitting down on his bench and crying bitterly for the loss of his pets. Little Anna, seeing his trouble, was very sorry for him; and, passing her arm round his neck and kissing him, she said: "Don't grieve, dear Charley. They say that Muff is going soon to have young ones; and I am sure that if you promise Aunt never to neglect them, she will let me give you the two prettiest ones."



## THE LITTLE ACROBAT.

IT was in the month of September, and the thoroughfares leading to Smithfield, where Bartlemy Fair was to be held on the morrow, were thronged with people going thither. Some with wares to sell, and others with caravans, theatres, Punch, waxwork figures, dancing dogs, and every kind of raree-show likely to attract the crowds who were in the habit of flocking to this celebrated fair.

As a portion of the troop came through Islington, Arthur Graham, a little boy about eight years old, got leave from his Father to stand at the garden-gate, in charge of his Nurse, and watch the motley crew pass.

"Oh, Margaret!" said he; "how I should like to be at Smithfield, for then I should know what all these people are carrying there; whereas here we can see nothing."

"Your Papa will perhaps take you to the Fair tomorrow, Master Arthur."

"Oh, I shall beg him so! I shall beg him so, that I am sure he can't refuse."

As Arthur spoke, a big red-haired man, carrying a table, a chair, and a hoop, stopped before the house. The man was followed by a little boy, bearing on his back a heavy box. The child was so pale, and looked so tired, that Arthur could not see him without feeling pity; and this pity was increased when he observed that the little fellow,

who might be about his own age, secretly dried his eyes, which were full of tears.

The red-haired man had entered into talk with a baker's wife.

"My children have long been looking forward to your coming," said she. "Will you not amuse us with some of your tricks before you push on to Smithfield? You know you did not make a bad thing of it when you exhibited here last year; and, when it is over, you can come in to us and get something to eat."

"But I must change all my dress for that," said the Acrobat.

"Well, come in; come in. It will not take you long to do that."

The man followed the baker's wife into the house; and the poor little boy, who seemed sinking under the weight of what he was carrying, walked slowly behind him.

"Come on, you lazy little wretch," said the man, looking behind him; "or I will make you find your legs." And, so saying, he gave the poor little fellow a kick with his foot; who, crying bitterly, redoubled his speed.

"What a cruel man!" said Arthur, ready to cry too. "He sees very well that the poor child cannot carry that heavy box. Why does he not take some one else with him?"

"You think then that these gentry keep servants," said Margaret, laughing. "They who are ready to exhibit to us for a trifle to buy bread."

Arthur fumbled in his pockets, to assure himself that he had still some money besides the shilling which his Father had given him the evening before; and waited with impatience for the performance to begin.

After a few minutes, the red-haired man re-appeared

in the dress of a tight-rope dancer. The little boy had also thrown off his ragged clothes, and wore a white spangled tunic, and a scarlet boddice edged with gold lace; while his pretty fair curls were confined by a blue



THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE HERCULES.

velvet fillet. People were not long in assembling at the sound of the drum, which the child beat, and to which was joined the hoarse voice of the red-haired man vociferating.

"Draw near! draw near! Come and admire the great and the little Hercules. You are now going to behold things that you have never seen before."

But Arthur was far from enjoying the pleasure which this announcement seemed to hold forth, when he saw the poor little boy in whom he was so much interested, not only walking on his head with his feet in the air, but put into all kinds of painful postures by the vigorous hands of the red-haired man, and then standing, on tip-toe, on the leg of a chair, which the other held up in the air; and this at the risk of falling and breaking his limbs if he lost his balance for an instant.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Arthur, turning away his head. "He is going to fall! he is going to fall! Do take him down."

Happily the little Mountebank did not fall; and Arthur, to his great comfort, saw the performance close—for, to him, it had only been a source of torment.

"Ask those ladies and gentlemen not to forget the little Hercules," said the red-haired man to the child. Whereupon the little boy took his braided cap in his hand and made the round of the people, holding it out to everyone that each might drop something into it. The big man, though all the while talking to those about him, never for a moment lost sight of the little boy, and, with a menacing look, signed to him not to pass over those who were unwilling to give. At length the child came to Arthur, and smiled sadly without saying a word. Arthur dropped sixpence into his cap; and then putting the shilling into his hand, said, "That is to buy you fruit" (Arthur was very fond of fruit himself); "it is all for yourself." But the little boy hastily threw it into his cap.

"If I only kept a farthing," said he, sighing, "I should be dreadfully beaten."

"By whom?"

The child cast a frightened look towards the red-haired man, and was silent.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know."

"What! not know? Why, *I* know my own age. I am eight years and a quarter."

"But *I* don't know what *I* am."

"If you had been alone," said Arthur, "I should have asked you in, that you might rest and have something to eat, for you seem very tired."

"Does that fine house belong to you?" said the child, looking hard at the pretty garden.

"It belongs to my Papa."

"Valentine! Valentine!" cried the big man; "are you going to be all day making your rounds?"

The little boy cast on Arthur a look full of sadness and gratitude; and when he had collected what there was yet to receive, hastily carried the cap to the Mountebank, whom he then followed to a public-house.

Arthur could not help thinking of the little Acrobat all the evening, so that his Father, seeing he did not amuse himself as usual, enquired if he were unwell; whereupon Arthur told him all that had passed, and was much affected in relating the sad condition of the poor little boy.

"The greater number of these gentry," said Mr. Graham, when Arthur had finished his story; "the greater number of these gentry are very worthless subjects, who not having been willing to learn to read and write when they were young, nor to apply themselves to any useful trade, are forced to turn Acrobats to get their daily bread."

"This little boy, I am sure," said Arthur, "would learn everything that was taught him, for he is already very expert at these horrid tricks; but no doubt his wicked father will not send him to school, or have masters for him at home."

"To do that, Arthur, requires money. By working when I was young, I have earned enough to pay for masters for you; and, some years hence, I hope you will do the same, that you may be able to provide for the education of your children."

Arthur threw his arms round his Father's neck, and shuddered to think that, but for this good parent, he might have grown up in complete ignorance, and have even become an Acrobat.

Next day, after breakfast, Arthur ran down as usual into the garden; but instead of passing this time of recreation in play, he sat down on a seat, and began to think of the red-haired man and the little boy, whose gentle, sad face was still present with him. He had been sitting there for some minutes, when he saw the branches of a lilac-tree, just in front of him, move. "Cæsar! Cæsar, come here!" cried he, thinking that the house-dog had not been tied up, and was running about the garden.

"It isn't Cæsar. It is I," replied a plaintive voice, and the little Acrobat showed himself, dressed in his old clothes, and looking even paler than yesterday.

"How did you get in here?" asked Arthur, beyond measure surprised at this sudden apparition.

"I came in last night. I slipped by the gardener when he was locking the gate in the dusk, and I have passed the night in this tree."

"You have left your father?"

"He is not my father."

" So much the better ! But, doubtless, he will have a search made for you ; and, perhaps, he is looking for you now."

" Very likely ; and, if so, you can probably save me, by not telling any one that I am here. And, oh ! will you,



ARTHUR AND THE LITTLE ACROBAT.

bring me a piece of bread, if you can, for I have not eaten anything since yesterday morning. I escaped last night while that bad man was drinking and feasting at the public-house."

"I cannot keep your being here quite secret; because I always tell Papa everything."

"And your papa, is he as good as you?"

"Oh, yes! much better. Besides, he is wiser, and knows more than we do, and will tell us what is best to be done."

"Then ask him to have pity upon a poor unfortunate child; and try to get him to let me hide in the cellar, or dog's kennel. If only I am not given back into that horrid man's hands, I shall be content;" and the poor child began to cry bitterly, and tremble all over.

"Wait here for me," said Arthur, who had never been more affected. "In the first place, I will go and get you something to eat." So saying, he made but one spring to the house; the breakfast was still on the table, and he soon returned, bringing a large slice of bread and butter, which the little boy gratefully ate, while Arthur went to find Mr. Graham.

The latter was a good, compassionate man, and immediately gave his son leave to bring in the little Acrobat; very sure that he should soon find out whether he was deserving of the interest Arthur took in him.

Arthur led him up to his father, and the poor child cast a piteous pleading look at Mr. Graham, but did not venture to utter a word.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I am called Valentine, Sir."

"The man with whom you came yesterday, is not your father?"

"No, Sir."

"Who then are your parents?"

"I do not know anything about them, Sir. That man

always said he did not know who they were ; and that he brought me up from charity.”

“ And how long has he thus brought you up ? ”

“ Five years, Sir ; I think .”

“ You seem to be about eight or nine. Have you no recollection of your father or mother ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, Sir. I remember that my mother was very kind to me, and that we lived in a house much smaller than this, and not near so pretty. I don’t know if I only dreamt it; but I have always fancied our house was burnt down.”

“ Do you think it was then, that that man took you off ? ”

“ I think so ; but I cannot be quite sure.”

“ But surely he must have told you something about yourself ? ”

“ On the contrary, Sir ; he always forbade my asking questions, and when I wanted to speak to him on the subject he would begin to beat me.”

In spite of the child’s worn, suffering look, his face was very pretty, and greatly prepossessed you by its expression of candour and sweetness ; so that, after many questions had been put, and all answered by Valentine in the same straightforward manner, Mr. Graham agreed to let him remain with them some days, that he might save him from the cruel fate which awaited him with his wicked master.

Being desirous of further studying the character of his son’s *protégé*, Arthur’s father decided that the boy should have his meals in the parlour ; and had him dressed in a suit of Arthur’s clothes, which fitted him very well. Margaret was the only servant in the house, who knew the little acrobat ; and Mr. Graham had cautioned her not to disclose the secret. As for the other domestics, they only

saw in him a little friend of Arthur's, who had come to spend a week at Islington.

The poor child, overflowing with joy and gratitude, was so good and engaging, that ere three days had passed, Mr. Graham had become very fond of him.

As for Arthur, he had never been so happy; and his play-hours were delightful, now that he had a companion in Valentine.

One morning, the latter expressed his regret at not being able to take part in Arthur's lessons, as he did in his amusements; for the poor child could not even read.

Arthur immediately proposed to teach him his letters; an offer which Valentine received with the greatest delight. Nearly a month had now passed, and yet Mr. Graham did not talk of sending Valentine away; true, once or twice he had spoken of apprenticing the boy, in London, when an advantageous opportunity presented itself; but Arthur lived in the hopes that this good opportunity would never occur: when, one day, he had the following conversation with his father:

"I declare, Papa, that Valentine astonishes me; he can already put his letters together; and, so anxious is he to learn, that soon he will be able to read fluently; and then I shall teach him something else."

"You think, then, Arthur, that he is always going to remain here?"

"Oh, Papa! you would never turn him out of doors in winter, without food and fire."

"No, certainly not; I would place him with some one to learn a trade; for I am not rich enough to maintain and bring up another child. To do that, I must give up many comforts to which I am accustomed, and which have now become necessary to me."

"Oh, Papa; I should be very sorry if you did that; but could not I do without something? for instance, you might buy me plainer and less expensive clothes; and could not I share many things with Valentine?"

"Oh, ah! these projects are good enough in words; but when the time came for you to deny yourself anything to which you have been accustomed, you would find it very hard."

"No! no, Papa; do try. In the first place, I will not eat any more sweetmeats; and you know how fond of them I am."

"Listen, Arthur! In a fortnight your birthday will be here, and I was going to give you a watch, which you have long asked me for. Now, if Valentine is to stay, I cannot afford it you."

"Very well, Papa; I will do without the watch."

"Next year, I meant to have given you a pony, which you have set your heart on; but, now, you cannot have this."

(Arthur, after hesitating a moment.) "I will do without the pony."

"I fear, my boy, you will regret giving up the watch and pony; and will be constantly wishing for them."

"Never, never! If ever I find myself wishing for them, I will think of Valentine, and say he is worth far more than a watch and pony; and I have made a good exchange."

For five weeks, Mr. Graham had studied Valentine's character; and had found in him great sweetness of disposition, united to an intelligence much beyond his years; and he was just the companion whom, of all others, he would have chosen for his son. He kissed Arthur affectionately, and promised that Valentine should not leave;

but he also told him to remember, at what price his companion remained.

It would be difficult to express the poor child's transport of joy, when he heard this good news. He laughed, he jumped, he kissed Mr. Graham's hand, and threw his arms round Arthur's neck, promising that he would be so good, so very good, in order to deserve all their kindness. And, as time went on, Mr. Graham had no cause to repent his act of benevolence; so exemplary was his protégé's conduct, he gave him the advantage of Arthur's masters; and so diligently did Valentine work, that in six months he had overtaken Arthur. The emulation that arose between them was good for both, serving as a stimulus to each, without causing any ill-feeling on either side.

Winter was not long over, when, one morning, Valentine carried Mr. Graham a letter into his study. It was the first time he had entered this room; and while Mr. Graham was reading his letter, he amused himself with looking at the many engravings with which the walls were hung.

Mr. Graham's sister lived at Guildford, and had given her brother a view of the place. Valentine had scarcely examined the other prints; but before this one he stood motionless for some time, and then began to talk to himself with much agitation.

"What is the matter, Valentine?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Oh, Sir! I know all this; *there* is the river and the bridge, over which I have often been."

"In your childhood?"

"Yes, Sir, long ago, when I was with Mamma."

"Then your mother lived at Guildford?" said Mr. Graham, who immediately conceived a hope of finding out the poor child's family.

" Oh, I don't know what the place was called ; but I recognise it, I recognise it all."

This clue was enough for Mr. Graham. He hastened to obtain some more information by writing to his sister, and putting her in possession of the little he knew ; at the same time, begging her to try and obtain any further particulars, that might throw light on Valentine's birth.

A very few days brought his sister's reply. She had seen the vicar who had been there upwards of seven years, and who thought he could identify the child ; for he, and many others remembered a Mrs. Benson, the widow of a timber-merchant, who had once been very rich, but ruined himself by some unlucky speculations. His poor wife, on the death of her husband, had retired with her infant to a cottage on the banks of the Wey.

About six years ago, this cottage had been burnt to the ground, and Mrs. Benson had perished in the flames. Her child, a boy of about three or four years old, who was known to have been saved, nevertheless, then disappeared, and what had become of him was never ascertained. The description given of the child was, that he had curly fair hair, pretty features, and large blue eyes. This portrait, which exactly tallied with Valentine's personal appearance, joined to the other particulars, corroborating his own story, so clearly identified the boy, that Mr. Graham had no longer any doubt. He immediately wrote to the Vicar of Guildford, offering, if the child was not claimed by any relative, to undertake the charge of his education and future establishment in life. It was not long before he received a reply, enclosing a copy of Valentine's baptismal register, and informing him that the child had no near relatives, and that no one had put in a claim to him. From henceforth, Valentine was treated, by Mr. Graham,

as a second son ; and his conduct rendered him worthy of this benevolence.

He was gentle, obedient, and truthful ; made great progress in his studies ; and loved Arthur to such a degree, that he could not be happy, if separated from him an hour. Mr. Graham congratulated himself more and more, at having yielded to the prayers of his son, and adopted Valentine. But after a time, he thought he discovered a very grave fault in him, which tarnished all his other good qualities. Valentine seemed to prize money above everything. Mr. Graham gave *him*, as well as Arthur, a shilling weekly for pocket-money. Nothing could induce him to part with any of this ; and, not content with hoarding all that he got from his benefactor, he would raise money in every possible way, even to the point of selling to other boys the pretty toys which had been given him in London, by friends of the family. One day, when Mr. Graham was out walking with the boys, he asked Valentine for some pence, to give away in charity. The latter looked confused, and said his purse was empty.

"What!" cried Mr. Graham, "did you not get your weekly allowance, yesterday? Have you already spent it?"

"No!" answered Valentine, reddening ; "but I lock up my money in my desk."

"Oh, yes, Papa," broke in Arthur, thinking to serve his friend ; "he must have saved much more than I have done ; for he is very economical, is Valentine."

"I do not call that economy," said Mr. Graham, half aloud, with a look of contempt. Valentine, perhaps, did not hear, or did not *choose* to hear ; for he made no reply.

Mr. Graham racked his brains to discover what possible pleasure a child could have in thus hoarding ; and his love

for his protégé greatly diminished. In vain, Valentine showed himself obliging, attentive, and affectionate. Mr. Graham seeing him thus, would feel a return of his former love for him ; but a minute after, he would say to himself, “ No, he does not really love me. A miser is incapable of affection.”

Summer passed over. Arthur’s birthday was at hand ; and Mr. Graham said to himself, “ We shall see if he will give his friend anything ; Arthur is always making *him* little presents.”

The day came. Arthur received some books from his father ; trifling remembrances from all the servants ; and even congratulations from the watchmaker, who came that day to regulate the clocks. Valentine did not show himself ; he had only made his appearance at breakfast, and then he did not even offer his good wishes.

“ Oh ! this is too bad,” said Mr. Graham ; “ if he will not spend his money, he could at least find a nosegay of flowers in the garden.”

At this moment, the door flew open, and Valentine, looking quite excited, and with his eyes full of tears, rushed into the room.

“ Arthur, Arthur !” cried he, throwing his arms round his neck, “ Here is the watch ! here is the watch ! Margaret told me all ; and you shall have the pony some day, dear Arthur.”

One may readily imagine with what pleasure Mr. Graham kissed the poor child ; and how greatly he reproached himself for his unfounded suspicions.

Arthur and Valentine grew up together ; the former became a banker ; the latter, a celebrated barrister. And their strong love for each other formed a great part of their happiness.

## A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

### CHAP. I.

#### THE PICNIC.

“**M**Y dear children, I have a treat in store for you ; if you think you can get up very early to-morrow,” said Mrs. Fraser one evening to little Charley and Emily.

*Charley*.—Oh, yes, Mamma ; if it is to do something nice, we are sure to be up in good time ; but do tell us what this treat is ?

*Emily*.—I think I know. It is to make that picnic in the forest, which you have long promised us. Is it not, Mamma ?

*Mamma*.—Yes, Emily, you are quite right ; and now be off to bed, or else there will be no wakening you in the morning.”

*Emily*.—Oh, Mamma, how kind you are ! Wont it be delightful, Charley.”

And off the children scampered, to tell Nurse.

In the morning, when they were called, they jumped out of bed, and were delighted to see the sun shining in at their windows. They were hurrying Nurse over their dressing ; when, all at once, they heard a loud “ Hee-haw !” in the yard.

“ Oh, Emily !” cried Charley, “ I do believe that Mamma is actually going to have donkeys for us. Wont that be amusing ?”

*Emily*.—Mamma said nothing about it ; and I am afraid it may be only the milkman's donkey, which comes every morning.

*Charley*.—Oh, no, you will see ; Mamma wishes to give us a surprise. So make as much haste as you can.

The children were soon ready, and ran down stairs four steps at a time : they kissed their Mamma ; gulped down their breakfast, though told there was no need for such tremendous haste, and then ran to the front door.

Charley was not mistaken ; two donkeys were standing ready for them. One was grey, a very quiet-looking animal, and had a side-saddle on ; the other, which was nearly black, did not look so gentle ; it carried two large panniers, and the children, peeping into these, saw a goodly stock of provisions. Charley was perched between the two panniers ; and, taking Martin's bridle (for so the ass was called), led the way, feeling himself a very mighty personage. Emily followed him, mounted on Jenny, the Grey ; and their Mamma brought up the rear. As soon as they reached the forest, Charley called a halt ; but his Mamma said, “Don't be so impatient. Let us go on a little further, when we shall find a better resting-place.”

In a few minutes, they came to a nice glade, all carpeted with mossy grass ; and near here was a delicious stream, which looked most cool and refreshing.

“Let us sit down here,” said Mamma ; “is not this a nicer spot, Charley, than where you wanted to stop?”

“Oh, yes, Mamma ! I am so glad we came on.”

*Emily*.—Oh, Charley, do look at these trees ! their trunks are tall and straight, like pillars ; and their branches meet in such beautiful green arches. It's just as if we were inside a cathedral.

*Charley*.—Oh, I would far rather be here than in a

cathedral, where it is so cold and gloomy. There, one has not the sun shining through the trees as here; nor the birds singing; nor all these pretty flowers. No, no! a wood is far prettier than a cathedral.

*Mamma.*—The first time you went into a cathedral, Emily, what did you think?

*Emily.*—I thought the workmen who built it were very clever; for it must have been so difficult to move such heavy stones, and carve such fine sculptures.

*Mamma.*—And here, do you not think of *Him* who has created all these marvels?

*Emily.*—Oh, yes, Mamma! I think that God is still cleverer than the cleverest workman; and that it is very good of Him to have made all these beautiful things for our pleasure.

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear child; it is the great wish of this kind heavenly Father, to make His creatures happy.

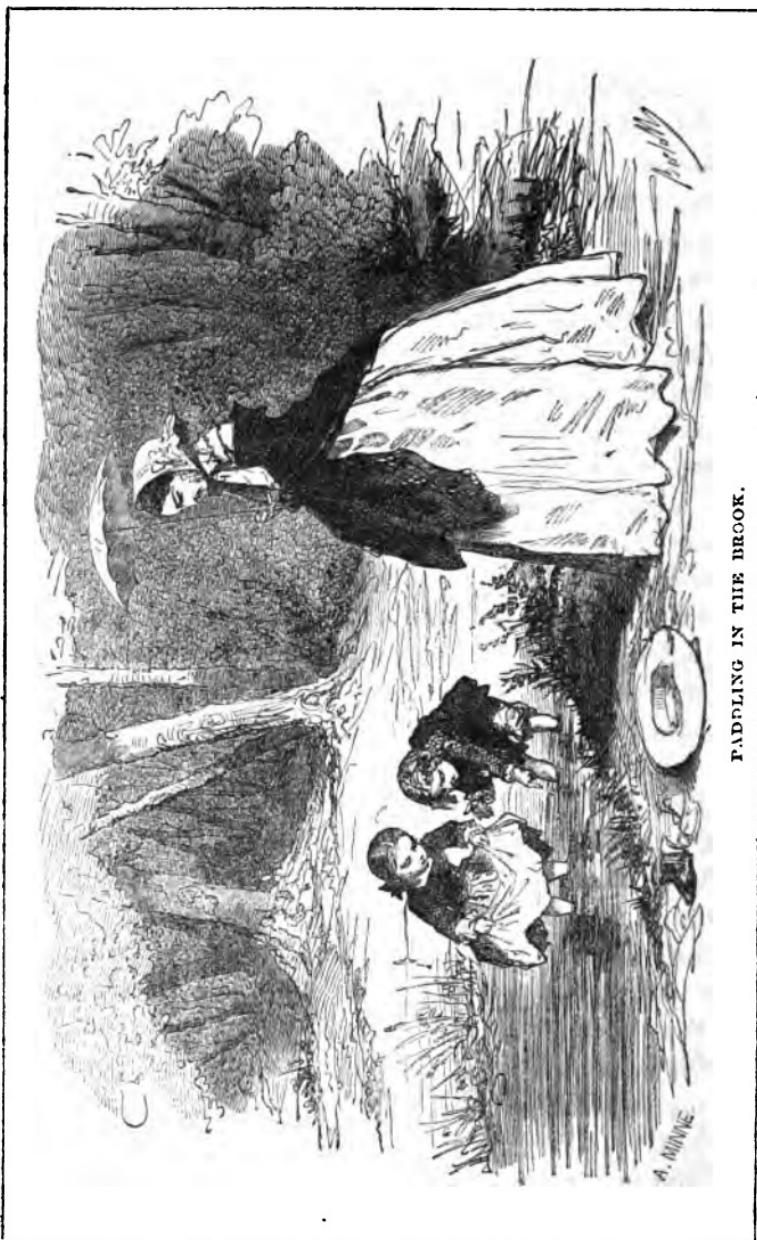
Charles, meanwhile, finding the conversation taking rather too serious a turn for him, ran off to the stream. And they heard him shouting, “Emily! Emily! Do come and see these pretty little fish.”

“I’m coming, I’m coming!” cried Emily, scampering off to him. “Let us try and catch some, Charley. Mamma; may we take off our shoes and stockings, and go into the water; that will be such great fun.”

Mamma gave leave; and the little imps, pulling off shoes and stockings and holding up their frocks, waded into the water.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried Emily, “how cold it is; my feet are frozen. Oh! oh! oh! the stones hurt me; they are so sharp.”

“Charley laughed at his sister, and tried to catch the fish; but the little rogues were far too cunning and nimble



PADDLING IN THE BROOK.

for him. When he was after them on one side, they glided to the other; and when he thought that, at last, he had got one, it slipped through his fingers.

After a quarter of an hour of useless labour, the children heard their Mamma calling them. They dried their feet with their handkerchiefs, slipped on their shoes and stockings, and ran off in the direction of her voice. What a pleasant surprise was awaiting them! Spread out on the grass was a sumptuous repast. Cold meat, cold pie, cakes, and fruit. Some large green leaves served for plates, and little sticks took the place of forks and spoons; for the children would not have thought it a genuine pic-nic, if they had eaten just as they did at home. Emily and Charley thought they had never had a more amusing dinner; and when it was over, the former said, "Now, what shall we play at? I will not fish any more, for it hurts my feet; and I would rather see the minnows swimming in the water, than take them out just to die. Listen, Charley! I have thought of something nice. In my pocket, I have got a little wooden man, with a brown gown on; he looks quite like a hermit. Suppose we build him a cell."

*Charley*,—Oh, what an excellent idea! How happy Mr. Hermit will be to live in this pretty spot. Look! here, in this little nook, we can build him a capital cell.

The children set actively to work, every now and then assisted by Mamma's advice. They began by putting sticks into the ground close to each other, and filling up the interstices with moss, this was for the walls of the hermitage; but they took good care to leave an opening for the window, and a larger one for the door; then they proceeded to the roof, which they made of small branches

of fir. This done, they chose a flat stone for the hermit's table; and near this put a seat of moss. Scarcely had they installed the reverend man in his pretty hermitage, when their Mamma said,

"Come, my dears! it is time to go; and I strongly advise you to bring away your hermit, if you do not wish him to be taken by some child, or spoiled by the rain. I do not think his hermitage is substantial enough to be wind and water proof."

*Emily*.—Oh, but Mamma, it really is very solid; and only see how cosy he looks in it. I have put some bread on his table, and he seems as if he were going to have a comfortable meal. It would be a great pity to disturb him; and if we leave him, we can then come sometimes and see him.

*Mamma*.—Very well! then leave him and let us go and find our steeds. Oh! here is Miss Jenny, quietly feeding where we left her; but where is Master Martin, he must have strayed, for I don't see him anywhere about."

*Charley*.—Oh, ho! Master Martin! you have stolen a march on us, have you; but we shall soon find you, my fine fellow.

Nor was it long before they descried two monstrous ears among the furze. It appeared Master Martin had not found the grass, where the children put him, to his liking; so he had taken the liberty to go off and cater for himself. Charley, with a long stick in his hand, climbed on to his back and off they set, his Mamma cautioning him not to beat Martin.

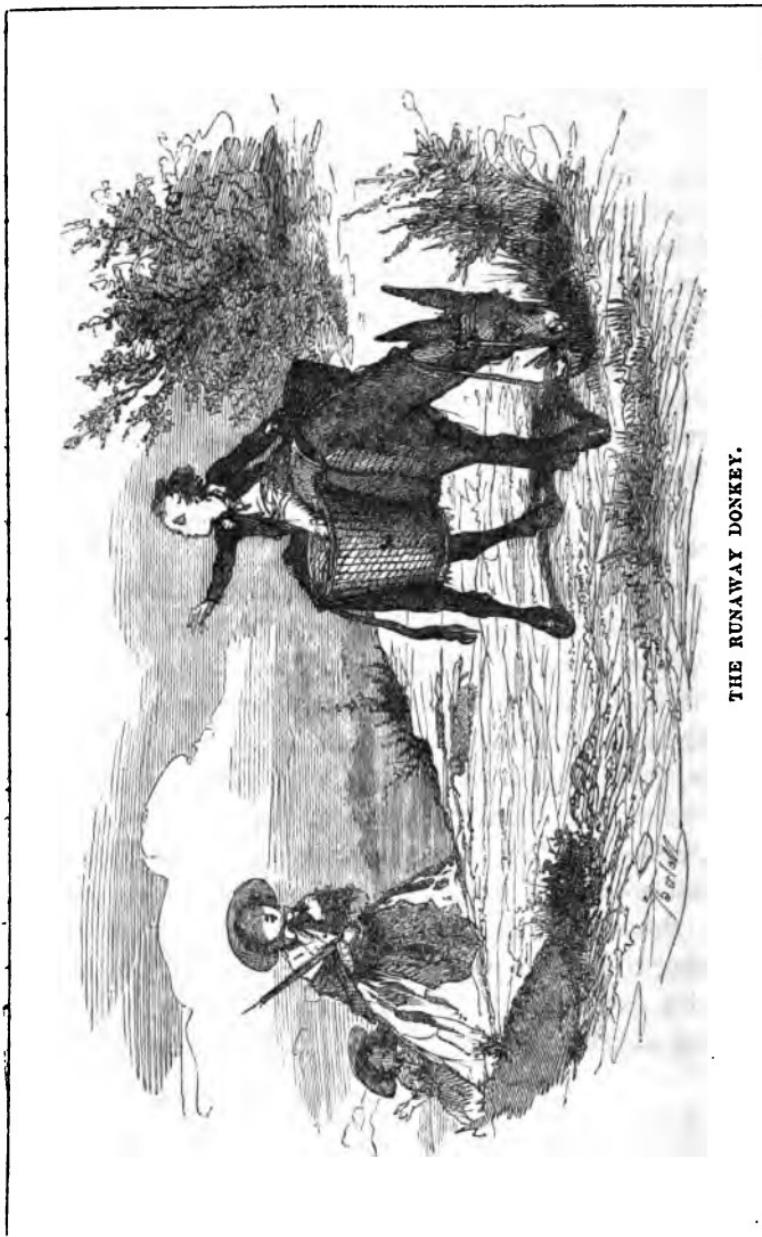
"Gee up! gee up!" cried Charley to his steed, which seemed very loth to quit its comfortable quarters. At first he only gave it very slight taps, but soon forgetting his Mamma's injunction, struck him harder and harder;

and Mr. Martin, not relishing this, gave a kick and a plunge and was off at a gallop. Charley, sadly frightened, dropped the bridle and grasped the panniers, to keep himself on. Martin kept up his race for long; at last he stopped, allured by some tempting thistles, which he forthwith proceeded to crop. Charley looked about him. Alas! he was in the midst of a wide common, all alone, with no Mamma and sister in sight; perched on a huge ass, from which he could not dismount without assistance. Here was a punishment for his disobedience! He began to shout; but making no one hear, could not help crying. My readers may think this very childish in a boy; but they must remember Charley was a very little fellow, not more than four year's old, so I consider there was great excuse for him.

When it seemed to him that he had been there an age, and was getting frightened he should have to stay all night, voices drew near, and, to his immense relief, he saw his Mamma and Emily appear, who were very pleased to find he had not been thrown off his steed.

The party again set forward, but Charley had had quite enough of Master Martin; so instead of remounting him, walked by his side, holding the bridle, till they reached home, which they did without any fresh mishap. Once there, the children had the further pleasure of detailing their adventures to Papa and Nurse, which they did with great animation, declaring that they had never enjoyed anything more than this their first Pic-nic.

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THE RUNAWAY DONKEY.

## CHAP. II.

## THE COTTAGE.

My dear little Readers! would you not like to know the fate of the Hermit, whom Charles and Emily abandoned in the New Forest? Yes; I am sure you would. And I can tell you that the owners of the said Hermit were no less curious to learn how he had fared. They constantly teased their Mamma to make a second excursion to the New Forest; but she always answered: "I am very willing, my dear children; only you must deserve this pleasure, by being very good for a whole week."

For Charley, a heedless, impetuous little fellow, to be good for a whole week, which seemed to him an interminable time, was not so easy. One day, it would so happen, that during his reading lesson he was constantly looking about him and miscalling all the letters. Another time he would climb a tree, notwithstanding his Mother's prohibition, and tear his tunic and trousers; or he would make such a deafening noise that he had to be put out of the room. Sometimes it was Emily who took a turn at being naughty; she was rude, or idle, or chattered too much, and the promised excursion could not come off.

One night, there was a great storm of rain, wind, and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning. In the morning, while dressing, Emily said to her brother: "I am sadly afraid this bad weather will have destroyed the poor Hermit's cell. I should so much like to see what has become of him. Now, for two days, you have been

good ; then do try to be so to the end of the week. It will be such a treat to go back to that pretty brook, and sit under those fine trees, and enjoy ourselves as we did the other day."

*Charley*.—There's nothing I should like better, *Emily*; but I can't always remember to be good in time.

*Emily*.—Well, if you like, every time I see you going to do something wrong, I will call out "The Excursion!" and then will you promise me to stop.

*Charley*.—Yes ; I promise you. But, Sister mine, who talks so wisely to me, are you never naughty ? Shall I never need to call out to you, "The Excursion ! the Excursion !"

And thus by this plan the children succeeded in getting through a whole week without once being punished. When it was over, their Mamma kissed them affectionately and promised to take them to the Forest the next day. Fortunately the weather proved very fine. This time they went on foot, and reached the brook rather tired. The children immediately scampered off to the Hermitage; but, alas ! what a scene of desolation met their view ! The roof had fallen in, the walls were demolished, and the poor Hermit, where was he ? After carefully searching for him, they discovered him under the ruins of his habitation, in a most forlorn condition. The decent purity of his brown frock was quite destroyed by the rain; while his nose was all nibbled by a wretch of a mouse, who, after eating up all the Hermit's provisions, had had the audacity to take a bite at the holy man himself.

The children stood mournfully regarding this disaster. Presently their Mother called them, and said, "Another time you will take my advice. If you had carried off the Hermit, this would never have befallen him." Now, sit

down and rest a little bit, and then we will go a voyage of discovery into the forest.

*Emily.*—Oh, Mamma; what a good idea! A voyage of discovery. That sounds like “The Swiss Robinson Family.” Perhaps we shall find monkeys and parrots as they did?

*Charley.*—Oh, Emily! You silly girl! What are you thinking of? Whoever heard of monkeys and parrots wild in England.

*Mamma.*—No, Emily; we ~~must~~ not expect to make such wonderful discoveries as the ~~Swiss~~ Family did. We must be content with hearing the birds sing, and, perhaps, catching a peep at a squirrel. Stop! here’s one discovery already, and a very pleasant one—a strawberry quite ripe. See if you can find any more.

The children began to search eagerly; but, in a minute or two, Charley, who had got on a-head, ran back, crying, “Oh, Mamma; I heard something stirring in the bushes. What could it be?”

*Mamma.*—Oh, you little coward. When you were just going to have a discovery, why did you run away? You would never do to be shipwrecked on an island. But come; take us to where you heard this mighty rustling.

Emily ran on first, and soon clapped her hands, shouting, “Oh, I see it. I see it. What a discovery! Only think, it’s a goat; a dear brown goat.”

The goat lifted its head at the sound of their voices, looked at them in great astonishment, and then frisked off to a little girl about Emily’s age, who was busily hunting for wild strawberries.

“Does this goat belong to you, my dear?” said Mrs. Fraser.

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered the little girl, curtseying.



THE PET GOAT.

"And what is your name? And where do you live?"

"Mary Davis, Ma'am. We live on the borders of the forest hard by. Would you like to come in and rest?"

"Have you been looking for strawberries?" broke in Charley.

"Yes; see, I have got a good many. You and the young lady are welcome to them. And if you will come into our cottage, I can give you a glass of goat's milk."

Mrs. Fraser thanked the little girl for her great civility; and, yielding to the entreaties of the children, accompanied her to her home, Charley marching foremost, leading the brown goat by its cord.

They soon reached a very pretty little cottage, all covered with ivy, and having a nice little garden before it, full of gay flowers.

They entered; and after Mary had placed chairs for them, she took down from the dresser a brown bowl, and called Nanny to her side. The goat, which was as gentle and obedient as a dog, came at once and remained quite quiet while Mary milked her.

Emily found it so amusing to see the milk running into the brown bowl, that she also tried to milk, but was so new and awkward at the work, that she could not get a single drop, and Nanny, growing impatient, marched off.

"How clever you are at it, Mary; and yet you are not bigger than I am," said Emily, drinking the milk, which she relished very much; "but where is your mother?"

*Mary* (sadly).—She has been dead these two years."

*Emily*.—And your father?

*Mary*.—Oh, Miss; he died a few months ago.

*Mrs. Fraser*.—But you don't surely live alone in this cottage.

*Mary*.—Oh no, Ma'am; there's my brother John; he

is older than I am ; he is between fourteen and fifteen ; and then there's brother Richard, who is about seventeen. He works in the docks at Southampton. He can't come home every night ; but he generally gets here on a Saturday, and stays over the Sunday.

*Mrs. Fraser.*—And how do you manage to live.

*Mary.*—John goes out by the day to any of the farmers that want him. And I do whatever I can ; plait straw, knit stockings, make baskets, and do any odd jobs for the neighbours ; and then there is Nanny to look after. She give us as much milk as serves us, except now and then, when the neighbours give us some. My father was a woodman, and this was his own cottage. We had no kith and kin in these parts to take us in ; so we have just stopped on here.

*Charley.*—Are you not afraid of being alone in this forest ?

*Mary.*—Oh, no ; there are neighbours not so far off ; besides, nothing will come to harm us. My father, when he was dying, said to us, that he left us in God's care, who would be our Father now that he was gone. I have often feared we should want bread ; but God has always sent us some when we were most in need.

*Charley.*—God sent you some ! What do you mean ? He does not send people food by angels or ravens now.

*Mary.*—Oh, no ! But I mean, that sometimes in the winter, when we were much pressed, the neighbours would give us things ; or, that after John had been out of work for a little, a farmer would give him a job, and pay him well ; so, that, we have never suffered from hunger, nor met with any harm ; though once I had a great fright.

*Emily.*—Oh ! what was that ? Do tell us.

*Mary.*—I would Miss ; but I am afraid your Mamma will think I am taking a liberty, in talking so much.

*Mrs. Fraser.*—Oh no, my child ! go on, for I am very much interested.

“ Well, one evening, some time ago, John and I were sitting over the fire ; it was a very dark night, the rain was pouring, and the wind made a great noise through the trees——”

*Charley* (breaking in).—Oh ! how frightened I should have been.

*Mary.*—But we were well used to it. It was'nt that that frightened me ; but, all at once, I heard steps coming up to the door, and then there was a loud, impatient, knocking. I was very terrified ; for I was sure none of the neighbours would be out so late on such a night as that ; and I thought it must be some wicked tramp, who was determined to come in. John said, “ Oh, Mary, what a silly little girl you are ! Don't be frightened. Let us go and open the door.” I thought it would have been knocked in ; and when John opened it, *there* stood such a wicked-looking man, he had a great black beard, which made him look very fierce ; he carried a gun over his shoulder, and a game-bag at his back, and came in, saying, roughly, “ Where are your father and mother ? ” “ They are dead,” said John. “ You are not alone here, are you ? Have you got any money by you ? ” “ Only eighteen-pence,” said John, “ which I earned to-day,” showing it to him. “ Well, throw another faggot on, I'm numbed with cold and wet to the skin.” He stayed a while, and we gave him some bread and cheese for supper. When he went off, he took a rabbit out of his bag, and giving it to me, said, “ Here, my girl, is something in return for your hospitality.” John is sure he was a poacher ; and he



THE POACHER.

looked such a bad man, that I think he would have taken our money, if we had been rich. You see, ma'am, I was foolish to be frightened ; for God took care that this bad man should only do us good."

Little Charley and Emily were much interested in this story. Mrs. Fraser paid Mary very handsomely for the milk and bread they had eaten, and the strawberries she had given the children ; and also bought, for Charley and Emily, two of the little girl's baskets, which were very nicely made. And it being then time for the children to go home, they took a kind leave of their little hostess, and set off; but not before Mrs. Fraser had told Mary, they should come again to see her; and also bade her tell John, when he had any leisure, to call at The Grove (Mrs. Fraser's house), as she wished to speak to him.

All the way back, the children were in great spirits, and did nothing but chatter about their wonderful discovery ; and when they got home, Papa had the benefit of their adventures. For many days after, they talked about Mary and the dear brown goat. What then was their pleasure, after a little while, to hear, that their Mamma had been so pleased with John Davis, and learned such a good character of him, that she had placed him with Farmer Pearson, a tenant of hers, with whom he would get good wages, and be well fed and taken care of ; but the crowning part of the news was, that Mary was going to live with them, and be Emily's little waiting-maid. Nor was Nanny, the dear brown goat, forgotten ; she accompanied her mistress to her new home, and became very fond of Charley and Emily, with whom she was an immense favourite.

You see, my dear little readers, that our orphans were very right to put their hope in God ; for He is a Father to the fatherless, and never forsakes those who love and trust Him ; but raises up friends for them in the day of adversity.



## THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

I FEAR, my dear children, that many among you are greedy, and that you fancy there is no great harm in being so. Sugar, cakes, fruit, and comfits are so good that it is very natural to like them. Listen, then, to this story, and see what this liking, which you think innocent, may lead to if not checked.

Little Helen was a gentle, good-tempered child, who would never have caused her parents much sorrow but for her greediness. When she was quite little, she could never see sugar or other dainties without teasing for them; and when they were refused her, she would begin to cry. Unhappily, she had an old nurse who spoilt her very much, and tried to satisfy all her fancies. From eating so many delicacies, Helen at last fell ill: her Mother, seeing that this was owing to her foolish Nurse, sent the woman off, and put Helen under the care of a young girl, who had orders not to give her the slightest thing to eat without the permission of her parents. The little glutton found this very hard, and cried frequently for a cake or piece of gingerbread.

"Nurse," said she, one day, "do give me a lump of sugar, and I will not ask you for anything more all day."

"You know very well, Miss, that your Mamma has forbidden me to do so."

"Only a little lump, just as big as the top of my finger, that cannot do me any harm, and Mamma will not scold

you; because she will not know anything about it. I do so wish for it."

"It is very wrong of you, Miss Helen, to want me to disobey my orders. Instead of teasing me so, go and ask your Mamma if I am to give you the sugar."

Helen went down to look for her Mamma in the dining-room, then in her bedroom, but could not find her; and was so vexed that she was beginning to cry, when, suddenly her eyes fell upon a box of comfits lying open on the table — there were green, red, blue and white ones — and they were so pretty, and appeared so good that she looked at them for a minute, and then said: "If Mamma were here she would certainly give me some; and as she is not, there is no great harm in taking one." She ate a blue one, and found it delicious; then made for the door, intending to go out, but stopped with her hand on the lock, turned round, looked at the box, and felt such a great desire to know if the red comfits had the same taste as the blue, that she could not refrain, but came back, tasted a red, then a green, and perhaps would have taken many others if a slight noise, which she heard, had not made her afraid of being surprised. She quickly escaped into the nursery, and told Nurse that she had not found Mamma. Helen was quite out of spirits all the rest of the day, for she could not help continually thinking of the fault she had committed, and fearing that it would be perceived some of the comfits were missing.

At night, on going to bed, her Mother asked what was the matter with her, was she poorly? "No." Had she done anything wrong, which she was afraid to confess? "No," she again hesitatingly answered.

Poor Helen! she would have spared herself much pain if she had acknowledged what she had done. Her Mother



THE SUSPECTED GARDENER.

might, perhaps, have punished her; but, at the same time, she would have made her feel how naughty she had been, and she would also have told her to ask God's pardon, and to pray to Him that she might not give way any more to this temptation ; and, most likely, she would never again have done so. But, instead of this, finding that she was not discovered and punished, she began to think that after all it was not so very bad to help herself to dainties, since others had the cruelty to refuse her them. So every time she went into the dining-room and found the sideboard open, or the sugar basin, or a dessert dish on the table, she would ascertain that no one saw her, and then snatch whatever she wanted and go into a corner to eat it.

Helen's parents had a beautiful garden, full of pretty flowers and fine fruit, and the gardener's name was Martin. He had a little girl, rather younger than Helen, called Lizzie, and these two children often played together in the garden. Helen was very fond of Lizzie, for she was a gentle child, and always ready to do what Helen wanted. One fine summer's day, they had been left alone in the garden to amuse themselves as they liked, and had run about till they were quite hot and thirsty; suddenly, Helen stopped before an espalier :

" Oh, Lizzie ! look at these beautiful apricots ; they seem quite ripe. I have a mind to take one."

" Oh, Miss Helen ! you must not do that. You know very well that we are forbidden to touch the fruit."

" Oh ! but, Lizzie, they look so tempting, and I am so thirsty. We shall not be scolded, for no one can see us."

" Father says, when no one is by, still we are seen by God."

" God has often seen me take things, Lizzy, and has not punished me, and that must be because He does not

think it wrong ; for if Mamma had seen me, I know she would have punished me at once."

" But God may perhaps punish you some day. I am afraid it would be thieving to do what you want."

" No ! for the apricots belong to my parents, which is the same as belonging to me. Stop, I will give you that beauty ; so it will not be you who take it, and I will eat this one. How good it is ! Come, eat yours."

Lizzie still hesitated. She could not help feeling that what she was going to do was wrong ; but Helen was her friend, and was also a young lady, and she thought she ought to know better what was right or wrong than a poor gardener's child ; so she ended by not only eating this apricot, but many more.

The following day they paid more visits to the apricots, and afterwards to some fine peaches which grew near them ; and so often did they help themselves, that at last Helen's Mamma began to perceive that her finest fruit was disappearing. She thought it must be Martin that took it to sell, which troubled her very much.

From eating so much fruit, which often was only half ripe, Helen became seriously ill. Her mother, seeing that she did not get much better, and thinking that change of air might do her good, sent her to stay a month with an Aunt who lived in the country. This Aunt was very kind, and took great pains with Helen. It was not long before she began to suspect her little Niece of secretly helping herself to sweetmeats. To make quite sure, and at the same time correct her, she hit upon the following plan. She left open, on the mantel-piece, a box full of lozenges, of a peculiar shape.

Though they were not very tempting-looking, greedy little Helen, the first time she found herself alone in the room, did

not fail to take one ; and, as it tasted pretty good, she ate one after another, a great many. In a quarter of an hour she began to feel uncomfortable, and very sick.

Her Aunt, seeing her look very pale, sent her to bed, and said nothing to her all that day ; but, next morning, she called her to her and asked if she had touched the lozenges that were on the mantel-piece.

“ No, Aunt,” said she, hesitatingly.

Scarcely had she spoken when her Aunt looked very grave and sad. “ Ah ! ” said she, “ I see it is but too



THE TEMPTATION (p. 231).

“ true that my Niece, my unhappy little Niece, is not only greedy, but tells fibs, is disobedient, and a thief.”

“ Oh, no, dear Aunt ! do not say that.”

“ But,” said her Aunt, “ I counted the lozenges ; and they had something in them to make you sick. So you see I am quite sure you took some of them, for that is why you are poorly.”

Helen hid her face in her Aunt’s lap, and said, sobbing, “ Yes, I did take the lozenges ; but I did not think it was so wicked. I never thought that I was a thief. I have often done the same thing at home.”

"All thieves, Helen, begin by taking trifles. If you are not able to resist helping yourself to sweetmeats both here and at home, where I know you get everything your parents think good for you, what would you do if you were a poor child, that could not get enough to eat? Your greediness may make you steal from strangers, perhaps even from shops, when you go to buy something, and then you will be taken up and put in prison."



STEALING THE CONFITS.

"Oh, Aunt! oh, Aunt! do not say such horrible things. I am sure I have never taken anything except here and at home."

"Because, perhaps, you have not had any temptation to do so; but you are not the less guilty in the eyes of God. He will judge far more severely, children who are well brought up, have a good example set them, and are surrounded with everything they require, if they commit

such faults, than poor children, who have none of these advantages."

"I will never do so again," said poor Helen, crying so bitterly that she could scarcely speak. "Do tell me, dear Aunt, what I must do to make God forgive me."

"If you say to Him, how sorry you are for what you have done, and strive with all your might to correct yourself; praying to Him for His grace to help you, then He will pardon, and once more love you. It is your greediness, which has led you into the other faults; it is that which you must overcome."

"Oh, yes! Aunt; for the future, I will not eat any sweet things."

"I do not think that would be a good plan; eat in moderation, of what is given to you; and, occasionally, deny yourself anything you are too fond of. If I see that you really strive to correct yourself, I will not tell your Mamma; for I know that it would grieve her so very much."

Helen followed her aunt's good advice, and set a careful watch over herself, that she might not relapse into her old faults. For long, she was sad and ashamed; for if any one looked at her, she fancied they could read in her face that she had been a thief and a story-teller. Another thing, too, distressed her; and that was, that she, older and better instructed than Lizzy, should have given her such ill advice, and set her so bad an example. She remembered, too, what her aunt said of the many temptations that beset the children of the poor; and this took such hold of her mind, that she often dreamed Lizzie had been caught stealing, and sent to prison; and that when she went to see her, the latter bitterly reproached her, telling her that it was through her fault she was brought

into this sad place ; and now she might see that, sooner or later, God always punished those who disobeyed him. Or, again, she would dream that Lizzy was accused of a crime, which Helen knew she had not committed ; but it was in vain she told the judges so, or that Lizzy herself protested her own innocence. Neither of them was believed ; because, it was said, they were in the habit of not speaking the truth. Just as Lizzy was going to be sentenced, Helen would wake up in great terror, and hardly dare to go to sleep again, for fear of dreaming the same thing. The very first thing, then, she did, on returning home, was to run into the garden to look for Lizzy ; she called to her, and searched for her everywhere, but all in vain ; she then went into the gardener's cottage, to ask for her ; but, to her great surprise, instead of Martin, she found a new gardener. She immediately rushed back into the house, to ask her Mamma what had become of Martin and Lizzy.

" Oh, I was not at all pleased with him ; and I sent him away soon after you went."

" And, since then, Mamma, have you not seen him and Lizzy ?"

" No, my Dear, I don't know where they have gone."

Helen was very sorry to hear this ; she sadly missed her little companion ; and she would have wished, now that she had corrected herself, to try and undo the harm she had done Lizzy, by giving her good counsel, instead of the bad advice she had formerly given her, and for which she now reproached herself ; feeling that, but for her, Lizzy never would have done what she did. Several months passed without her hearing anything of Martin and Lizzy.

Winter had come ; the ground was covered with snow,

and it was bitterly cold, when, one morning, the Nurse told Helen that there was a little girl wanting very much to see her.

Helen ran down stairs, and found a poor little girl at the kitchen door : she was clad in a thin gingham frock ;



THE DETECTION (p. 233).

her face and hands were blue with cold ; and she seemed afraid to lift her eyes from the ground.

Helen stood perplexed for a moment, and then exclaimed.

“ Oh, Lizzy, Lizzy ! Is it you ? You are so altered, I scarcely knew you.”

" Oh, Miss Helen ! My father and I have been in such distress, since I last saw you."

" What has happened to you ? Tell me. Why did Mamma send your father away ?"

" Dont you know ? You had scarcely left, when your Mamma said to my father, that she perceived her finest fruit disappeared, and that it must be he who took it. As she did not wish to injure him, she would not mention it to any one, unless obliged to do so ; but that he must immediately quit her service."

" And you never said it was we who ate them ! Oh, if I had only known it was for this you were sent away, I would have told Mamma ; but I had not the slightest idea of this ; when Mamma said she was not satisfied with your father, it never struck me she had missed the fruit we took, and suspected him ; and as she did not say exactly why he left, I never asked her ; because she does not like me to put questions to her about the servants."

" I was sure you were too good, Miss Helen, to let my Father be punished for our fault. When I saw him so miserable, at being accused of theft—he, who had always been so honest—I told him all. Oh, he was very angry ! very angry with me, and said, ‘ What use is it telling me this. Do you think that I should have the heart to go and confess to the mistress that my child is a thief; or do you wish me to break her heart, by telling her that it is her child who has perverted mine. No ! I would rather be suspected. I know, at least, that I am innocent.’ So we went off without saying anything ; but it was a bad time of the year, and my father has not been able to get a place. We spent all that we had, then sold our furniture and what clothes we could spare. Father fell ill from trouble ; and this morning, when I got up, there was

neither bread nor coal in the house ; so I said to myself, it will be better to go and find Miss Helen, than die of cold and hunger."

"Oh, can it be that I have brought all this on you ! But why did you not come to me before ?"

"My father would not let me ; when I asked him, he said 'No, no ; she has already done you enough harm ; it is better to let your body suffer, than put your soul in danger.' I remember this expression, because he repeated it many times ; but I don't know what it means."

"Oh, I know what he meant by it ! that it was better that you should suffer cold and hunger, than become a thief, as I used to dream you were. But I will never again persuade you to do anything naughty ; I have suffered too much by what I did. But, come, and let us find Mamma, and I will tell her all."

Helen's Mamma listened very attentively to her little girl's story, never once interrupting her. She saw that Helen was really very sorry for what she had done, and, with God's help, had overcome her greediness ; so she forbore to reproach her. She only said, "Let us go immediately to Lizzy's father. I am sure you wish to ask him pardon for all the ill you have done him ; and to tell him that in future he need not fear your companionship for Lizzy. I will send him all that he wants ; and as I am not quite satisfied with the gardener I took in his place, he can come back to us. As for you, my dear child, I feel certain, that if ever you are tempted to fall again into your old faults, the sight of Lizzy will give you strength to overcome the temptation."

## THE LAZY LITTLE GIRL.

**R**OSE was a pretty little girl, of five years of age; who would have been a very nice child, but for one great fault—she was dreadfully lazy. When her Mamma called her to say her lessons, she had plenty of reasons to give, why she could not come.

“It is too soon to begin, Mamma;” or, “It is not the usual time;” or, “Please do wait till I have finished what I am doing, and till I am not so cold.”

And when she was forced to come, she yawned between every word; kept looking at the ceiling, or tapping on the floor with her feet, saying every minute, “Oh, how tiresome it is to have to learn to read.”

You may, therefore, suppose she made but very little progress. All her little friends, about the same age, who came to see her, could amuse themselves by reading pretty little stories; while Rose was only beginning to spell the words.

One day, she said to her Mamma, “Why must one learn to read and write. There’s Janet, the farmer’s daughter, she is fifteen, and yet she does not read and write. She told me that she could not bear to go to school, and her mother let her do as she liked.”

“You would wish, then, Rose to be like Janet; to be a rough country girl, and all your life to be able to do



THE CATTLE-TENDER.

nothing more than look after cows. But, after all, that is an employment, and you would rather do nothing."

"Oh, Mamma! it is very amusing to look after cows; and if you will let me leave off my lessons, I will go every day and help Janet to look after her cows."

"I think, my dear, that you will soon have had enough of that; but I am very willing to let you try, and to-morrow you may begin."

The next morning, Nurse called her at six o'clock; Rose thought it rather hard to have to get up so early, but the pleasure and novelty of what she was going to do, kept her from grumbling.

She hastily drank a cup of milk, and ate a piece of bread, and then ran to join Janet, who was waiting for her in the cow-house. Rose, with a stick in her hand, drove the cows before her; they soon came to a large meadow into which they turned them. Janet sat down upon her milking-stool, and began to knit; while Rose ran merrily about gathering flowers to make a nosegay. She saw in the hedge a pretty wild rose; and being very eager to get it, she scrambled up the hedge for it, though it was almost out of her reach. After a great deal of trouble, she at last got hold of the branch, and tried to break it off; but the thorns pricked her so much, that she hastily drew back, slipped down, tore her frock, and scratched her knees.

This made her cry, and she went up to Janet to show her pricked finger and scratched knees.

But Janet, instead of pitying her, laughed outright, saying, "Why, Miss, you surely knew that roses have thorns; when one plays in the country, one must not cry for such a trifle."

When Rose was a little consoled, she wished to go and play with a goat, which, at first, was very ready to gambol with her, but afterwards it wanted to go and browse, which Rose was unwilling it should do, for she wanted it to keep on playing with her; so, as soon as it put down its head to crop the grass, she tried to pull it back by its horns; this irritated the creature so much, that it butted at her with its head, and tumbled poor Rose on the ground, where she lay crying as if she were being killed. Janet ran to her aid—for she saw that the goat was inclined to attack her again—and after picking her up, and making her sit by her, she said, “Do keep quiet a little; you are more trouble to look after, than all the cows and goats put together.”

“Oh, Janet, I’m so hungry! when shall we go in to breakfast?”

“Oh, we shall not go in to breakfast; we shall not go home till the evening: but, stop, if you are very hungry, here’s some barley-bread and cheese and some oat-cake.”

“Oh, I cannot bear cheese, I don’t even like to see you eat it; it smells so very strong.”

Rose ate up the oat-cake, but the coarse barley-bread was not much to her taste; so she left part of the piece Janet gave her, and then was at a loss what to do.”

“Oh, Janet, do tell me a story.”

“But, Miss, I don’t know any.”

“Have you not read any in books? Mamma tells me such pretty ones.”

“You know very well, Miss, that I cannot read.”

“Oh, yes, I had quite forgotten; but, Janet, I am so tired, and I don’t know what to do. Do you never get tired, and want something else to do?”

"Not much, Miss; I knit. And you? why don't you knit?"

"I don't know how. Mamma wished to teach me; but I did not want to learn."

Rose still teased Janet to talk, and tell her something; but to all her questions Janet's answer always was "I don't know, Miss." And poor little Rose grew more and more weary: never had a day seemed so long. She would have been delighted to see her Mamma appear, even with the dreaded lesson-book in her hand.

As she had not eaten all her slice of bread, she got very hungry, and began to cry, and beg Janet to take her home; but Janet said that she could not leave the cattle, and so she must wait till it was time to drive them in. To put the finishing stroke to her troubles, it began to rain fast. Janet, with her thick linsey petticoat, did not get very wet; but Rose, in her thin clothes, was soon drenched.

At length, Janet consented to return. Poor Rose, wet, dirty, and with her clothes torn, ran into her mother's arms, crying, "Oh, Mamma, I will never be idle any more. I will learn as many lessons as you like; but, please, never send me to keep cows again."

Her Mamma kissed her, and said, "My dear child, if Papa or I had been with you, would you have been so tired."

"Oh, no, Mamma; you would have told me pretty stories, and nice things about the animals, and flowers in the field. But when I asked Janet anything, she always said, "I don't know, Miss."

"Why is there this difference in Janet, do you think, Rose?"

"I think, because Janet is ignorant, Mamma, and has

not been willing to learn ; while you, Mamma, know many things."

" Well ! Do you still wish to be like Janet ? "

" Oh, no, Mamma ! I will be very industrious, and try to learn a great deal, that I may become like you, and fit for something better than to look after cows."



THE HISTORY OF CLEMENT AND ERNEST;  
OR,  
THE SAD EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

M R. and Mrs. Reynolds lived at Bishopshull, a very pretty village, a short distance from Taunton. They had three children: the eldest, Isabella, was a good little girl, about nine years' old; the others were boys of six and seven, called Clement and Ernest.

The two latter were not badly disposed children: they had warm, affectionate hearts, and when they saw their parents displeased with them were very troubled; but their heedlessness was so great that they constantly forgot to do what they were told, or did not remember what they were forbidden, and so were for ever getting into disgrace and being punished. When once they took an idea into their heads, they rarely stopped to think if what they were going to do was wrong, or might hurt themselves or injure others. This heedlessness on their part was the cause of much harm, and brought them into sad trouble, as you are now going to hear.

A lady had given Isabella a white kitten, and the little girl was very fond of her pet. Nothing could be prettier and more diverting than the gambols of this frolicsome little creature; it followed its mistress everywhere about, and she was never tired of playing with it.

Clement and Ernest would also fain have amused themselves with Minny, but their Mamma was obliged to forbid them ever to touch it; for whenever they handled pussy, under pretence of playing with her, Minny was sure to come off with a sly pinch, a pull at her tail, or a tweak of her ear.

One day, Isabella had gone out with her Mamma, and the little boys were left alone in the garden. All at once they perceived Minny stealing along. She had been so incautious as to go to sleep among the coals, and was now as black as a little chimney sweeper.

"Just see how funny Minny looks!" cried Ernest, bursting into a loud laugh. "What a taking Isabella will be in when she sees her in this pretty state."

"What do you think, if we were to wash her?" said Clement. "With this fine sun she would soon dry. Here! you hold her, and I will pump on her."

No sooner said than done, in spite of the plaintive mews of the poor animal, and its struggles to get out of their hands; they held it for some time under this cold shower-bath, and finding that it got no cleaner, plunged it in a bucket. Each time that the poor thing mewed, Ernest ducked its head under the water to punish it, he said, for being so naughty. They did not leave off their cruel sport till they heard their Mother calling them; then they remembered that not only had they been forbidden to touch the cat, but also to play with water, and, much ashamed of their double disobedience, they slunk into the house, leaving poor Minny on the ground.

It was to begin their lessons that they were called in. Their excessive heedlessness sadly interfered with their studies: so much time was always lost in looking for their copybooks, slates, pencils, and lesson-books, for these little

gentlemen never thought of putting their things in the proper places ; and often too it happened they had forgotten to learn their lessons, as well as to put their things away.

To-day, however, for a wonder, matters went on better than usual, and the boys steadily applied themselves to their work.

Lessons were done, and they were merrily playing, having quite forgotten poor Minny, when they heard their sister coming in from the garden, sobbing. They ran to see what was the matter, for they were very fond of her, and always sorry when she was in trouble.

You may fancy their consternation when they beheld Isabella, holding in her arms the unfortunate Minny dripping wet, and quite dead.

The mischievous boys had made it swallow so much water when they ducked it, that the poor thing had been suffocated with it. The little girl at once guessed that it could be no other than her brothers who had played this cruel trick; but her sobs were so great she could not speak to reproach them.

Her Mother hearing her, ran to the spot, and when she learned what had occurred, was so displeased with her boys, that she declared they should not come down to dessert for a whole week, as neither she nor their Father could take any pleasure in the society of such cruel children.

“ Dear Mamma,” cried Clement, “ we really did not mean to do any harm ; we only wanted to wash pussy. I am sure I am very sorry that she is dead, and that we have made Isabella so unhappy.”

*Mrs. Reynolds.*—The poor creature’s cries ought to have warned you that you were doing it harm, or, at least,



THE DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

cruelly teasing it. Besides, all this comes of your disobedience. I forbade you to touch Minny, because I knew that, even without meaning it, you might hurt her. I forbade you to play with water, because I knew that it would lead you into mischief. If you had obeyed me, you would have spared yourselves and your sister this sorrow.



WASHING THE CAT.

*Ernest.*—But, Mamma, when we did it we had quite forgotten we were not to play with pussy, nor touch water.

*Mamma.*—My dear boys, I do wish you would try and be less heedless; and also bear in mind, that when your

parents forbid you to do anything, they have wise reasons for so doing, and that these reasons are generally dictated by a care for your good.

I have already said Clement and Ernest were kind-hearted boys; so to make some amends for the mischief they had done, and console Isabella for the loss of her pet, they joined together their money and bought her a canary in a handsome cage. She was very pleased with it, but did not enjoy it long. One day, when she was not by, Clement thought he would take the bird out of the cage, that he might teach it to become very tame; the canary escaped out of his hands, and, as giddy-pate had not taken the precaution to shut the window, out flew the bird and perched on a high tree, and they never got it again.

Both boys had a plot of garden-ground, where they might do what they pleased: weed, plant, and gather to their hearts' desire; but, in the rest of the garden, they were forbidden to touch the flowers and fruit, or climb the trees. They often forgot one of these orders: without actually plucking the flowers, they destroyed them by whisking off their heads with a switch. Another time they walked over the beds newly raked, or they broke the shrubs by jumping over them. Then the gardener complained of them to Mrs. Reynolds, and they were punished.

One day, when they were playing in the garden at "Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday on their Island," they wanted to gather some berries for their dinner, but as it was only April they could hardly find any. At last, Ernest discovered in a hedge that enclosed part of the garden, some very pretty red berries. Quite forgetting that he had been told never to taste anything he did not know, he ate two or three, just to see if they were good;

then he went to his brother, and helped him to strip a tree of a number of little green things, which they thought would serve them for peas. They had just finished this pretty piece of work when their Mother came to see what they were doing.

" You unlucky boys!" cried she ; " you have pulled off all the germs of my finest cherry-tree ! It will have no fruit this year. How could you do such a piece of mischief ? "

*Clement.*—Mamma, we did not know that these tiny green things would become fruit. If we had only known that we were hindering the tree having cherries, we would not have done it.

*Mamma.*—You knew quite well that you were never to gather anything in the garden without my leave, and you now see what cause I had to forbid you. It is not fair that others should suffer from your thoughtlessness. Fortunately there are other cherry-trees in the garden ; but, in destroying the fruit of this tree, you have deprived yourself of your own share, and will not taste a cherry this year.

Some hours after this conversation the dinner-bell rang ; all assembled with the exception of Ernest, whom they vainly called. After seeking for him everywhere, they at last found him in his room, looking very pale and vomiting dreadfully. Mrs. Reynolds, much alarmed, sent off instantly for the Doctor.

After questioning Ernest, Dr. Burton discovered that he had been eating poisonous berries. " Let him, every quarter of an hour, take a teaspoonful of the antidote I will send you, till I see him again. I trust much mischief has not been done. It is very fortunate that this incautious little fellow did not eat many of these berries,

for then I could not have saved him. I once knew two little boys killed in a few hours, from having taken a good many ; and, what was still more sad, their poor mother went out of her mind with grief."

This history made a great impression upon the two little boys : they were terrified to think of the dreadful consequences that might have ensued from this act of disobedience, and they began to reflect rather seriously.



THE DEAD FAVOURITE.

The next morning Ernest was still pale and weak, and obliged to keep his bed. Clement, who had been very frightened that his brother would die, was now somewhat reassured, but still remained rather grave.

All at once, he asked his Mother: "Mamma, what can I do to become obedient? When I am in the midst of play, I forget every moment what you have forbidden me."

"And I also," said Ernest. "I really wish to be very good; but I am always forgetting what I ought to remember."

*Mamma.*—And if I were always present to warn you when you are going to commit a fault, that would stop you, would it?

*Both Boys.*—Oh, to be sure, Mamma! for it is always when you are not by that we get into mischief.

*Mamma.*—Unhappily, I cannot always be with you; and when I am present, I cannot always guess what you are going to do. Often I am not aware of the fault till it is committed. But reflect a little: is there not some one always by you, and who knows beforehand your intentions?

*Clement.*—Oh, yes, Mamma! God.

*Mamma.*—And have you never thought of asking Him to remind you of your duty, when you are going to forget it?

*Ernest.*—We ask God, every morning and evening, to make us good, and not to lead us into temptation; but He does not speak to us: He cannot, like you, tell us what we ought to do.

*Mamma.*—You are wrong, my child; He can do it, much better than I, and has probably done it many times, though you may not have been aware of it. His voice does not speak in your ears, but to your heart. It is this voice which whispers, “What you are about to do is wrong;” or, “Take care! what you are thinking of doing will grieve your parents and bring you punishment.” If God does not oftener speak to you, it is probably because you do not sufficiently wish to hear His voice. God is always ready to help those who wish to correct themselves; but they must have a strong desire to do so, and ask God fervently for His help, striving with all their might to become better.

*Ernest.*—Dear Mamma! I am sure I wish to correct myself. And I will pray to God, every day, to keep me

from mischievous things, and remind me what I ought to do.

*Clement.*—And I also; for I am much happier when Mamma is pleased with me than when she is angry, and I am punished.

*Mamma.*—It is not only because *I* am pleased with you that you feel happier, but also because you hear God's voice, which says that He also is pleased with *you*; and this voice is what we call conscience.

For some time the two children were true to their resolve. Every morning they prayed earnestly that God would not let them fall into temptation; and, during the day, when they heard His warning voice, instead of stifling it, as they had formerly done, they stopped to listen to it, and so avoided many faults.

Their parents were so happy at this improvement in them that, at the end of a month of good behaviour, they wished to reward them, by giving them a delightful surprise.

One morning, their Father called them, and Isabella; and the children followed him into a small stable adjoining the house, which, until now, had only been used for keeping wood in; there they found two charming black asses, of a very good breed, which came originally from Africa. Beside them, hung up on the wall, they saw nice new bridles and saddles; and going afterwards into a small coach-house, they found an elegant little carriage, made expressly to suit their steeds. The children could not speak for a minute or two, so great was their surprise and joy.

“ My dear Boys,” said their Father, “ I give you these asses, to reward you for the efforts you have been making the last month, to become more thoughtful and obedient.

As for you, my dear Isabella, the carriage is yours ; and I think your brothers will always be willing to lend you their steeds to draw it, and even be coachman and postilion, when you wish to take a drive, or give this pleasure to your little friends."

At this speech, the children raised such a storm of joyous ejaculation and thanks, that it was quite deafening.

Mr. Reynolds was kind enough to show them how to harness the asses to the carriage; and then took the children for a pretty drive.

Isabella was inside, Ernest on the box, and Clement played postilion. All the little boys they saw, looked at them in envy and admiration, and would fain have been in their place. When Isabella met any little girl of her acquaintance, she took her up beside her; for she was not a selfish child, and liked to share her pleasure with others.

The asses trotted very briskly, and Ernest and Clement were so pleased, that they were half wild with joy.

Their Father forbade them ever to take the asses out without his leave; but, at the same time, promised to let them ride or drive them every day that it was fine, provided they had been good boys.

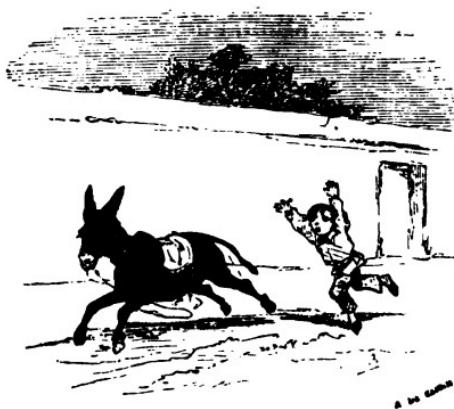
The next morning, on awakening, the first thought of the boys was about their steeds, which they had named Jemmy and Neddy. They forgot their prayers; forgot their desire to be good; and dressing in all haste, scampered off to the stable. There was much ado to get them in to lessons; and these were very ill said, because their heads were full of the donkeys.

In the afternoon, their cousin Maurice came to play with them. He was a boy about nine years old; and when before his elders and strangers, was on his good be-

haviour, for he had a great deal of self-love, and was very fond of being praised ; but, when only with other children or servants, was often disobedient, wilful, and passionate.

You may fancy the first thing Ernest and Clement did, was to take Maurice to see their steeds and the carriage. He admired them greatly, patted the animals, and said, "Let us put on their saddles, and ride them in the garden."

"Papa has forbidden us to take them out without his leave," answered Clement; "but he has promised that at three o'clock we shall have a ride."



THE RUNAWAY DONKEY.

*Maurice.*—But at three o'clock I shant be here, and I should so like to see how they go. Ernest run and ask Uncle to let us take them out now.

*Ernest.*—Papa and Mamma have gone out, so I can't ask.

*Maurice.*—Very well ! if they have gone out, we can take the donkeys, and they will know nothing about it. Do oblige me for once, Ernest, and come and put the saddle on this one.

Ernest, who himself was very anxious to have his ass out, did what Maurice wanted. Clement followed his example; but the asses getting restive and stubborn, under the inexperienced hands of the little boys, broke from them as they were about to mount, and raced round the garden. Ernest, at length, caught Neddy; but Jenny would not let Maurice and Clement get up to her; and, after scampering all round the garden, found a door open through which she escaped into the high road, where the little boys, quite out of breath with running, soon lost sight of her. Clement was dreadfully troubled, thinking his ass might be gone for ever; and, now, bitterly blamed himself for his disobedience. He could not make up his mind to quit the high road, in case dear Jenny might yet reappear. His cousin advised him to go to the house, and tell what had happened, so that a servant might be sent to look for the animal; but Clement was so ashamed of himself, he did not like to run the risk of encountering his mother.

They had been on the road about half an hour, when Ernest, who was running to rejoin them, after putting Neddy back in the stable, cried out, "Look, look! there's Jenny! Papa is bringing her back."

Mr. Reynolds, returning from his walk to take the boys their promised ride, had found Jenny quietly grazing by the side of the road; and he now came forward leading her by the bridle.

When he learned what had occurred, he was exceedingly displeased with Clement and Ernest.

"I could not have thought," said he, "that just after giving you such a handsome reward for good conduct, you would be so regardless of paining me, as to fall into your

old faults. I have a good mind to sell the asses at once; for you no longer deserve them."

"Oh, Papa! dear Papa! pray don't do that; we will never again be disobedient."

"This is what you have so repeatedly said, that I don't know whether I ought to trust you again; however, I will not sell the asses now; but for a week you will be deprived of them; you will neither have them to go out with, nor visit them in their stable. If, during this time, you are perfectly good, I will let you have them once more; if not, you shall never again see them."

This day was a Thursday, and up to the following Wednesday all went on well. The children prayed earnestly every morning, and warned each other when they were going to be disobedient.

On Wednesday, Maurice came again to play with them. He immediately asked if they were going to drive out in their pretty carriage.

"No," said Clement, "we shan't have our donkeys till to-morrow; and, only then, if we are good the whole of to-day."

*Maurice.*—What shall we play at then?

*Ernest.*—Shall we amuse ourselves by going out shooting? I will lend you my gun, and we will pretend to shoot little birds.

*Maurice.*—Oh, yes; that will do.

The three boys played for some time at this; then at soldiers; then at hide-and-seek; and, lastly, they thought they would dress up like gentlemen. They found some old hats, and, putting them on, and each taking a stick in his hand, they paraded up and down the garden.

*Maurice.*—We want something else to make us look like grown-up gentlemen.

*Clement.*—What? Oh, I know! an eye-glass or spectacles.

*Maurice.*—An eye-glass would not be amiss; but it is not that I mean; for all gentlemen don't use one.

*Clement.*—Oh, I can guess! it is a cigar; we must pretend to smoke.

*Maurice.*—That's it! Have you not some old ends of cigars, which your Papa has thrown away.

*Clement.*—I have seen cigars in a drawer, in Papa's bedroom; I think they are some he does not use.

*Ernest.*—Oh, well, then! we can take three.

When once they had got the cigars into their hands, they were very desirous to light them, and puff away as they had seen their fathers do.

But to manage this, they must touch fire; one of the things they had been expressly forbidden to meddle with.

“Let us strike some matches,” said Maurice, “and light our cigars out of doors; and then we shall run no risk of setting the house on fire.

Though Ernest very well knew that what he was going to do was wrong; yet he had such a great desire to smoke, that at last he decided to carry off some matches, which he found on the drawing-room mantelpiece. As soon as they had got them, the three boys ran into the garden; but as fast as they lighted a match, the wind blew it out.

Clement was ill at ease; and kept on saying to the others, “Take care! If Mamma goes into her bed-room, she can see us from the window. Let us go into the coach-house; no one will look for us there; and then we can comfortably light our cigars.”

They went in and sat down on some straw, which was intended for the litter of the asses.

After many ineffectual attempts, they at last got their cigars lighted, and began to smoke ; but they did not find it so amusing as they had expected. The smoke tickled their throats, and made them cough, and soon they began to feel sick and dizzy. Just then, their Papa called them ; and, hastily throwing down their cigars on the straw, they ran to him.

He had, himself, been smoking, and so did not detect the smell of it in them ; and they congratulated themselves, that their disobedience had not been found out.

That night, Ernest coughing violently, suddenly awoke from a dream that he was still smoking. He opened his eyes, sat up in bed ; and though now wide awake, felt smoke getting into his eyes and throat.

"Oh, Nurse," cried he, much terrified, "Do see what is in the room ; I can't breathe."

Nurse jumped out of bed.

"Oh dear!" cried she, "the room is full of smoke ; the house must be on fire."

She opened the door, and drew back terrified ; the stairs were in flames. The cries of the boys and Nurse, speedily roused Isabella, and Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

"Be calm," said Mr. Reynolds ; "and let me see what had best be done."

In a minute, he came back, saying, "It is impossible for us to get down by the stairs, for they are on fire. All the back of the house is in flames. I think the fire must have broken out in the neighbourhood of the coach-house."

"It is our cigars which have been the cause of the fire," cried the two boys, full of penitence and horror. "We did not take care where we threw them, and they must have fallen on the straw."

"Unhappy children!" exclaimed their father. "God grant that you may not be the death of us all, and such an awful death, too! But let us see if there is a way of getting out by the window. Happily the flames have not reached this side. Ah! the fire has been perceived! Here come the firemen; but I don't see a ladder, and there is no time to lose."

"Quick, wife! take the sheets, and knot them strongly together. That's it! Now they are long enough to reach the ground. Come, children; you, Isabella, first."

Mr. Reynolds fastened the sheet securely round his daughter's waist, and lowered her into the arms of the people below.

By this time some one had procured a ladder, and the whole family were soon rescued from their perilous situation. The only live creatures that perished were, the two asses. The gardener wanted to drive them out of their stable; but, terrified by the glare of the flames, they refused to stir, and had to be abandoned to their sad fate.

Everything in Mr. Reynolds' house was burnt: clothes, furniture, plate; nothing was saved.

This terrible lesson effected a complete reformation in Ernest and Clement; they became thoughtful and obedient, and strove by every means in their power to make their parents forget the trouble and sorrow they had occasioned them.

## BROTHER AND SISTER;

or,

LOVE MAY WIN WHERE FORCE WILL FAIL.

MR. and Mrs. Gibson lived in a very pretty villa, standing in its own grounds, on the beautiful banks of the Thames at Richmond. Being in affluent circumstances, they had fitted up their house with all the comforts and luxuries which ingenuity and taste can devise and wealth procure; so that nowhere within twenty miles of London could you have met with a more charming country house than Laburnum Lodge. The possessor of this enviable retreat, from the bustle and smoke of town, had not, however, much actual enjoyment of his handsome house and well laid out grounds.

Mr. Gibson was a large railway contractor; and, when not absent from home, which was frequently the case, spent most of the day at his office in the City, whether he went early or late, only getting back to Richmond for a late dinner. The loss of so much of her husband's society would have been keenly felt by Mrs. Gibson, but that she had a son, and this boy, who was seldom out of her sight, so engrossed his mother's thoughts and affections that her chief happiness centered in him.

Up to his seventh year, his mother had never willingly left him for a single day; when, therefore, he reached

that age, it required all Mrs. Gibson's confidence in her husband's judgment to give her consent to Herbert's being sent to school. This point was not carried without many an animated discussion between the husband and wife; but Mr. Gibson, who had been educated at Merchant Taylors', was a strong advocate for public schools, so at last it was settled that little Herbert should go to the Charter House.

Great was the fond mother's grief at this separation from her boy; and though during the short time her husband was at home she kept up her spirits, so soon as he was gone her heart sank and she felt that the great charm of her days was over. In excuse for this somewhat weak partiality, it must be urged that Herbert was no ordinary boy; so handsome was he as often to attract the notice of strangers; and the little fellow's manners were as engaging as his appearance was prepossessing. In addition to this, his intelligence, docility, and amiable disposition made him a general favorite; and, but for his father's wise measure of sending him early to school, the boy might have run a great risk of being spoilt.

Herbert was as fond of his mother that the desire of spending Sunday at home, was sufficient to make him the most attentive scholar in his class; and not only did he distinguish himself in his studies, but his conduct was excellent, so anxious was he not to forfeit this indulgence. Though Mrs. Gibson enjoyed the society of her boy Saturday evening and all the following day, not content with this, she regularly presented herself once a week at the Charter House, out of school hours, for the pleasure of spending half an hour with Herbert; after which she would go home cheered, and look forward to their next meeting, or count up the weeks to the holidays.

From Mrs. Gibson's absorbing love for her son, one would naturally conclude he was an only child ; but this was not the case. Herbert had a sister, three years younger than himself. An aunt of Mr. Gibson's, a widow lady without children, residing at Farnham, but who was



MRS. GIBSON SEEING HERBERT AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

staying in the house when this child was born, felt great pity for the infant, which proved to be a puny, sickly thing ; and finding that Mrs. Gibson was not strong enough to nurse this child, as she had done her former one, Mrs. Miller, the lady in question, offered to take it

under her charge, and procure for it the services of a healthy woman at Farnham, who was well known to her. The babe, accordingly, accompanied Mrs. Miller back to her home, and the latter soon became so attached to her little charge that she proposed to its parents to adopt the girl and leave her the whole of her fortune.

Mr. Gibson, who knew that his child would be in good hands, as his aunt was an excellent, religious woman, had no scruple in accepting so advantageous an offer for his daughter, more especially as her mother made no objection to her living from home.

Mrs. Miller rarely left Farnham, so Beatrice saw but little of her parents; and, when she was three years' old, her father died.

Out of respect to the memory of a husband whom she had loved and esteemed, Mrs. Gibson did not withdraw Herbert from the Charter House, where he had not long been placed when his excellent father died.

After her nephew's death, Mrs. Miller's visits to town were discontinued; and so small was the interest Mrs. Gibson took in her daughter, that she contented herself with occasionally writing to Mrs. Miller, and under one pretext and another, dispensed with going to Farnham to see her.

Beatrice had reached her fifth year when, one morning, Mrs. Gibson received a letter with the Farnham post-mark, announcing the sudden death of Mrs. Miller, who had been carried off by a heart-disease, and the speedy return of Beatrice, who would travel in charge of a trustworthy person.

The latter announcement was far from giving Mrs. Gibson that pleasure which a mother naturally feels at getting back her child. All the interest she took in

Beatrice was limited to a feeling of satisfaction that her daughter would be rich when she came of age, and therefore likely to marry well, however plain she might turn out.

Beatrice had been a very puny, sickly infant, and her mother took it almost for granted that she would not grow up good-looking.

Though Mrs. Gibson felt little pleasure at Beatrice's coming, she nevertheless rang the bell for her maid, and gave orders that a comfortable room should be got ready for her, and that this servant should sleep with her. The lady's maid was so much put out at finding herself all at once transformed into a nurse, that it did not seem likely the poor child would meet with a friend in her; but as she abstained from expressing her dissatisfaction to her mistress, it did not attract the notice of the latter, who was occupied with her own thoughts.

Beatrice arrived, three days after, in charge of an old servant, who had been thirty years in the service of Mrs. Miller. Both were in deep mourning, and both shed tears, especially Beatrice, who, when bidden by the lady's maid to come with her to her mistress, clung to her nurse's arm, crying, "Don't leave me, Martha! don't leave me!" and, repeating this for the twentieth time, she was ushered into her mother's presence.

Mrs. Gibson, touched with the child's grief, rose with an impulse to take her on her lap and kiss her; but the little girl, still more frightened at the sight of a strange face, rushed into Martha's arms, and said, terrified: "I want to go back to Mamma."

Susan, Mrs. Gibson's maid, who was helping her mistress to dress for dinner, being much annoyed with the

child's eyes, turned to her, saying, "But, Miss, you are now with your Mamma."

"No, no!" cried Beatrice. "This is not Mamma's house. I want to go back to Farnham."

The repugnance to her mother which the poor child testified, did not, as one may suppose, incline that mother's heart to her; and the indifference she had hitherto felt towards Beatrice was almost turned to dislike when all her efforts to calm the child proved useless, though seconded by Martha's caresses and entreaties. At last, after having cried for an hour, Beatrice, worn out with her passionate emotion, fell asleep in Martha's arms; who, taking advantage of this to spare her the pain of bidding good bye, gently laid her on a sofa, and took leave of Mrs. Gibson.

Before Martha got down stairs she was overtaken by Mrs. Gibson, who, struck with a sudden thought, had followed her.

"Stop a moment, Martha!" said she. "Do you mean to go back to Farnham?"

"No, Ma'am; I intend to live at my sister's, in London. With the legacy which my kind mistress has left me, and what I can earn by taking in needlework, I hope to live without being a burden to any one."

"Well, Martha, as you don't mean to go back to Farnham, and seem to be so fond of Miss Beatrice——"

"Oh, Ma'am!" broke in Martha; I could not love her better if she was my own child. Ah! my poor mistress was so fond of her."

"Then why leave her? You are not too old to continue in service; and, if you like to enter mine, fixing your own wages, you will have nothing to do but look after Miss Beatrice."

To Mrs. Gibson's great relief the offer was readily accepted ; Martha only asking leave to spend two days with her sister, to make some necessary arrangements ; but she was the first to propose not leaving the house till Beatrice was in bed and sound asleep.

Thanks to the child's great fatigue, she was carried off and undressed by Martha without once opening her eyes ; and Susan, her mother's maid, had a quiet night. This calm, however, did not last long : at daybreak, Beatrice awoke, and seeing only this woman by her side, began to cry and loudly call for Martha. Susan, aroused, tried to soothe her, and even got up to fetch some picture-books to amuse her, telling her to keep quiet for that Martha would soon be back. The child, however, was not to be pacified ; and Susan, losing all patience, exclaimed :

" If you go on in this way, you shall have a good whipping. Leave off at once ; " and, so saying, she gave the child a smart slap.

Beatrice, who had never before been struck, was so startled and frightened she buried her head under the bedclothes, smothering her sobs that Susan might not hear her cry. When eight o'clock struck, she suffered herself to be taken up and dressed without uttering a word, so great was her fear of Susan. When of her own accord Beatrice knelt down to say her prayers, Susan thought this a good opportunity to go to her mistress and complain of the naughtiness of this child, whom, she asserted, had been treated by her with the greatest kindness. Mrs. Gibson, irritated at her report, went in to Beatrice, whom she found sitting in the furthest corner of the room, and, in the absence of Susan, crying bitterly.

" What is the reason of your crying so, Beatrice ? Are you poorly ? " asked her Mother, in a cold, severe tone.

"Why are you so naughty to kind Susan? What do you want?"

At the words, "kind Susan," the child looked up, her eyes opening wide with surprise, for she remembered the hard slap Susan had given her; but, too frightened to speak of this, she only ventured to say. "I want Martha."

"Martha is coming back to-morrow evening; and if you will be good till then, she shall stay here always; and" continued Mrs. Gibson, in a pettish tone, "as you only care for Martha, you need see no one else in the house."

"Oh, I am so glad Martha's coming!" cried Beatrice, her face lighted up with joy.

"The child is really insufferable," cried Mrs. Gibson, turning to leave the room. Susan followed her mistress, which the latter perceiving, said,

"And, yet, she must not be left alone; I am going, this morning, to London, to see my lawyer, and shall dine in town; therefore, Susan, you must stay with Miss Beatrice till Martha comes back. I will send John to buy her a doll, and some other toys. Try and amuse her. I am afraid she is an unamiable child; but I don't like her to fret so much."

The fear with which Susan had inspired the child, and the latter's hope that her beloved Martha really was coming back, restrained Beatrice from giving way to any more outbursts of grief; and so all went on quietly till the next evening, when Martha made her appearance.

Mrs. Gibson immediately went with her into Beatrice's room, who, no sooner saw her, than she rushed into her arms in a transport of joy. Mrs. Gibson felt relieved of a great weight at Martha's return; but she lingered a few minutes in the nursery to give some orders.

Martha was told that Beatrice would take her meals in the nursery with her ; for Mrs. Gibson dined too late for the child, and, besides, saw a good deal of company. Beatrice was also to go out walking with her nurse, every day that the weather would allow. While her Mother was giving her instructions, Beatrice, not listening to a word that was said, continued to caress Martha.

Mrs. Gibson, now thinking that she had said all that was necessary, turned to leave the room.

" If you please Ma'am, at what time would you like me to bring Miss Beatrice to see you ? " Martha enquired.

" At ten o'clock, when I breakfast."

The old servant was not a close observer of character, nor a woman of much penetration ; but it had not escaped her notice, that while Mrs. Gibson was in the room, she had not addressed a single word to her child, nor had the child even looked at her mother : however, when she recalled what had passed the day before yesterday, she ascribed the coldness, on Mrs. Gibson's part, to her feeling hurt at the way in which Beatrice had behaved on her arrival, and she determined to take pains to get the child to make amends for conduct which, at her age, was very excusable. The next morning, therefore, before taking Beatrice to her mother, she tried to impress upon her to mind and be gentle and obedient, that it might be forgotten she had been wilful, and shown she did not like her new home.

Beatrice promised to do as she was told ; but kept on repeating, she was very frightened of the *lady*, as she would call her mother. And so it was, that when brought into the breakfast room, Martha had almost to drag her up to her Mamma, who very coldly kissed her on her forehead ; and, during the interview, which only lasted five minutes, it was Martha who had to reply to everything

Mrs. Gibson said. Beatrice, intimidated, scarcely dared raise her eyes from the carpet, and never let go her hold of Martha's apron.

For three days, during which there was no change in Beatrice's manner, while in her Mother's presence, Martha vainly exhausted all her eloquence to induce her to behave differently. It must, however, be owned, she accompanied her counsels with reasons little calculated to give them weight.

" You see, my dear child, your Mother does not care for you. All the servants tell me she is completely taken up with your brother, and that she only loves him; you must, therefore, be very good and obedient, that she may not quite take a dislike to you."

Such speeches, one may suppose, were not very likely to effect their object. The day after Martha had delivered her longest lecture, Beatrice was amusing herself in the garden, into which she was allowed to go of a morning. Martha, who was seated on a bench working, was so taken up with her occupation, that she never perceived the little girl was gathering the flowers, to make herself a nosegay; but Mrs. Gibson happening to come to the window, immediately saw her.

It so happened that one of Herbert's chief pleasures was to cultivate flowers, and it was his especial piece of garden, in which everything had been planted by himself, that Beatrice was now inadvertently despiling.

One may suppose, how vexed Mrs. Gibson was at this piece of mischief; hastily opening the window, she cried in an angry tone.

" What are you about, Martha, to let Miss Beatrice gather the flowers? Tell her she is never to touch them, if she wishes me to allow her to go into the garden."

"I will take care she never does so again," said Martha, quite startled. "Poor child ! she did not know she was doing any harm ; for at Farnham —"

"Remember, once for all, that what you did at Farnham, it does not follow you should do here," broke in Mrs. Gibson, impatiently.



BEATRICE CRYING IN THE TOOL-HOUSE.

At the first sound of her Mother's voice in anger, Beatrice, throwing down her flowers on the ground, ran to the bottom of the garden, and took refuge in a toolhouse, where Martha found her crying bitterly.

"Oh, how angry and unkind she is!" cried the little girl to her Nurse, who blamed herself for her own negligence.

"No, no, my dear child, it was my fault; I ought not to have let you pick the flowers, without first asking leave; but, as I have promised it shall never happen again, your Mother is no longer angry."

"Oh, Nurse! perhaps she will punish me."

"Punish you! How can you be so foolish, Miss Beatrice. I tell you she does not think any more about it; and I'll engage she won't speak of it to you."

To tell the truth, Martha was not quite so sure of what she asserted to comfort the child, viz., that Mrs. Gibson would not again allude to the matter; but repeating to herself, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—a favourite saying of hers, she hastened to divert Beatrice's thoughts, by taking her out a walk.

The next morning, when Martha brought up Beatrice's and her own breakfast, she said,

"Is not this lucky, your brother is here; and when we go into your Mamma, he will be there; and she will be so full of him, that she won't have time to think about yesterday and the flowers."

"Then he is going to breakfast with her," said Beatrice. "Yes; and after that, they will go to church together; so eat up your breakfast with a good appetite, for we shan't be scolded."

Mrs. Gibson having been, as usual, to the Charter House during the week, had not failed to tell Herbert of Beatrice's arrival; nor to impart to him that the poor girl was the most disagreeable, unamiable child she had ever come across. In spite of this very unfavourable report, Herbert had still a great wish to see his sister; when

Beatrice, therefore, came into the room, he ran up to her, and kissing her very affectionately, said,

"Good morning, dear Beatrice! I am very glad you have come to live with us."

To Mrs. Gibson's surprise, Beatrice let her brother kiss her without shrinking from him.

"Mamma! is she going to breakfast with us?"

"No! she has already breakfasted; she gets hers earlier than I do."

"But you will come and sit by me; won't you, Beatrice?"

And so saying, Herbert placed a chair beside his own, and lifted Beatrice on to it, without any resistance on her part. She kept her eyes fixed on his face; but there was no fear nor dislike in the look with which she regarded him.

"Oh, Mamma! she really is nice-looking," whispered Herbert to his Mother.

In fact, Beatrice was not plain; the delicacy of her infancy had left her pale and thin, but she had large soft brown eyes, and not a bad nose; her mouth, however, was too large; and this was rendered more apparent, by the loss of some of her first teeth.

"Are you not very glad to come to us," said Herbert, who did not despair of taming her.

"She is contented, so long as Martha is with her," said Mrs. Gibson. "She does not care for any one else."

"Have you brought her up?" enquired Herbert of the old servant.

"I have been with her ever since she was born," Martha replied dryly enough.

"Ah! that accounts for it; you get very fond of any one who has never left you," said the little boy, looking

affectionately at his mother. "But you will love *me* a little bit; won't you, Beatrice," continued he.

A scarcely perceptible smile moved Beatrice's lips; but she made no reply.

Mrs. Gibson, at this moment, referring to her watch, exclaimed,

"My dear boy! it is later than I thought. Make haste, and get ready for church; while I go and put on my things."

"Mamma! is Beatrice going with us?"

"No; she will go out with Martha in the morning; and in the afternoon accompany her to church."

Herbert could only linger to say "Good-bye, for the present, Beatrice; the holidays begin next Saturday, and then I shall be at home for six weeks; won't that be pleasant?"

"Good-bye," said Beatrice, looking wistfully after him, as he ran out of the room.

Martha had not witnessed, without much anger and jealousy, how much Mrs. Gibson preferred her son to her daughter; and she walked back to the nursery in dissatisfied silence. No sooner had they got there, than Beatrice exclaimed with a pleased look.

"Oh, Nurse! how nice he is!"

"Who?" asked Martha pettishly, all the time knowing that Herbert was meant.

"Why! Herbert of course," said Beatrice.

"Poor child!" muttered Martha; "she does not know all the harm he does her."

"Oh, Nurse!" cried Beatrice, who had caught the words, "I am sure Herbert will never do me any harm: he is far too good."

And here, the instinct of the child spoke more truly than the reason of the woman.

That evening, Mrs. Gibson asked if Beatrice could read, and Martha replying that she had begun to learn a little before Mrs. Miller's death, she continued—

"I have been thinking about this; and as Susan tells me she knows of a nice daily nursery governess, I shall engage this young person to come and teach her to read, write, and cipher. And, Beatrice, I expect you will show a wish to please me, by being very industrious."

Beatrice made no answer; but as Susan's name was a bugbear to her, she obstinately determined not to learn of any one recommended by her.

This was very naughty of the little girl; but she was a child of quick feelings; perfectly docile in the hands of those she loved, but refractory under harsh or cold treatment. Susan and she were no better friends now, than they had been at their first meeting: the former was not careful to hide from the child that she looked upon her as a disagreeable intruder; and Beatrice, keeping in mind the slap she had from her, regarded Susan with fear and dislike; and as this servant was much liked by her mistress, the child began to associate the one with the other in her mind, and to extend to her mother the aversion she bore to Susan.

A few mornings after, the daily governess was ushered into the nursery by Susan; but Beatrice, clinging to Martha's arm, declared she would not learn; and all that the three women could do to vanquish her obstinacy was useless. Obliged to give way to the sobs and cries of the child, who would not listen to a word that was said, Susan went to tell her mistress; and one may imagine what an exaggerated report she—before prejudiced against the

child, and now irritated by her present conduct—made to Mrs. Gibson, who was so displeased that she sent for Martha, and after reprimanding her for spoiling Beatrice, told her to tell the latter, that she should be considered in disgrace, not allowed any indulgences, nor suffered to see her mother until she submitted and obeyed.

"I don't care," said Beatrice, when Martha, in tears, told her this sentence. "I don't wish to go and see *her*; and I promise to be very good with *you*, and obey you always."

So saying, she got upon the old woman's lap; threw her arms round her neck; wiped away her tears with her little hand, and begged her not to fret.

Martha, touched by so much affection, dried her eyes and consoled herself with the thought that such a state of things could not last long; for mother or child, sooner or later, must give in.

Next Saturday, when Herbert came home for his holidays; his first enquiry, after kissing his Mother, was for Beatrice.

Mrs. Gibson, accordingly, told him what had occurred; and broke into bitter complaints of the shocking disposition of Beatrice, begging him not to speak about her until the little rebel had become submissive to her will.

Herbert was too much in the habit of obeying his Mother, to venture another word on the forbidden subject; especially as he saw she was just now greatly irritated against his Sister; therefore, although much disappointed at not having Beatrice to talk and play with, he patiently waited for some more favourable time to plead the culprit's cause.

The next morning, Herbert, who rose much earlier than his mother, perceived Beatrice in the garden—for, since

her disgrace, the little girl was only allowed to go there before Mrs. Gibson got up, and while Martha was doing the nursery.

He hastened down to meet her. Beatrice no sooner saw him, than, far from running away, she came to meet him ; and the two, hand in hand, walked silently into an arbour.

"Are you glad to see me, Beatrice?" asked Herbert, when they had sat down.

"Oh, yes ; and it is very well you have come into the garden so early, for Martha will soon be here to take me away."

"You like to be with me, don't you, Beatrice?"

"Yes ; because you speak kindly, and are good to me, as Mamma Miller was."

"You loved her very much, Beatrice?"

"Oh, yes ; and I love her now ; but she has gone up to heaven ; she will never come back to me ; and when I think of that, it makes me cry," and the tears came into the poor little girl's eyes.

"Think that you have got me ; and that we shall be together," said Herbert, kissing her.

"Oh, yes, that will be very nice ; but——"

"But," cried Herbert, interrupting her, "tell me ; is it true that you won't learn to read?"

"Yes."

"And, why?"

"Because it would please the *lady* and Susan ; and I don't want to please them."

Herbert was three years and a half older than his sister ; and from being thrown among other boys, and from the development of mind which study produces, was greatly Beatrice's superior in point of intelligence. Aware of the

feelings with which his sister was regarded in the house; not even the great respect and affection which he had for his Mother, could make him lay all the blame on Beatrice. He saw in her a poor child terrified and exasperated by the treatment she had met with ; and he reasoned, that she could not have such a bad disposition, since she showed herself gentle and affectionate to Martha and himself; indeed, to anyone who seemed to love her.

But before Beatrice could hope to gain her Mother's affection, it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, for her to obtain Mrs. Gibson's pardon by an act of obedience, to which she seemed little disposed ; and in his desire to make Beatrice yield, Herbert thought he had hit on a capital plan.

"But, consider Beatrice, you will soon be a big girl, and then you will feel quite ashamed of not knowing how to read."

"I can spell already."

"That's right; but don't you wish to know more? Shall I teach you? Would you like to learn from me?"

"Oh, yes ! but how can we manage that ? I don't go there." And she pointed, with her finger, to Mrs. Gibson's window.

"Listen ! I am going to work for two hours every morning, during the holidays. I will ask Mamma to let me do my lessons in the summer-house ; and, as she never gets up before nine, if you will come here at seven, I will hear you read for half-an-hour."

"Oh ! I shall be sure to come. It is very different learning from you ; for you won't scold me ; and, besides, I shall see you for that time, which will be so nice."

"I shall give you something every day, to prepare for me by the next morning, Beatrice ; but, as at first, you

won't be able to get your lesson learnt without help, you must ask Martha to assist you."

"Oh! that will be just the thing; if only you are allowed to come to the summer-house."

"Oh! I am sure Mamma will let me; she is very kind, I can tell you."

"Yes, to you."



HERBERT TEACHING BEATRICE TO READ.

Herbert kissed Beatrice without replying to this speech, spoken in the most natural manner, and without any bitterness.

Martha being punctual in coming to fetch her charge, the two children had to separate; but parted, rejoicing in the hope of soon meeting again.

Beatrice lost no time in telling her Nurse, that Herbert was going to teach her to read ; and how she should, every day, see this dear brother, of whom she was so fond ; and she seemed so pleased, that it required all Martha's rancour against Mrs. Gibson's favourite, to prevent her sharing in the joy of her darling. This rancour, however, did not hinder her, that evening, telling her dear child, she had seen the footman carry into the summer-house a table, books, and writing materials. It was, then, in the certainty of finding Herbert at his post, that Beatrice went, next morning, to the place appointed, where she found her brother awaiting her. There was no time to be lost ; so they immediately opened a story-book, which Herbert had brought with him. It was curious and interesting to see a little boy of about ten years, teaching a child of six ; and the more so, because in the first lesson, as in the following ones, the gravity of the master, and the attention of the pupil, never for a moment relaxed ; so desirous was Herbert that Beatrice should please his Mother ; and so anxious was Beatrice to gratify Herbert.

For three weeks the children repaired, every morning, to the summer-house ; and, thanks to her painstaking tutor, to the instruction she had already had at Mrs. Miller's, and to the trouble Martha took with her, Beatrice could now read fluently.

One morning, on coming to their rendezvous, the little girl did not, as usual, find her brother there. She sat, vainly expecting him, till Martha came for her,—and she was obliged to go in, for fear, if she waited longer, Mrs. Gibson's blinds would be drawn up.

Martha, seeing her pet troubled and uneasy, readily consented to go down into the kitchen and question the servants. When she came up again, she told Beatrice

that Herbert had been rather feverish in the night, and that Mrs. Gibson had made him stay in bed; but that it would be nothing more than a cold.

"We shall see, to-morrow, if he comes to the summer-house," said the little girl; "Oh, how I wish to-morrow were here!"

Beatrice fretted so about her brother, wanting to know if he was in much pain, that Martha went down stairs several times, during the day, to bring her word. The old woman took care to keep from her darling that the doctor who had come in the morning, and was to pay another visit before night, feared there was something serious the matter. But the poor child was, nevertheless, very sad; could not play, and would scarcely eat anything, saying she was not hungry.

You may suppose, it was in vain Beatrice sought the summer-house next day. However, as the poor girl had not the heart to go anywhere else, Martha, for the following week, continued to take her into the garden every morning at seven o'clock, carefully concealing from her that her brother was growing worse.

One morning, the old servant coming later than usual to fetch her, Beatrice, surprised at this, said to her that nine o'clock had struck, and that Mrs. Gibson's blinds would be drawn up immediately.

"Oh," rejoined Martha, "we can stay as long as we like in the garden now; for your Mamma does not leave your brother's room, which looks out into the yard." Apprised of this, Beatrice, the next morning, as soon as she found herself alone in the garden, cautiously approached the dining-room, which had French windows, opening out on to the lawn; looking in she saw, as she had expected, one of the servants doing the room. This was what she wanted,

and pushing open the window, she ran up to her, crying out,

"Oh, Jane! Do tell me how Herbert is."

"I don't know, yet, how he is this morning, Miss; but he was very ill yesterday. It is to be hoped that he won't die; for I am sure it would be the death of my poor mistress." So saying, she left the room.

Beatrice had been so far from supposing Herbert's life was in danger that this answer fell upon her like a thunder-bolt. She sat down upon a chair, and burst into a flood of tears; for, since she had lost Mrs. Miller, she knew that to die was to go away for ever. So she remained for some time full of the dreadful thought that she should not see Herbert any more, and forgetful that she might be found here any moment by her mother.

Suddenly, Beatrice, who had been brought up very religiously by Mrs. Miller, threw herself on her knees, and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, implored God that he would not let her brother die. She was thus engaged when Mrs. Gibson, who wanted something out of the room, softly entered. At sight of the child on her knees she was much surprised, and, approaching her, said, very gently: "Are you praying, Beatrice?"

"I was asking God not to let Herbert die," said Beatrice, rising, with the tears running down her cheeks.

Much moved, Mrs. Gibson stooped down and, for the first time in her life, affectionately kissed Beatrice, saying: "Now go back to the nursery, My dear; Herbert is much better this morning, and, when he is well enough to bear it, you shall come and see him."

Beatrice, drying her eyes, looked smilingly up into her mother's face, that face which only the evening before she had so much dreaded, and immediately obeyed.

Pleased as Beatrice was, her joy did not exceed Martha's when the old Nurse learned what had occurred. She made Beatrice go over the story a second time, that she might be quite sure of the very words Mrs. Gibson had used; so Beatrice repeated that her mother had kissed her, had called her, "My dear;" and then joyously ex-



THE DOCTOR COMING TO SEE HERBERT.

claimed: "Oh! my brother was right when he told me that she was so kind."

During the following week the little boy got so rapidly better that the medical men let him take more nourishment and leave his bed every day a little; while Martha, who did not fail to learn the exact progress the invalid was making, brought Beatrice an improved report every

day, which made the little girl clap her hands and exclaim :

“ Oh, I am so glad ! and perhaps Mamma will let me see him soon.”

At last, one day, more than a week after Beatrice’s happy interview with her mother—a time which had seemed an age to the child—just as she and her Nurse were sitting down to dinner, a knock came to the door. Martha called out, “ Come in ;” and Thomas entered, saying, his Mistress wished Miss Beatrice to come down stairs.

“ I will bring her directly,” said Martha, her eyes sparkling with pleasure ; and no time was lost, the little girl being quite as eager as her Nurse to obey the summons. “ Mind, my dear child,” said Martha, as they went down stairs, at a pace no longer very easy to the old woman ; “ mind and behave while with your Mamma just as you used to do with Mamma Miller.”

“ Oh, yes !” replied Beatrice. “ I am no longer at all afraid of her.”

But what contributed still further to reassure the little girl was, that as soon as they came into the room, Mrs. Gibson said : “ Martha, you may leave Miss Beatrice ; she will dine with us.” These gracious words satisfied Beatrice that she was taken into favour.

She stooped to kiss Herbert, who was lying on the sofa, and he whispered to her : “ Dear Beaty, if you would be the first to speak to Mamma.” Beatrice understood him ; and, going up to her mother, she said, reddening : “ Will you forgive me, Mamma ? I am very sorry for having been so naughty.”

“ I willingly forgive you, my dear child,” replied her Mother, kissing her ; “ for your brother has told me all,

and I know that you have been learning to read, and I am glad you have tried to please me."

The time was gone by when Beatrice would have answered, that she had not done so to please *the Lady*.

Taken into favour, and no longer afraid of her Mother, this day was to her the first of many happy ones. From henceforth she shared in all the pleasures and indulgences granted to her brother: her good qualities, hitherto checked by fear and coldness, rapidly expanded in the genial atmosphere of love; and it was not long before Mrs. Gibson regarded both her children with an equal degree of affection.



## THE LOST CHILD;

OR,

## THE DAY AT THE FAIR.

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"OH! how tired I am. I don't know what to do to amuse myself," said little Amelia, one day, to her Mamma.

*Mamma.*—Tired, and don't know how to amuse yourself, My dear! And yet you have plenty of nice toys.

*Amelia.*—Oh, yes, Mamma! I have plenty of toys, but then I have always to play by myself. You see, I have no sister, no brother, no cousin, no playmate; it really is very dull, and I am not happy.

*Mamma.*—My dear Amelia, how can you say that? You are not happy! and yet God has loaded you with blessings. Only consider what you have received from Him. In the first place: good parents, who not only love you tenderly and are always seeking to give you pleasure, but who besides are rich enough to procure you a handsome house, good clothes, delicate food, in a word, all that you need and can desire. Then, do you not enjoy good health? Your limbs are all whole and straight; you have your hearing, and your sight. Think how many poor children are without all these blessings, or have only a very few of

them ; and you will no longer dare to say that you are not happy. This is being ungrateful to God.

*Amelia.*—Oh, Mamma ! I am sorry I said so. I had not thought of all you have been saying ; but tell me, it is not wrong, is it, to wish for a little sister, or a play-fellow; and I may ask God to send me one, may I not?

*Mamma.*—Yes, you may do so ; but if God does not grant your prayer, you ought to feel sure that it is because He does not think it proper for you ; and, in that case, you ought not to make the least murmur. Now, as you have been good this morning, and are tired of playing, I will give you a treat. Go and tell Nurse she may get you ready to go with her to the Fair, which is held in the town to-day. I dare say that will amuse you ; and as you have still the ten shillings which Papa gave you on your birthday, you may buy yourself a pretty doll with it, which will partly stand in the place of the longed-for play-fellow.

Amelia did not need to be twice told, and as soon as she was ready, her Nurse taking her hand, off they set.

“ Oh, Nurse ! what nice booths,” cried the little girl, as soon as they got to the Fair. Stop ! here are some dolls at this stall ; but they are not dressed, and I want one that is. Ah ! there are others ; but they have got such poor frocks, I won’t have one of them.”

They passed through a good many rows of booths without Amelia’s being able to find a doll she liked. Those she saw were always either too large or too small, or had some other defect. At last they were more successful, and met with one that would just do ; Nurse was on the point of buying it, when the little girl heard a plaintive voice behind her murmur something. She turned round quickly, and saw a poor little boy—a cripple—who was



THE POOR CRIPPLE BEGGING FROM AMELIA.

begging of her. He dragged himself painfully along, with the help of crutches ; for one of his legs was much shorter than the other. His clothes were in rags ; and his face so pale and sad, that Amelia could not help thinking of what her Mamma had that morning said to her. Pulling her Nurse by the sleeve, she whispered.

"Don't buy the doll. Just look at this poor boy, how wretched he is ! Give him my money. I have plenty of things to make me happy ; and I don't require the doll."

"But, Miss, I don't know whether your parents would like you to dispose of your money thus ; and the poor boy, perhaps, will be none the happier for your giving it him : his parents will take it from him, and most likely he will get no good of it."

"Oh, Miss, pray do give me some pence !" said the cripple. "Father beats me so, when I don't bring anything home."

*Amelia.*—Poor boy ! Your Father beats *you*, does he ? And your Mother ; is she good to *you* ?

*The Cripple.*—My Mother is dead, Miss.

*Amelia.*—Have you brothers and sisters ?

*The Cripple.*—Yes, Miss ; but as I cannot run about and play with them, they don't trouble themselves about me, unless it is to tease me, by telling me that I am fit for nothing.

*Amelia.*—Oh, Nurse ! how unfortunate *he* is ! No Mother ! No money ! No good legs, like mine ! And a cruel father, and bad brothers ! And I to say, this morning, that I was not happy ! But what must we do for him ? At any rate, give him some pence, that he may not get beaten. And look at his smock frock ; it is all in rags ; shall we buy him another at one of these booths ?

*Nurse.*—If you are resolved to give up your doll, that will be the best thing you can do for him.

*Amelia.*—Oh! I don't any longer wish for the doll. Come, quick! and buy the smock frock. And let us tell him where Mamma lives. I am sure she will do something for him.

Nurse got a very good smock frock; and Amelia had the pleasure of seeing the poor cripple's sad face light up with pleasure, as he gratefully thanked her. She told him where Mrs. Henderson (her Mamma) lived, and then leaving him; she and Nurse continued their walk in the fair, Amelia carrying a lighter heart for the charitable action she had done, than if she had only thought of her own gratification, and selfishly bought herself the doll.

The shows—of which there were a good many—now attracted the little girl's notice. If any of my little readers have ever been at a fair, they will know the charm of wax-work figures, circuses, giants and dwarfs, wild beasts, and last, not least, our old friends Punch and Judy. And they will not wonder that Amelia left Nurse little peace until she had let her have a peep at most of these marvels. As for Punch, so taken with him was Amelia, that even after the curtain fell, she stood staring with her mouth wide open.

*Nurse.*—Come, Miss Amelia, the show is over, and we really must go home; for it is getting late, and I am afraid your Mamma will think we have stayed too long.

*Amelia.*—Oh, Nurse! look at that nice little girl down there, crying so bitterly. What can she be doing all by herself.

Nurse looked to where Amelia pointed, and saw a little girl, between two and three years old; evidently a lady's child, and very nicely dressed. She wore a white em-

broidered frock, a blue sash, and a large straw hat, from under which her fair hair fell in long thick curls. She was sobbing so much, that they could hardly see her large blue eyes. Amelia, who pitied the pretty little thing's distress, kissed her and did all she could to comfort her; when she had succeeded in calming her a little, she asked—

“Why are you here alone? Have you lost yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Were you with your Nurse?”

“Yes.”

“Did she leave you?

“No; Minny ran, ran from her, and can't find Nursey.”

“You are called Minny?”

“Yes.”

“And your Mamma; what is her name?”

“Mamma.”

“And your Papa?”

“Papa.”

“She is too young,” said Amelia's Nurse, “to be able to show us where she lives; but, no doubt she is being looked for. Come, my dear, give me your hand, and we will try and find your Nurse.”

They went through the fair, without finding any one that claimed Minny. Amelia kept saying every minute,

“Do let us take her home with us; she is so pretty and ladylike, that she will do for a live doll, which is much better than a wax one.”

Nurse thought this was the only thing to be done; but before leaving the fair, she gave Mrs. Henderson's address to several of the shopkeepers, that they might be able to say where the little girl was, if enquiries were made.

As soon as they reached home, Amelia bounded up stairs, and bursting into the drawing-room, exclaimed.



AMELIA TRYING TO COMFORT MINNY, WHO HAS LOST HER NURSE.

"Oh, Papa! Oh, Mamma! I have not brought a doll, but something far prettier—a little live sister that I found at the fair."

Her parents looked at her in astonishment, not conceiving what she meant; but Nurse entering with poor little Minny, told the whole history.

"How uneasy her Mamma must be," said Mrs. Henderson.

"But, now," cried Amelia, "she is a little sister, whom God has sent me. You shall be her Mamma; and Papa, her Papa. I hope she will always stay with us. Come, Minny! let me take off your hat. Give me a kiss. How pretty you are! I shall be so fond of you; and we shall be very happy together."

At tea-time, Minny sat by Amelia's side; and the latter petted the little stranger so much, that Minny forgot her troubles, and became very reconciled to her new friends. When bed-time came, Amelia was delighted to lend her one of her night-gowns and night-caps, and to put her in her own bed, giving her plenty of room.

The two children slept very soundly. On awakening in the morning, the first thing that Amelia saw was a young and pretty lady; who, laughing and crying, clasped Minny in her arms, smothering her with kisses, and calling her, "My own darling." The lady, seeing Amelia looking at her somewhat startled, and with her eyes full of tears, kissed her also, and thanked her for all the care and kindness she had shown her little Mary.

"If you only knew how unhappy I have been. I thought that some wicked showmen had stolen my poor child; and that they would beat her, and bring her up to be a bad girl. Oh, never do as she did, my dear child! never leave your Nurse when you are out with her, and

give your Mamma the anxiety I have suffered. Minny was attracted by some of the pictures outside the shows, and strayed from her Nurse, who was so busy talking to some of her friends, that it was a little while before she missed the child : this was why Minny was not found directly. And it was only late last night, that I knew into what good hands she had fallen."

"Are you going to take her away?" said Amelia, crying. "I was so pleased to have a little sister."

"Why, you would not rob me of my little girl ; my only child!" said the lady. "Besides, she shall still remain your little friend ; and you shall come and see her frequently. Your Mamma has promised me this ; and I will send her often to play with you."

Notwithstanding this assurance ; after Minny's departure, Amelia began to cry, saying.

"It would have been far better if I had never found Minny. Now that I have lost her, just as I fancied she was going to be my little sister, I am much more troubled at being alone than I was before."

*Mamma.*—Listen to this little story, Amelia. Once upon a time, there was a lady who had a box of sweet-meats. It happened that this lady had a little girl whom she tenderly loved, and she made her a present of the box and all the sweetmeats, with the exception of *one*, which she kept. Perhaps she wished to eat it herself ; or, perhaps she thought it contained something hurtful to her child. I do not know what her reasons were ; but she kept this single sweetmeat. No doubt, you think that the little girl thanked her kind mother very much. Not at all ; she began to cry and fret, saying, that she did not care for the other sweetmeats, if she had not also the *one* her mother had kept ; and that she should be miserable as

long as she did not get it. What do you think of the conduct of this child, Amelia?

*Amelia.*—I think she was very ungrateful and silly; and I see, Mamma, that by her, you mean me; for you think I am behaving in the same way to God; but I will not do so any more; I see how wrong I have been.

Just as she was speaking, Nurse came in to say that the little cripple was at the door, asking to see her.

Amelia had been so taken up with Minny, that she had quite forgotten the poor boy. She now told her Mamma all about him; and the thought of his unhappy condition, did more, than any words could have done, to convince her how wrong she had been in complaining of her own lot.

After Mrs. Henderson had spoken to the poor boy; she told Amelia that she hoped to be able to remove him from his cruel Father, and get him placed in some Reformatory, where he would be well cared for. The little girl, much pleased to hear this, gratefully kissed her Mamma; and all the rest of the day, she was amiable and contented.

The next morning, on awakening, what was her surprise, to see by her bedside a charming cradle, with gay chintz curtains, and in this cradle she almost thought she beheld Minny; but it was not she, but a splendid wax doll, as big as a baby, having, like Minny, long fair curls and large blue eyes; and, like her, an embroidered white frock, and a blue sash. On a chair, by the side of the cradle, was placed a red leather trunk, which held a complete wardrobe for the doll; and in her hand, the young lady had a piece of paper, on which these words were written, “The little Sister of the Fair, sends this present to her kind friend, Amelia; and begs her to come and spend the day with her.”

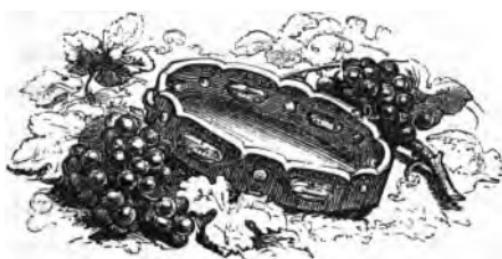
I leave you to fancy Amelia’s delight. She did not fail

to carry her dear doll with her, when she went to "The Elms," for so the house was called, where her new friend, little Minny Collier, lived. Here there was a large garden for the children to play in; and a capital swing, with which they amused themselves for long; and then Minny took her companion indoors, and showed her all her toys, of which she had a great number. So pleasantly did the day pass, that, on getting home, Amelia threw her arms round her Mother's neck, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mamma! I have never had such a happy day."

"I am sure, my dear," replied her Mamma, "that if Minny had stayed here, as you so much wished, at the end of a few days, you would not have been so happy together. She is younger than you; she would have taken your toys, and, perhaps, broken them, and then you would have been vexed; whereas, seeing each other often, without being always together, you will both enjoy yourselves much more."

*Amelia.*—Yes, Mamma! you are quite right; besides, if Minny had stayed here, I should not have seen her nice garden and all her playthings. I will now always remember that God knows better than I do, what is good for me.



## COWARDICE CONQUERED ;

OR,

## FRANCIS THE CRAVEN AND FRANCIS THE BRAVE.

**F**RANCIS.—Oh ! ah ! ah ! Mamma ! Mamma, come quickly ; I'm in such pain ! So hurt ! And it bleeds, it bleeds.

*Mamma*.—What is the matter with you, My dear ? Don't cry so loud ; but show me your terrible hurt. If I were not used to your piercing cries, I should think you were being half killed.

*Francis*.—Oh, Mamma ! It is Tibby, that horrid Tibby, who has bitten and scatched me. Oh ! It hurts me so ! It hurts me so !

*Mamma*.—You must have sadly teased Tibby, to make her so angry. Let me see your hand. I scarcely think she can have hurt you very much. What ! Is it only these two red spots which have caused all this outcry. Tibby's teeth have scarcely grazed the skin ; and her scratch is also a mere trifle. Are you not ashamed, that you cannot bear the slightest pain, but must put yourself in such a way. The house is for ever ringing with your cries. You cannot fall, if it is only on the carpet, or your brothers push you in play, without your crying out as if a limb were broken. I am very sorry to see this fault in

you ; if you do not overcome it, it will render you quite contemptible. It is cowardice in a boy to be so afraid of pain.

Francis slunk away at his Mother's rebuke, quite ashamed of himself ; but this did not prevent his crying five or six times before bed-time.

Early the next morning, he was awakened by the joyous exclamation of his two brothers, Leonard and Ralph, who were standing in their night-shirts, at the window, clapping their hands and shouting,

"Oh, how jolly ! how jolly ! here's the snow ; such a fall of it. And to-day is a whole holiday ; is it not lucky ? We shall be able to play as much as we like."

Francis buried his head under the bed clothes, crying out,

"Oh, how cold ! I would far rather not get up all day ; but stay in bed, where it is warm and cozy."

*Leonard.*—You lazy fellow ! You would do far wiser to jump out of bed at once, without any shilly-shallying. Only come and see how beautiful the firs look, with their branches bending under the weight of the snow ; and this white carpet sparkling in the sun. I am sure it will make you long to go out. I promise you, Ralph and I mean to have rare sport.

Immediately after breakfast, the three boys asked and obtained leave to go out. While Francis crawled along, wrapped up in two or three rugs and half-a-dozen comforters, his brothers scampered about merrily ; pelted each other with snow-balls ; and when tired of that amusement, set to work to make a snow man.

"I will help you," said Francis, coming up. "You'll see, I shall do much more work than you."

He took up in his hands—cased in thick woollen gloves



FRANCIS CRYING, BECAUSE THE CAT HAS SCRATCHED HIM.

—some snow, which he carried very slowly to the spot ; and then began to complain.

“ Oh, how cold it is ! My gloves are wet through.”

*Ralph.*—I dare say they are ; and if you will work in gloves, your hands are sure to get numbed ; besides, you are so packed up, you can hardly move. The surest way to get warm, is to work much and briskly ; not in the lazy way you are doing. Look at me, I don’t complain of cold.



THE BOYS OUT IN THE SNOW.

*Leonard.*—Nor I, neither ; my hands are quite warm now.

*Francis.*—Oh, oh ! my poor feet, how they hurt me ; and my fingers ; and my nose too : it’s freezing, as if I were in Russia.

Crying and complaining, he took refuge in the house, where he left his Mother and Nurse no peace until they had well chafed his hands and feet ; then, well muffled up, he sat crouching over the fire.

It was not long before he tired of this very quiet way of

spending his time; and, getting up, went to the window to see what his brothers were doing.

The snow man had rapidly progressed; they were just fitting on his head, which consisted of a large round snow-ball. Leonard then went to fetch two pieces of coal, for his eyes; a carrot did duty for his nose; another, placed horizontally, for his mouth; and an inverted flower-pot, served for a helmet, in the hole of which, the boys had stuck a branch of fir to represent a plume; and they put the finishing stroke, by making him shoulder a large stick for a musket.

The two boys thought he looked splendid; and, quite proud of their work, ~~danced~~ round him, and called every one out of the house to admire Old Father Winter, as they called him.

The dinner-bell ~~now~~ ringing, brought them in-doors; their cheeks all in a glow, from the exercise they had been taking.

"Oh, Francis! you silly fellow! to keep moping in-doors," said Ralph. "Leonard and I have had such fun; and, do you know, Mamma has allowed us to invite all our schoolfellows to come and play with us after our dinner. We mean to build a snow fortress, and then besiege it; it will be just like real war."

*Leonard.*—I am to be the English general, and head the attacking party; while Ralph defends the fortress.

*Francis.*—I should like to be captain.

*Ralph.*—You! You are far too much of a poltroon.

After dinner, Leonard and Ralph collected a score of their schoolfellows; and all these little people set to work, very busily, to construct formidable ramparts of snow. Russians and English, friends and foes, all laboured; and so the work got on very rapidly. Francis tried to mix

among the workers; but he soon put on such a miserable look, that his companions laughed in his face, ridiculing and teasing him, in a thousand ways; till he was once more driven into the house, where he took up his old post of observation at the window; standing there for long, very moped and weary.

The sight of others enjoying themselves, instead of diverting him, increased his chagrin; for he was troubled, that he could not do as they did.

At last, when the siege fairly begun, he could stay away no longer, and determined to go and join the combatants.

The English, with their general, Leonard, at their head, attacked the ramparts of Sebastopol, and tried to demolish them with their hands and sabres; while the Russians repulsed them with a shower of snow-balls. Francis quickly clambered to the assault with the others; but a snow-ball presently hitting him on the cheek, he retreated, uttering piercing cries. His comrades surrounded him, crying out,

“Are you wounded? Has the ball carried off a leg, or an arm, or, at least, an ear?”

“No, no!” cried Francis; “but it is so cold — so cold — and I feel it running down my neck.”

“Oh, the Mollycot! the poltroon! the coward!” was shouted on all sides. “We will have no coward among us. Down with the coward.” And all set to work trying who could hardest pelt him with snowballs. You may think how their luckless victim howled. At last, Leonard took pity on him, and, rescuing him from the hands of his companions, led him back into the house. There was nothing for it but to have recourse once more to the window, and content himself with witnessing from it the taking of Sebastopol and the triumph of General Leonard,

who, flag in hand, was borne round the garden on the shoulders of his men, with shouts of joy and cries of victory.

In the evening, when the three boys were with their Mother, she said to them: "I have just had a note from



MAKING THE SNOW MAN,

our friend Mr. Graham, who invites you all to spend to-morrow afternoon at his house. He says there is to be skating on the pond, which is frozen hard; and he promises to take good care of you."

*Ralph.*—How delightful! What a treat! We shall learn to skate, and that is so amusing. You will accept, won't you, Mamma?

*Mamma.*—I will accept for you and Leonard; but as for Francis, I cannot let him go.

*Francis.*—Oh! why, Mamma? Why?

*Mamma.*—My dear boy, you yourself ought to understand why; it is impossible to learn to skate, or even to slide, without getting many a tumble, and I do not wish to give Mr. Graham the annoyance of hearing you perpetually crying.



FRANCIS WATCHING HIS BROTHERS AT PLAY.

Francis dared not reply, for he too well felt that his Mother was right; but, later on, when she went to see him in bed, she found him in tears.

“Oh, Mamma, I am so unhappy!” said he. “Why cannot I amuse myself, and be gay and contented, like others?”

*Mamma.*—Do not say, you *cannot*; say, you *will not*. Make the firm resolve to overcome your cowardice; if you strive hard, you will certainly succeed, and be able to do what is done by others. You are not differently made

from your brothers ; you are as strong as they, and have quite as good health. I will tell you of a way by which, I think, you may cure yourself. When you are hurt, put your hand before your mouth, saying to yourself : I am determined I won't cry. At first, this will seem very difficult ; but it will become easier and easier if you only persevere.

*Francis.*—Yes, Mamma. You are right. I will do that. I am determined to conquer my cowardice ; and I will ask God not to let me forget my good resolution. Will you let me go with Leonard and Ralph, to-morrow ? and I promise you, that even if I break my leg I will not cry out.

*Mamma.*—I hope your good resolutions won't be put to so severe a test. Don't make rash promises, My boy. A bad habit, long indulged in, is not so easily overcome. Now, good night. I will let you go to-morrow, as you see your fault and really wish to correct it.

The morrow proving very fine and frosty, the three boys started in high glee for Mr. Graham's house at Lasswade. There they found a number of children of the neighbourhood. The elder ones were amusing themselves with skating, and the younger ones making capital slides at the edge of the pond. There were also some pretty little sledges for the little girls, these the skaters pushed off, and they slid over the ice with great rapidity.

Francis was attracted by the peals of laughter from the children who were sliding, and who every now and then fell over each other, but got up quite merrily, making very light of their tumbles.

He too began to slide, and it was not long before he also met with a tumble, and a pretty severe one. A cry escaped him ; but, remembering his good resolution, he

pressed his two hands over his mouth, and kept them firmly there for a minute or two.

It seemed to him that this lessened the pain, and that it was over much sooner than when he cried; therefore, much encouraged, he again fell to his amusement with fresh ardour. He had some more tumbles, but, firm to his resolution, he manfully suppressed a cry.

Suddenly, when he was somewhat in advance of his companions, taking a long slide, he heard behind him the cry, "Beware! beware!" but before he had time to get out of the way, a sledge, which had been pushed off with great force, ran against him, throwing the poor child forward on the ice, and making his nose bleed very much. Mr. Graham ran forward and raised him up. "No, no! I won't!" cried Francis.

*Mr. Graham.*—Won't, what? my boy?

*Francis.*—I won't cry! I won't cry! but I can hardly help, for it hurts me a good deal.

*Mr. Graham.*—Come with me; the pain will soon be over. You are really a brave little fellow.

When Francis had got his face washed, and the pain had gone off, Mr. Graham said it was time to come in; and the children sat down to an excellent tea, to which they were prepared to do full justice. Francis had the seat of honour, at Mr. Graham's right hand; and, when the children were leaving, that gentleman called the boy to him and gave him a splendid pine apple to take home, saying:

"Here, my dear child, is a reward for your good conduct. You have to-day shown much strength of will, and much courage."

Then turning to the other children, he added.

"Remember, my children, the noblest courage consists

in bearing pain without a murmur. I think some of you who were so ready yesterday with your taunts to my little friend, may take a lesson from the brave way in which he bore his severe fall to-day."

I leave you, my readers, to picture the joy and pride of little Francis when he got home and told his Mother all that had happened, exclaiming, as he threw his arms round her neck, "Now, dear Mamma, I am no longer a COWARD."



THE LITTLE FISHERMAN;  
OR,  
THE FORTUNES OF DAVID EVANS.

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DAVID EVANS, was scarcely six years' old when he had the misfortune to become an orphan. His father, who worked in the pits at Swansea, was killed by a terrible explosion, in which many other colliers lost their lives; and the shock to David's mother was so great that she died six months after her husband, commending poor little Davie, her only child, to the care of her brother, John Rees, more commonly called Old John the Fisherman, who, with his wife and children, lived in a small cottage on the banks of the Neath.

Uncle John was very kind to his poor little Nephew—took him out in his boat, taught him to swim, showed him how to fish, and instructed him in the making of osier baskets.

The little boy took so much pains to please his Uncle that he soon became very useful to him, and learned to be a skilful fisherman. A good many tourists came to the neighbourhood, so there was always a ready sale for any trout he caught; and now and then he was able to sell a basket.

I have not yet said anything about Martha Rees, little Davie's Aunt. The poor boy was very much afraid of her, for she was harsh to him, and did not treat him as well as

she did her own children. She was naturally an ill-tempered woman, and had become still more soured by much trouble, and having to bring up a great many children. The family were very poor, and she looked upon Davie as another mouth to feed and another creature to clothe; for though the poor child did what he could, he was yet too young to earn enough for his maintenance. The big boys, his cousins, often teased him, and tyrannised over him. It was only little Mary Ann who always took his part, and so he loved her dearly. He never came home from his day's fishing without bringing her something: sometimes it was a little basket he had made, sometimes a nosegay of flowers, sometimes a bird's nest; and she was always ready to welcome him, and to take a lively interest in his fishing.

Unfortunately, fish, like children, are capricious. One fine day, little Davie had baited his hook and thrown his line with praiseworthy patience; but not a fish would bite, though he had been at the work for hours. When he came in with his hands empty, his Aunt Martha, who happened to be out of humour, as was frequently the case, instead of exercising her sense to reflect, that fish will not always come to be caught, took it into her head that Davie had been idling away his time, playing with other boys, and without listening to a word the child said, gave him a slap and sent him off to bed without his supper. Poor Davie was sitting on the edge of his bed, feeling very hungry and miserable, when he heard a light, quick step, and Mary Ann put her head in.

"Look, Davie! here is my supper. I have managed to smuggle it off to you. I could not eat it while you were here alone and hungry."

*Davie.—You are very kind, Mary Ann; but, perhaps,*

later on you will be hungry. Stop! let us divide it. I shall have quite enough with half.

*Mary Ann.*—Very well, and I will sit by you and eat mine. I am sorry Mother was so cross to you. I am sure you must be angry with her for scolding you so, and sending you off to bed without anything to eat.

*Davie.*—Angry! I was so at first; because, do you see, it was not fair that I should be punished. It was not my fault that I did not take any fish. I did not play at all; and I did all I could to catch some. So, I said to myself, that Aunt Martha was very unjust and harsh upon me, and that I could not bear her; but, just now, I knelt down to say my prayers, and when I came to the words, “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,” I remembered that if I kept on being angry with my Aunt, God would not forgive me my faults; and, I thought to myself, Aunt Martha is poor, she has many things to vex her, so, perhaps, it is no great wonder she is sometimes in a bad humour. Besides, she has been kind to me; for if she had not taken me in, I must have gone to the Workhouse, as so many poor orphans do. In thinking of all this, my anger went down; and when you came in, I had just been praying God to bless my Aunt.

*Mary Ann.*—You are very good, Davie; much better than I am, for I always feel furious with those who torment you, especially my brothers. If I were strong enough, I think I should fight them.

*Davie.*—I am not good; but I wish to become so, that God may love me, and make me a skilful fisherman, able to earn a good deal of money.

*Mary Ann.*—And what would you do with this money?

*Davie.*—Buy a pretty little cottage for myself.

*Mary Ann.*—What! you would leave me, would you?

*Davie.*—No, no! you don't let me finish. I was going to say, that I should ask you to come and live with me, to look after my house, and cook my dinner.

*Mary Ann.*—Oh, how nice that would be! and there would be no one to scold us. Make haste to grow big, and earn money.

*Davie.*—Meanwhile I must try and catch a good many fish, to put your Mother in a good humour. There, she is calling you. Good night, dear *Mary Ann*.

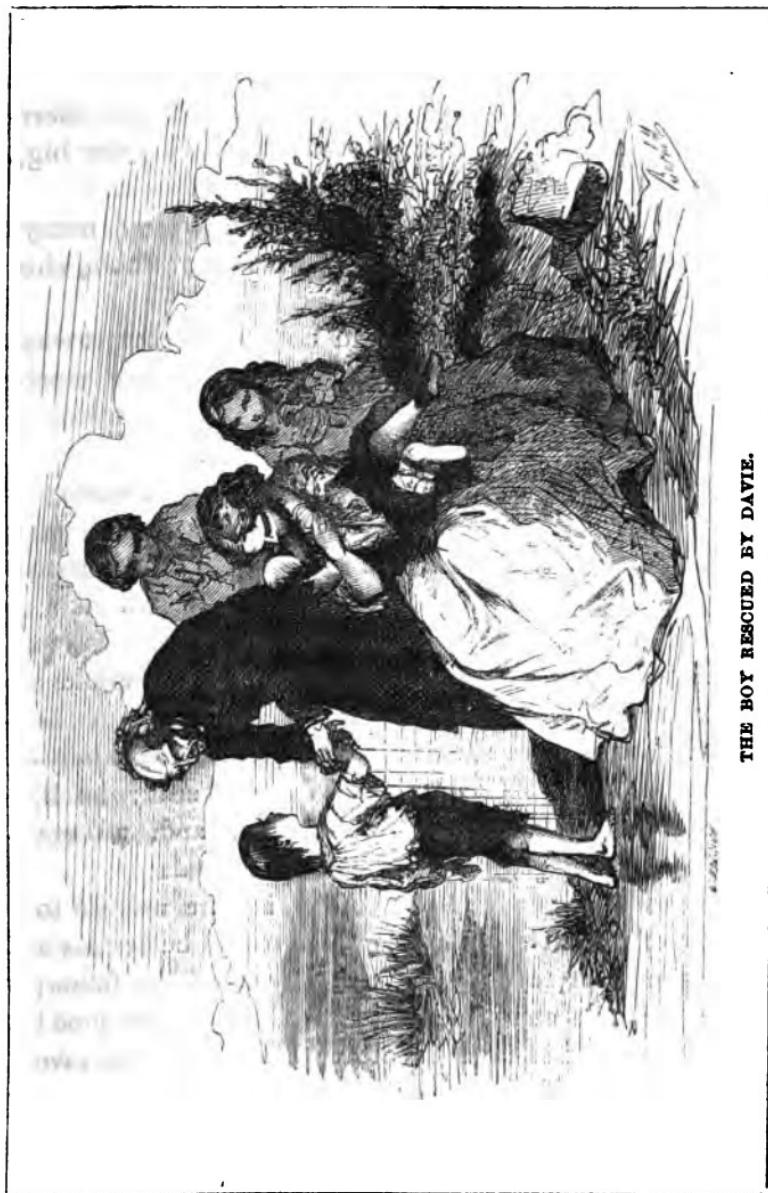
The next day, Davie again went out to fish; but it was in vain he chose the best spots, and put on the most taking bait, the fish were as bad as yesterday, and would not even give him a nibble.

"Oh, dear!" said he. "I shan't get anything to-day; and perhaps Aunt Martha will be as cross as she was yesterday, and send me off to bed without any supper; and this after I have taken so much trouble."

As he was thus talking to himself, he heard the sound of merry singing, and, looking, he saw an elegant pleasure boat, painted red and white, which was coming up the river; it was rowed by gentlemen, and there were gaily-dressed ladies in, and a little boy younger than himself, wearing a blue velvet tunic, and a hat with a large feather. A lady was sitting by his side, and fondling him.

"How happy he is!" said David, "he is not obliged to fish all the day; and, instead of a harsh Aunt, he has a kind Mamma, who loves him dearly. Ah! the rash fellow, how he leans over to reach that water-lily. Good God! he is in the water! Quick, quick! Perhaps I can save him."

Davie could swim like a fish; and in two minutes he was up with the boy, just as he was beginning to sink; and seizing him with one hand, he struck out with the



THE BOY RESCUED BY DAVIE.

other, till the boat, which the current had rather carried from them, now came to their assistance ; they were taken in, and the party quickly rowed to land. The pretty little boy, who was called George, had not even lost consciousness. His mother, who was wild with joy at his recovery, never tired of thanking Davie for saving her son's life.

She asked him, how he, so young, could already swim so well, and many other questions ; so that he was obliged to tell her all his history.

When she learned that he had no longer any parents, and that his Aunt did not make him very happy, she said to him—

“ My dear Boy, you shall come with us to our house, which is close by ; there you shall get dried, and your clothes changed ; and then you may go and tell your uncle, that I, Mrs. Wynne, will take you into my service, and provide for you, if he is willing, and you like to come.”

“ Oh, Ma'am ! I should like it very much. I would far rather live with you, than with Aunt Martha.”

Little David was quite dazzled and bewildered, when he got inside Maynes Court, Mrs. Wynne's seat ; he had never imagined any place so splendid ; and, after his uncle's poor cottage, it seemed like a fairy palace.

His own clothes were hung to dry, and he was dressed in some of little George's, and then seated before a good fire, which was to do away with any ill-effects from his late wetting, he enjoyed an excellent supper ; after which he set out for his uncle's cottage. As he entered, John Rees was just going out to look for him, having got rather uneasy at his being later than usual in coming home. When he heard of little David's adventure, he said,

“ God has, indeed, befriended you, My boy, in sending

you this good fortune, which is more than you could ever have hoped for. The Wynnes, I know, are kind, charitable, religious people; try, then, to make yourself worthy of their protection, by doing all you can to please them, and prove your gratitude."

His Aunt also congratulated him on his good fortune. But Mary Ann, sitting in a corner, said nothing; and when David went up to kiss her, he saw that she was in tears.

"What shall I do without you," said she; "I shall be very miserable.

*David.*—The Wynnes live close here, dear Mary Ann; so I can often come and see you. It's true, the family are going soon to London; but they come down here every summer; and then I shall bring you a pretty present; and I shall have so much to tell you.

*Mary Ann.*—Oh! but you are going to live among other people; and you will quite forget us.

*David.*—How can you think so, you silly girl! If I were to become a king, I should never forget you; and you will always be the person I shall love best in the world.

Soon after David went to Mr. Wynne's, the family left Maynes Court for London; and poor Mary Ann had to take leave of her cousin for some time. The winter passed sadly enough for her; for David had always been so kind to her, that she missed him sadly. However, summer came at last, bringing the Wynnes into the country, and with them David, much grown and improved in appearance.

"How tall you are getting," said Mary Ann; "and how nice you look in your good clothes; tell me if you are happy, and what you have been doing."

*David.*—Oh, I am very happy! Mrs. Wynne has been

sending me to school, and I am getting on very well in writing and ciphering. Everybody is very good to me; and I like the servants. I go errands for them, and help the coachman and grooms; and in a year or so, I am to be Master George's groom. Mr. Wynne has promised me that, and I shall like it so much; for Master George is a very nice young gentleman. But, dear Mary Ann, I must not forget to give you my present. See! here it is.

*Mary Ann.* Oh, David! What a pretty brooch; how did you manage to buy it.

*David.*—Oh! Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Master George, each gave me a Christmas-box; but your brooch is not all. Look at this handkerchief; don't you think Aunt Martha will like it. I chose the gayest I could find; and here's a snuff-box for Uncle John. I knew he would be pleased with that. Next year, I shall bring you still prettier things; for my master says, that if he continues to be pleased with me, he will give me wages. And now, tell me what you have been doing. Did you go to school in the winter.

*Mary Ann.*—Yes! and I thought it very tiresome. But now I hear that you are getting on with your schooling, I will be more industrious; for I should not like you to think me very ignorant.

Next year, Mary Ann had the pleasure of seeing David, who looked very spruce and handsome in his groom's dress, attend Master George in his daily rides.

Every year he came, bringing presents for her and her parents; and she always found him as good and affectionate as ever. His master and mistress had never had so good a servant; he rose from one step to another, and as he possessed the full confidence of his employers, and had



DAVID ASKS MARY ANN TO BE HIS WIFE.

received a good education, Mr. Wynne thought he could not do better than choose him for his steward, when the faithful servant, who had held this office, for the last thirty years, died.

That year, David Evans went as usual to see Mary Ann, who had now grown into a comely young woman ; but, instead of offering her any present, he said to her,

“ My dear Cousin, when we were little children, you promised me, that when I had a cottage of my own, you would come and keep it. Now, instead of a cottage, I shall have a nice house ; and I come to ask you, if you will be my wife.”

Mary Ann answered, “ I should be very willing, dear David ; for there is no one I love so much as you ; and I am sure I could not have a better husband ; but I cannot leave my Mother, who is now poor, old, and ill. My Father is dead, you know ; my brothers married and scattered ; so there is only myself to look after her.”

“ Oh ! if it is only that,” replied David, “ You need not leave her. You remember how severe your Mother was with me in other days. Well ! I mean to take my revenge. She shall come and live with us ; and I will make her so happy, that she will not be able to think without sorrow, of all the cuffs and scoldings she gave me when a child.”

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### BEWARE OF ANGER.

ROBERT and Henry Salkeld lived about four miles from Exeter, in a very pretty house, called Briery Close. At the time my story begins, Robert was about six years old; and Henry, not quite five. They were, in general, good boys, and affectionate brothers; but Henry had a bad habit of teasing and irritating Robert; and the latter was of a hasty disposition, and apt to fly into a passion at very slight provocation.

Their parents having a large garden, had given each of them a nice plot of ground, which the two boys took great pleasure in cultivating. Old John Davis, the gardener, with whom the children were great favourites, often gave them plants and seeds, and showed them how to put them in the ground, and rear them.

Henry had already had the pleasure of gathering, in his own beds, a good many violets; these he made into pretty little nosegays, putting green leaves round them, and tying them neatly with a piece of thread, and then he carried them to his Mamma, who kissed her little boy, well pleased at his pretty attention, and arranged them in a little vase on her work-table. As for Robert, the day on which our story begins, he had found, in his garden, four large strawberries, quite ripe. As he was not greedy, he did not at once eat them up, as many other little boys would have done; but gathered them, and placing them carefully on a large leaf, said to his brother,

"There's just one for Papa, one for Mamma, one for you, Henry, and I shall take the last and the smallest just to see if they are good, for I have not tasted any this year."

Some minutes after, John Davis called the two boys to give them some fine double stocks to put in their garden. Our little gardeners were overjoyed at the idea of having such beautiful flowers. They planted them, and then wanted to water the mould, for it was very dry.

"Make haste, Henry," said Robert. "You know that my watering-pot is all broken, and that I must wait till you have finished with yours."

Henry, being in a teasing humour, instead of making haste, went about the work as slowly as he could, watering drop by drop; and when he had given enough water to his stocks, he pretended that all his other plants wanted some too.

Robert got impatient and irritated, said angry words to his brother, and worked himself into a violent passion, as was generally the case when he was thwarted.

Just as Henry was going to fetch more water, he rushed upon him, tried to snatch away the watering-pot, pushed him, struck him, and threw him down on the ground with such force that poor Henry uttered a piercing shriek.

This was heard in the house, and his Mother and the servants came running out to see what was the matter. Henry was raised from the ground, and then it was found that he had broken his leg. He was taken in to bed, and the Doctor immediately sent for, who gave him a great deal of pain in re-setting the limb. While this was going on, unhappy Robert was in the next room, his face buried in the cushion of an arm-chair, trying to stifle the sound



THE DOCTOR SAYING THAT THE LITTLE INVALID MAY BE BROUGHT DOWN INTO THE GARDEN.

of his brother's cries, for they pierced his heart. Oh ! how he now wished that he had not put himself into a passion: but regrets are useless. A single moment of anger and impatience had caused all this suffering to his dear brother, and would, for long, prevent his using his nimble limbs. He, who was so fond of running about, how would he bear to have to lie without stirring; and how should *he* dare to see Henry, after being the cause of all this unhappiness. He was still taken up with these sad thoughts, when his mother came to seek him; and throwing his arms round her neck, he told her how the sad accident had happened; and how miserable he was at what he had done.

"You see, my dear child," said his mother, "how dangerous it is, and how wrong, to give way to passion; you are but a feeble child, and yet you have done your brother a dreadful injury. If you had been a strong man, you might, perhaps, have killed him; think what would then have been your misery and remorse, since you are now so unhappy. I hope, at least, that this lesson will correct you, and that you will never again let yourself be hurried away by your passion. At present you may, in some degree, repair what you have done, by helping us to nurse and amuse poor Henry, so long as he cannot move about."

These last words somewhat comforted poor Robert; and, from this moment, all his care was to invent amusements for his brother; he would tell him stories or read to him, or cut him out pictures, and help him to arrange them in his scrap-book. If Henry asked for anything, he got it him at once; and he was always ready to play at the games his brother liked, and to do everything he wished. Sometimes, the poor little sick boy would say,

"How I should like to see my garden! I am sure my poor plants must be drooping from thirst, and choked with weeds; when I am able to get up again, I shall find it a wilderness."

Robert said nothing; but every morning he got up an hour before his time to look after his brother's garden; he weeded the beds, raked the borders, watered the plants, and worked with such zeal, that it was impossible to find a plot of garden in better order and nicer arranged; and, with Davis's help, he made a nice bank of turf, for his brother to rest on, when he got out; for he knew it would be long before Henry would be able to run about.

At last, the moment so long expected and so much desired, came; the doctor said that, on the morrow, the little patient might be brought down into the garden.

Robert, overjoyed, ran to see if all was in order in his brother's garden. Everything was very neat; but there were not many flowers out.

Disappointed at this, he went to find John Davis, and asked him if it was not possible to make the rosebuds and pinks open a little before their time.

*John Davis.*—No, Master Robert; that is not possible. It is only God who can do so; but you can buy some plants in flower, and put them in your brother's garden.

*Robert.*—Oh! that's it! that's it! What a good thought of yours! Tell me, quickly, where I can buy some.

*John.*—It is too late to-day; but to-morrow is market-day, at Exeter. I am going in to get some seeds; and if your Mamma will let me take you with me, we shall there find all you want; but I must warn you that I start at six in the morning. Can you be up so early!

*Robert.*—Oh, to be sure! I will run and ask Mamma, if she will let me go.

Mamma gave leave, and before six o'clock the little boy was at the gate, waiting for John.

The latter was not long in making his appearance, leading by the bridle an ass, with panniers to hold the pots of plants, they were going to buy. Robert was perched on Dapple — for so the donkey was called — and off he set in high glee. Laughing and chattering with old John, the way was soon got over, and they were in Exeter market, before Robert had made up his mind what plants to choose, or calculated how far his pocket-money would go.

How beautiful the flower-market looked! and what a brilliant show of plants, all in full bloom! It was a hard matter to choose among so many; but, at last, he fixed upon a rose-tree, a jessamine, a water-lily, and a fuschia, all in full flower. And now they hastened back to have time to plant them, before Henry came into the garden.

Hardly had Robert patted down the last spadeful of mould about the plants, when his brother was brought down.

Oh, how pleased was poor Henry, after being so long shut up, to breathe once more the fresh air; to feel the warm bright sun; to smell the sweet flowers; and to hear the birds gaily singing. And when he came to his garden, what a surprise awaited him there!

"Oh, what beautiful flowers!" cried he, clapping his hands; where did they come from? And what a nice grassy seat! And, actually, there is not a weed in my garden; it never was so neat before. Oh, dear Robert, it must have been you, who have done all this for me."

And he flung his arms round his brother's neck, and kissed him half-a-dozen times; while poor Robert could scarcely keep from crying, so moved and pleased was he.

"Do you know," said Henry, "that now I am almost glad I broke my leg; but for this accident, I should never have been so happy as I am to-day."

"And I," said their Mamma, "I bless God for sending me this trial, which, at first, was a great grief to me; for it has resulted, I hope, in quite correcting my dear Robert of his terrible fault; it has shewn me how much affection my children have for each other; and, lastly, I think it has cured my little Henry of the bad habit of teasing his brother."



## THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

## PAPA'S STORY.

“PAPA!” said Robert Murray, one winter’s evening, as his father drew his chair to the fire, after the tea-things had been taken away. “Mr. Jones, the picture-cleaner, sent home this afternoon, while you were at your office, an old-fashioned portrait. I don’t remember seeing it before. Is it a likeness of any one in our family?”

“I saw a name on the back of it,” added his sister Charlotte; “it was not very legible. I think it was a French one. Was it the name of the person, Papa; or the man who painted the picture?”

“The name you saw, Charlotte,” replied Mr. Murray, “was Jacques Morlot, the name of the original of that portrait, who was your great Grandfather. The picture had got much injured by damp, and I have been getting it restored. I think I have told you that your Grandmother, who died before you were born, was a French woman. My father’s business often took him over to France; and, on one of these occasions, he was introduced to a very pleasing young lady, the daughter of a Monsieur Morlot, the junior partner in a firm with which he had

transactions. This acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual attachment, and the young people married; that is how I came to have a Frenchwoman for my mother. Your great Grandfather's history was a very interesting one. My Mother, who felt justly proud of her father, often told it me, when I was a child. I think you, too, will like to hear it, and may derive a good lesson from the tale; so I will tell it you, as we sit round the fire, this cold evening. I know you are fond of stories; and this one has the merit of being all true."

"Oh, thank you, Papa! Thank you!" cried both the children.

"Then, listen," said their father, and began as follows:—

"It was seven in the morning, and day had not long broken—for the time was the month of October—when a little boy, walking briskly along the high road, from Orleans to Paris, approached the Barrière d'Enfer, carrying on his shoulder a stick passed through a bundle. He was decently clad; had a merry face; and gaily whistled an Auvergnat air. He was about to enter the gates of the great city, when an officer of excise called out,

'Hold! What have you got in that bundle?'

'An old pair of trousers, and a jacket, three shirts, a pair of shoes, a scraper, and my leathern knee-caps. See for yourself!' And, suiting the action to the word, he began to unknot the handkerchief which held these things.

'All right! all right!' said the official, laughing; your baggage is not contraband. It seems to me, my friend, that you mean to live upon the soot of Paris.'

'I hope there will always be enough of that,' replied the

boy, joining in the laugh, and showing two rows of teeth as white as ivory; ‘but if soot should fail, there will always be mud; and I am likewise a shoe-black.’

‘Bless me! here are talents. How old are you?’

‘I shall be thirteen at Easter.’

‘You are very small for thirteen.’

‘All the better for that.’

‘Indeed?’



THE EXCISE OFFICER.

‘To be sure; if I was big, I could not get up small chimneys. Look you! for the last two years my uncle has not let me eat much, for fear of growing too big.’

‘It was your Uncle, then, who brought you up,’

‘Yes! For I have no father and mother. It is he who has brought me up, and taught me the trade of a sweep.

He knows the business well, I warrant you; he who has made his fortune in the chimneys of Paris.'

' His fortune?'

' To be sure; he has now got a mill and two acres of land in our part of the country, close to Clermont.'

' But if he is so rich, why doesn't he keep you?'

' Because I have reached an age to get my own bread; but he has given me this good suit, which I have put on to enter Paris. (I shant wear it every day, as you may suppose). This good suit, his blessing, and twenty francs.'

' Twenty francs to come from Clermont to Paris! Your Uncle has not ruined himself.'

' And why should he ruin himself? He knows very well, that as soon as I am in Paris, I shall earn my own bread; for he has given me a letter to a friend of his, a master sweep, who will take me into his employ. And, besides, he is going to marry; that is why he told me he could do no more for me.'

' Very tender in him.'

' Oh! my Uncle is not very tender; one must allow that,' replied the boy, laughing. ' But, still, I owe him something; but for him, I should have been a charity boy.'

A vehicle coming through at this minute, the official, who felt interested in the little sweep, told him to wait a moment; and as soon as he had searched the conveyance, took up the conversation where it had been broken off.

' How have you made the journey?'

' On my legs—except when I have been lucky enough to get a lift—and at the rate of five or six leagues a day. At night, I went to an inn, where I bought some bread and cheese. They never refused to let me sleep in the

stable; very often, too, the girls and boys gave me something good to eat with my bread; either a pear or two, or some walnuts; and at Orleans, I got a large piece of bacon. So you see, I have wanted for nothing.'

'I see you are not hard to please,' said the official; 'and I, also, will regale you.'

So saying, he went into the office, occupied by the clerks of the excise, and going to a cupboard, took out a pint bottle of wine that had been opened, and a slice of cold veal, the remains of his breakfast.

'Look! here is something for your dinner to-day.'

'I should like to know your name,' said the boy, putting into his bundle the present which had just been given him.

'Why?' asked the officer.

'That I may find you again, if I become rich.'

'I am called Robert Gauvain; and, unfortunately, you may find me here long enough; for it is in vain, I ask for other employment. I can get nothing better.'

'Robert Gauvain,' repeated the boy; 'and I, my name is Jacques Morlot.'

Then, having more than once cordially shaken the hand of his new friend; he entered the city.

The sight of so many objects, which now for the first time presented themselves to his view, so charmed the little sweep, that he did nothing else for a great part of the day, than wander through the streets, stopping, rapt in admiration, before the handsome houses, the gay shops, and the splendid buildings, of which Paris boasts. Evening was coming on, when an inward sensation reminded him that he had not broken his fast since six in the morning. He went into a baker's shop, bought a roll of bread, and, sitting down on a bench before a *porte cochère*, began to

munch his bread, not forgetting the cold veal, and also a sup of the wine, which he drank to the health of Robert Gauvain.

This good meal over, he yet felt so tired that his legs refused to do their office, and he could not resist the inclination to sleep some minutes, before he delivered his letter to the chimney-sweeper. It was scarcely six o'clock; Jacques, after having placed his bundle under his head, was not long in falling into a sleep so sound, that he never awakened until the next morning at seven o'clock. Being already dressed, he had nothing to do but enquire his way to the sweep's, where he felt sure of meeting with a lodging of some kind; for the man had written to his Uncle a month ago, saying that he might send him the boy who should be well treated.

With a brisk step—for he had now quite recovered from his fatigue—and a light heart, Jacques reached the door of the man who was to help him to live in this great city; and who would also, perhaps, be the means of his making his fortune. He addressed himself to the porter . . . . The chimney-sweeper had died suddenly three weeks ago, and the house was being altered for a hatter, who had taken it. Jacques remained for some minutes stunned by this news. At last, recovering himself, he turned away from the door with a slow step and a heart saddened by the thought of the abandonment and misery which awaited him, in this beautiful Paris, the sight of which had so delighted him the day before. He walked on for some time, with his eyes cast down and feeling quite overwhelmed by his trouble; but, by degrees, thanks to the sanguine nature which Providence had given him, he took courage.

‘If I fret,’ said he, rubbing his forehead, as if to chase

away the gloomy thoughts in his brain. ‘What good will that do me? Will it not be much better for me to try and get myself out of the mess? I have, still, more than fifteen francs left; that will give me time to look about me. Its certain, I must not think of going back to my uncle; he has made me understand plainly enough, that I must not count any longer upon him. But all these people, whom I see moving about the streets, find some means of gaining their livelihood. Let me also strive to get mine; and look but to God and my own hands.’

Having thus made up his mind, Jacques walked on at random; for it little mattered to him what direction he took, provided he went where there were chimneys to sweep. One thing still troubled him, and that was where to find a bed. As Uncle Morlot was a gossip, and very fond of talking of the great city where he had made his money, Jacques knew Paris very well by hearsay, and that any one could meet with a lodging.

‘Certainly,’ said he, looking about him; it is not houses that are wanting; but I do not yet see any poor enough for me to roost in. Let me seek the suburb where my Uncle lodged; there I shall find what I want. So he asked the first passer-by his way to the quarter he wanted, and immediately took the road thither. When he got there, he struck into one of the bye-streets, which he thought would lead out into the country; and scarcely had he gone a hundred yards, when he stopped at a court, leading up to a small dingy dirty-looking house.

Jacques, who—thanks to his village schooling—knew how to read, write, and cipher, flattered himself that he had attained the object of his research, when he read these words, written in large characters. ‘*To let, a lodging, at*

*the end of the court.'* Now, if this lodging be but a garret, it will do for me.

Going down the court, which was very narrow, he came to a small yard, in which an old woman was hanging out



JACQUES ASKING THE WASHERWOMAN ABOUT HER ROOM.

clothes to dry. He went up to her, and politely taking off his cap, enquired how much she asked for the lodging to let.

'How much?' repeated the old woman, measuring him

from head to foot with a crabbed look ; ‘and pray what is that to you?’

‘I ask, because I am looking out for a room, for myself,’ he replied in a gentle tone.

‘For yourself! And how do you mean to pay for it? Where are your friends?’

‘My relations are in Auvergne; they have sent me to Paris to follow my trade of a sweep.’

‘Ah! a poor business, that; besides I won’t let my room for less than three months, paid in advance.’

So saying, the old woman resumed her occupation of hanging out her clothes on the line.

‘And for how much do you let it?’ asked Jacques, following her each step she took.

‘Forty francs a year.’

‘That would, then, be ten francs to have to pay to-day,’ rejoined the poor boy, sadly.

‘Ten francs, exactly,’ replied the old woman with an ironical smile. ‘So you see, that it won’t suit you.’

Jacques considered for some minutes. Three months would give him time to get into the way of earning his bread in Paris, without seeing himself taken up for a vagabond. There would still remain to him more than five francs, to buy himself bread for two or three weeks; and, counting upon getting some chimneys to sweep, he decided to give two-thirds of what he possessed, rather than sleep in the streets.

‘Will you be good enough to show me the room, Ma’am, and take me into your house?’ said he, drawing two five-franc pieces from his pocket.

The old woman stopped, looked at the boy, whose honest, frank, and winning face, might have softened the heart of a tiger; and, then, thinking that this little lodger,

since he could pay, was, after all, preferable to some indifferent character of the neighbourhood ; she told him to wait a moment.

Madame Gervais (for that was the washerwoman's name), then entered one of the two rooms which composed the ground floor of her house ; after which she locked the door of her yard, saying—

'I always take care to fasten this door, leading into the court, whenever I leave the yard ; for thieves are not lacking in this neighbourhood. As for my house,' she continued, 'that is safe enough ; for it contains only myself, my daughter, and my nephew, who is a journeyman cabinet-maker.'

Having now entered what the washerwoman styled her house, they mounted a steep staircase, or rather a ladder, which led to the garret. There Jacques was introduced to a room, or, rather closet, which might be about four yards long, and three and a-half broad ; in it stood a small truckle bedstead, with its bedding of a straw mattress ; an old bolster, and a woollen counterpane. A worm-eaten chest of drawers, a table, two chairs, and a cracked looking-glass suspended from the wall, completed the furniture. Jacques, however, was well content with his domicile ; so pleased was he to think that for three months to come, he should sleep under a roof. In fact, this little asylum seemed to him very snug ; and though he was deprived of sheets—a luxury to which he had been accustomed at his uncle's—he took care not to ask for any ; but saying that the room would do very nicely, he hastened to give Madame Gervais the ten francs, that the bargain might be concluded.

Not content with having paid, Jacques heartily thanked the old woman for having complied with his request ; and,

crabbed as Madame Gervais was, she felt almost touched by the feeling of gratitude which the young Auvergnat expressed.

Her harsh, severe face so far relaxed, that she made him remark with a smile the advantages of the furniture of his room; that the table had a drawer; that the chest of drawers locked: then, pocketing the ten francs, she descended the staircase, taking the necessary precautions not to break her neck.

As soon as Jacques found himself alone, he hastened to take off his good clothes, and put on his chimney sweeper's dress. He hoped very little from this day, seeing that more than half of it was gone, and the hour for his labour over; but, nevertheless, not wishing to lose a chance, he went out and traversed the streets until nightfall, uttering his shrill cry of 'Sweep!' to which no voice responded.

'To-morrow, no doubt I shall have better luck,' said he; 'for I shall go out earlier.'

Comforted by this hope, he went home, ate a large piece of bread soaked in the wine, which his friend had given him; and then, without lighting the candle, which he had been obliged to buy, he knelt down to say his prayers; and the only favour which the poor child asked was, that God would send him work on the morrow. This done, he threw himself on his bed, and soon fell sound asleep.

The next morning, at day-break, he was on his feet in the streets, and sending forth his cry of 'Sweep!' at the shrillish pitch of his voice. Some time, however, elapsed, with as little success as the day before; but, at length, as eight o'clock struck, a head was put out of the window, and these delightful words, 'Come up, sweep!' greeted his ear.

You may suppose he had not to be told twice; and he was so careful not to leave the slightest particle of soot in the chimney; not to dirty anything in the kitchen; and to take, with a satisfied look, the eight sous the cook gave him, when he ought, at least, to have had ten, that she, out of economy made him sweep two other chimneys in the house.

When Jacques left this dwelling, upon which he called



JACQUES'S FIRST CHIMNEY TO SWEEP.

down all the blessings of heaven, he scarcely felt the earth he trod upon; he was so happy. From time to time, he stopped to assure himself that the twenty-four sous he had just earned, were safe in his pocket; and in the joy which transported him, for a quarter of an hour he neglected to utter his cry. At last, he again tried to attract attention, by making his shrill voice re-echo through the streets, which answered so well, that this day brought him in two francs.

Although the days that followed were not all so good, Jacques no longer felt any uneasiness about his existence ; and a fortnight had not passed, before he found himself the owner of a nice little sum—thanks to the economy which he exercised in his expenditure.

The fear he had been in of wanting bread, made him relish his dry piece so much, that it was rarely he could resolve to diminish his little hoard, by adding anything to it, beyond a morsel of cheese or an apple.

All his desire, all his ambition, was to amass sufficient money to buy the tools which are necessary to a shoe-black ; for he thought, with apprehension, of the season when chimney-sweeping is over. He had already got blacking and brushes at a bargain ; but what else was needed, it was yet out of his power to buy. Meanwhile, he lived in hope ; feeling sure that God would help him, if he helped himself.

In truth, the poor child could reckon upon no other protection than that of his Heavenly Father ; living, as he did, quite isolated, in the midst of the immense population which filled Paris. That part of the house, which looked out in to the street, was inhabited by workmen, who went off very early in the morning to their work, and had no intercourse with the other lodgers. The washerwoman, his landlady, was ready enough to get Jacques to do all her commissions—to chop wood for her fire, when it was washing day, and to do other little odd jobs ; but she thought that she sufficiently repaid the services of her little lodger, in washing for him, gratis, every week, one of the three shirts he possessed. She never talked five minutes with him without telling him what a great rent she paid, and what hard work she had to make both ends meet ; so that it was not in her power to help others.

The only one in the family who took any interest in Jacques was Gertrude, his landlady's daughter, who assisted her mother in taking in washing. She was nineteen; and all her features expressed much good nature. Working from morning to night, in company with her mother, whose crabbed disposition was little suited to Gertrude's cheerful character, she was ready to seize any opportunity of amusing herself, and never saw Jacques in the court, without stopping to laugh and chat with him. She soon liked him so much, that she would give him a friendly tap on his cheek, at the risk of soiling her fingers with the soot with which the child's face was generally covered.

Unfortunately, Gertrude's friendship could not be of much service to Jacques; in the first place, because her Mother never let her keep any money, and also because it was really the case that the two women only earned just enough to live on.

Left so entirely to himself, it would not have been surprising if Jacques had been led into evil, for he was exposed to many temptations in the bad examples set him by boys of his own age, but he was not enticed into their company: he liked better to be alone than join in their amusements. To be honest and work hard seemed to him the only way of getting on; and the remembrance of the religious instruction he had once had at school, joined to his firm trust in God, inclined him to good: and it was well it was so, for no one about him took the trouble to give him good advice any more than to give him bread.

It is true he was not long in going to see his friend, the officer of excise; but, as if it were the will of Heaven that the boy should remain without earthly protectors, he learned from one of the other officials that Robert Gauvain

had just obtained an excellent situation, which removed him from Paris.

This news grieved Jacques on his own account, but he was not the less rejoiced to know that such prosperity had befallen his friend ; and he somehow took it into his head that the good fortune of this honest man was a presage of



GERTRUDE.

what awaited himself. This hope, however, was yet far from being realised ; although he never spent any more than was just necessary to keep him from starving, he was seldom able to lay by anything for his rent, and his food swallowed up very nearly all his little profits. In this way winter had passed, and he saw the month of

May arrive, the season at which fires are left off; so he went out many days following without once being called to, and said to himself that for the present it was all over with chimney-sweeping.

The poor boy, who was growing fast, felt his appetite become larger as his earnings got less; and, to crown his misfortune, he had to pay his rent before six weeks were over, under pain of being turned into the street.

But distress never fell upon a braver heart. Trouble to the little fellow was only a spur for action. He did not sit down—as too many of us would have done—and weep and lament over his cruel fate; but the young hero, with indomitable tact and industry, went forward to turn his evil into good.

Any other than Jacques would have despaired: his courage, on the contrary, was roused by need. With an intelligence beyond his age, he had got to the knowledge of all the means by which the poorest inhabitants of Paris gain a livelihood; but it was necessary that these should be within his reach. His slight figure and short stature were against his availing himself of some of these, and others required money, which it was impossible for him to get.

One day, when he was sitting on a bench, amusing himself with watching the many carriages passing; a boy, carrying a box filled with tapes, thread, and laces, sat down by his side, probably to eat more at his ease a large piece of gingerbread, which he seemed greatly to relish. The two boys were not long in entering into a conversation; and Jacques, with the liveliest interest, questioned the young pedlar about what the other called his trade.

‘How much can you earn a day?’ asked he.

'Oh, that's as it happens; there are good and bad days, you know.'

'Oh, dear, yes!' rejoined Jacques, heaving a great sigh; 'and more bad than good; but I should like to know, in the first place, how much you pay a yard for your tape at the draper's.'

Before making any reply, Jacques's new friend showed lively signs of surprise. His laughing eyes looked straight into Jacques's face, as though he would have said, 'You cannot surely be in earnest in asking such a question.' The pause was so long, and to Jacques so painful, that he again asked, 'How much do you pay a yard for your tape at the draper's?'

'At the draper's!' said the little boy, bursting into a fit of laughter at this proof of complete ignorance of all trading. 'If I got it at the draper's, I should lose, for he sells it dearer than I do.'

'Where do you get it, then?'

'At the manufacturer's; they make me the trade abatement, and that is my profit.'

'At how much the yard do you buy it?'

'About three centimes.'

'And you sell it for?'

'A sou.'

'What!' cried Jacques. 'You get nearly cent. per cent. profit.'

'But, consider,' replied the little pedlar; 'there's my trouble.'

'Yes, to be sure. I only meant to say that you have a very good business, if you sell much.'

'To-day, for instance,' said the young trader; 'I have sold forty yards at one stroke, to a lady."

'Nearly twenty sous put into your pocket?'

'Without reckoning the small sales which I have made from time to time during the day.'

'So you gain much more than enough to live on,' said Jacques, eyeing the box wistfully, and sighing.

'To be sure; and I am saving up to keep a stall.'

'How! keep a stall!'

'Oh! it is much more profitable than to run about the streets; besides, it tires one much less. When one has enough to pay for leave to install oneself in a doorway, with a chair and table, one becomes then a real shop-keeper: one gets customers, and it must go very hard with one if in time one does not make money.'

'But, when first you took up your trade, you had money to buy your goods?'

'I began with six francs, which my godmother gave me.'

'But I have no godmother,' thought Jacques to himself, his heart so heavy that he shortly left the young pedlar, whose lot he was beginning to envy, and wishing him a prosperity he could not hope for himself, he sadly withdrew.

Be it observed that the cloud of sadness which came over the boy's heart and mind was only temporary. It soon vanished, and from this moment, Jacques was possessed by a fixed idea which he could not drive from his mind; and he no longer amused himself with a thousand things which hitherto had diverted him, and made him bear his unhappy lot with patience. He could not see one of these pedlars, who are always about the streets, without saying to himself, 'He is very happy! be it hot or cold, summer or winter, he makes his living all the same.'

His preoccupation, however, did not interfere with the efforts which he made to free himself from his misery. Not content with scouring the city from the break of morn, in the hope of finding some kitchen-chimney that wanted sweeping ; as the day advanced, he went home, washed his hands and face, put on his better clothes, and posted himself at the corner of a street, watching for any errand that might fall in his way ; until the hour came for him to station himself at some theatre, in readiness to open the doors of the vehicles, or to fetch a hackney coach when the play was over. It was not always in vain that the poor boy took so much trouble, and was always on his feet, still what he now made, even on his best days, was so little that it only sufficed to feed him.

Every evening, before going to bed, he counted the eight or ten sous which usually composed his fortune, and put them back in his pocket, thinking sadly of the ten francs which he owed his landlady : then, in order that he might not give himself up to despair, he said his prayers — with tears beseeching the Father of the orphan to relieve him—and God, in a remarkable manner, heard his petition.

One morning, when he had gone out before daylight, he thought he saw something glittering among the rubbish which had been thrown out at the large gateway of a handsome house ; without supposing it could be a very precious thing, he nevertheless quickly stooped to pick it up. What was his surprise and joy when he found that it was a new five franc piece. The sight of this treasure almost took away his breath for some moments. He could not believe his eyes ; and, as the day more fully broke, he leaned against the railings half laughing and half crying,

and turning over in all senses his lucky find without being able to take his eyes off it. Suddenly, a serious thought struck him. This piece of money, did it really belong to him? Some one, who perhaps needed it, might have inadvertently thrown it out with the rubbish. Five francs, in the eyes of Jacques, was such a considerable sum that to take possession of it thus secretly was to commit the theft of a whole fortune, he thought.

He reflected for some minutes upon the advantage of keeping this money, and upon the remorse which he should suffer at having retained it; finally, his young conscience triumphed over the temptation, and, repelling all suggestions to appropriate the property of another, with one hand he put the coin into his pocket, and with the other boldly knocked at the gate.

Admitted into the portress' lodge, he asked in a voice trembling with emotion, if she had thrown out cinders and rubbish the evening before. The woman, crusty at having had to leave her work to open him the door, crossly replied, 'No!'

'But, perhaps,' rejoined he, 'you can tell me if any one in the house has thrown out anything since yesterday?'

'Therese, the cook, on the first floor, threw out something last night,' said a little girl, sitting in the corner of the lodge, munching a large piece of bread and butter.

Jacques, fully resolved to restore to the rightful owner that which only a few minutes ago he had looked upon as his own, did not hesitate to mount to the first floor, and, accosting Therese, the door of whose kitchen was open, he begged her to count over her money, and to see if she

had not inadvertently thrown out with the rubbish a five franc piece.

Happily, Jacques had addressed himself to an honest person. The girl began to laugh: ‘No, my boy! No; I have not so many five franc pieces as to throw them into the street.’

‘Because I have just found one in the rubbish at the door.’

‘Well, my boy, keep it. You are quite entitled to it.’

‘It’s certain that I have done all that I could to restore it,’ said Jacques, his eyes sparkling with joy.

‘And, therefore, it will bring you good luck,’ rejoined the honest girl. ‘More has not sometimes been needed to make a fortune.’

These words rang in Jacques’ ears when he was far from the house where he had heard them uttered, and they gave rise in his mind to a crowd of ideas, each one more joyous than the other.

While eating a large apple, which the good Therese had given him, he greatly reproached himself for not having asked the little tape merchant in what part of Paris the manufactories were to be found, for he did not hesitate as to the manner of employing his money. Being only in possession of a part of what he owed his landlady, he hoped to double his funds, perhaps to treble them, before the fatal term. He had no time to lose; he must find merchandise; and, as he was not sparing of his legs, he had soon made up his mind to traverse Paris from one end to another to find a manufactory.

He had already visited many streets, which he now saw for the first time, when he stopped before the following notice: ‘Grandin and Co.’s Paper Manufactory.’ ‘Here is one,’ said he to himself; ‘but it is for paper. Well,

and why should not that do? One gains perhaps as much upon paper as upon tape. I have seen plenty of boys selling paper ; and he was going to enter, when a glance at his sweep's clothes stopped him. He reflected with reason that these rags, covered with soot, might shut the doors of such a handsome house against him ; and, speeding home like an arrow, he was not long in returning wearing a clean shirt and his better suit. While dressing he had time to think of the way in which he should present himself to these great merchants. Never having accosted any one in so high a position, he was a little uneasy about the reception that awaited him. Happily, Jacques was not timid. As he had never done, and never meant to do, anything which he could not publish to the world, he possessed that confidence which a clear conscience gives to men of all ages. So he entered the counting-house, holding his cap in his hand ; and, bowing low to a stout gentleman who was writing at a desk, he approached a young man, busy piling masses of paper on shelves, and, repeating his bow, said, in a very gentle tone :

‘ Will you be good enough, please, Sir, to sell me twenty or thirty sous worth of paper ? ’

‘ We do not sell retail here, My boy,’ said the clerk, just glancing at him and going on with his work.

‘ Retail ? ’ repeated Jacques, in a tone that showed he did not understand.

‘ Yes,’ replied the clerk ; ‘ you must take at least a ream.’

‘ And how much does a ream cost, please, Sir ? ’

‘ That’s according to the paper. Three francs, four francs, and dearer.’ And so saying, the clerk kept piling up his paper without looking at Jacques.

'Four francs!' said Jacques sadly to himself. Nearly all then must be risked. Four francs! and if I do not succeed in selling this paper, how to live? It will be much better to seek a tape manufactory. Tape, I dare say, won't be so dear; but where to find one?'

While the poor boy was giving himself up to these reflections, he remained standing, motionless, and the grief which the loss of his hopes caused him was clearly shown in his face. At length, as he sadly reached the door, the gentleman at the desk, who had been watching him for some moments, stopped him.

'How much paper did you want to buy for thirty sous, My boy? You must have a good many letters to write,' he added, laughing.

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' rejoined Jacques, in a faltering voice, and bowing; 'it was not to use for myself.'

'For what, then?'

'To sell, and gain something upon it.'

'Oh, I understand!' replied the stout gentleman, with a severe and contemptuous expression. 'It is a cover for begging.'

'Begging!' cried Jacques, proudly raising his head. 'I don't beg, Sir. I am called Jacques Morlot. No one in our family has ever begged; and, if God would suffer it to be cold weather all the year, I should still gain my living by sweeping chimneys, for I had already got good customers in the six months which I have been in Paris.' There is a certain accent which only belongs to honest people, and in which no one is deceived; and this it was which Jacques had just used to rebut what he considered an insult.

The colour which had mounted to his cheeks, his unhesitating words, and the honest, frank look which

accompanied them justified him so completely in the eyes of his accuser that the latter replied, in the most benevolent tone :

' So you hope to gain your living by driving a little trade in the streets ? '



JACQUES' FIRST CUSTOMER.'

' Certainly, Sir ; for I know a boy who makes a good living by selling staylaces and tape, which he buys at a manufactory ; but, unfortunately, I do not know where to find the manufactory, and the paper is much too dear

for me, for I have only five francs. One must live meanwhile ; and Madame Gervais must be paid,' he added, with a great sigh.

'Who is this Madame Gervais?' asked the gentleman, whose pity increased.

'The washerwoman with whom I lodge. In six weeks I shall owe her ten francs.'

'In six weeks, perhaps, you will have made your fortune,' said the other, laughing.

'Girard!' continued he, 'give this boy for thirty sous (fifteen pence) half a ream of letter paper at three francs.'

'You can sell it at a sou the sheet as very good,' he said, turning to Jacques, 'without cheating any one ; and whether you sell it or no, come back one of these days to tell me how you are getting on.'

Jacques heartily thanked him who had so opportunely come to his aid : gave his five franc piece, getting back three, and left full of hope and joy.

He did not wait till he got back to his garret to count how many sheets of paper he possessed ; but, sitting down on the doorstep of an adjoining house, he counted forty, which sold at a sou (a halfpenny) a piece, would bring him a profit of ten sous. It is true that to gain these ten sous each day, he must sell his whole stock ; but if he did so, his earnings would be sufficient to feed and lodge him until the winter. This calculation made, Jacques, not wishing to lose a minute, rose, and taking a sheet of paper in his hand, offered it to an old lady who was coming along the pavement, saying : 'For a sou ; from the manufactory of Grandin and Co.' This lady and eight or ten other persons passed him without any reply, not even vouchsafing to look at him, though he continued to repeat the sentence which he had arranged in his head as

likely to have a good effect. Happily, Jacques had tried too many ways of gaining his bread without succeeding at the first stroke, to be easily discouraged; so he went on his way vainly offering his merchandise until, passing a handsome house, he accosted a young servant girl, who was talking with a man in livery.

'Is your paper good?' said the young woman, taking it in her hand to examine it more closely.

'Excellent! After trying it once you will never wish to get any other.'

'Ah!' replied the poor girl, smiling, 'I shall be but a poor customer, My boy; but as I want to write to the country, I will risk the sou. Here! and may you sell the whole packet.'

Jacques gaily put the sou in his pocket, thanking his first customer with as much warmth as if she had bought all the half ream.

'Come!' said he, going down a neighbouring street with a fresh sheet in his hand; 'the evil spell is broken. I'll wager this young girl will bring me luck.'

And, in fact, half an hour had not passed before he got three sous, from two passers by, for three more sheets. Unfortunately, the rest of the day was not equally productive. He was worn out with fatigue, and not having eaten anything since the morning, the poor boy was half famished with hunger. Though he was far from having realised what he expected; indeed, had not sold enough to pay for his day's ration of bread, yet, the night coming on, he turned homewards, saying to himself that he should be more fortunate on the morrow. He was passing the square of the Sorbonne, when he perceived a small group of students smoking at the door of a coffee-house. He seized this opportunity to make a last attempt, and going

up to them offered to their notice, ‘*A sheet of paper for a sou, from the house of Grandin and Co.*’

It was still light enough for the young men to judge of the value of what he presented, and as he persisted in a voice at once gentle and firm, one of them took a sheet in his hand, and, looking at it, exclaimed: ‘May I never



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THE STUDENTS.

smoke another pipe if this paper is not superior to what that rogue, Lefevre, sells us for two sous.’

‘So it is,’ said another after handling it.

‘Give me six sheets,’ rejoined the first.

‘And me four,’ said a second.

‘And me two,’ added a third.

Jacques, as you may imagine, hastened to satisfy these unexpected demands and to get his twelve sous; then,

this success giving him courage, ‘I can always furnish you with paper from the same manufactory, Sir,’ said he, taking off his cap; ‘and if you will have the goodness to give me your address, I will bring it to you from time to time. I have good legs, though they are not yet very long.’

‘Our address!’ replied one of the young men, laughing. ‘Ah! you are more sure of finding us here than at home. We two or three, for instance, turn out every fortnight. (This sally excited general laughter.) So return to this coffee-house, my boy, if you wish to see us again.’

‘Oh! I assure you that I will return,’ said Jacques, as he turned away after merrily bowing to them.

Although the poor boy had only succeeded this first day in selling less than the half of his merchandise, which brought him in but a very small profit, he foresaw clearly the possibility of establishing a small run of business; and, in this joyous anticipation, forgot his fatigue and the hunger which had been tormenting him for some hours. However, when he entered his garret, he no sooner perceived the immense piece of bread reserved from the morning for his evening meal, than he devoured it in a twinkling, washed it down with two large glasses of water, and throwing himself, all dressed, on his bed, fell into the soundest sleep.

It was seven o'clock, next morning, when he opened his eyes; scarcely any one was yet moving in the streets, so that before going his rounds, Jacques had time to go to the baker's and buy in his daily stock, which, since work had failed, consisted of two pounds of bread of the second quality. While he breakfasted, as frugally as he had supped the evening before, he pleased himself with counting the small money which his trouser-pockets con-

tained. All put together, he still possessed the value of the five franc piece, which seemed to him a good augury, and made him set off joyously to seek his fortune anew.

He determined to cross the bridges and try the best quarters of the city; but he had cause to repent this, when he heard four o'clock strike without his having sold more than three sheets.

While sadly retracing his steps to the faubourg St. Germain, which had been much more favourable to him, a young lady, coming out of the gardens of the Tuilleries, replied to his offer by taking two sous out of her pocket, which she put in his hand, saying, 'Keep your paper, my boy.'

Jacques immediately recalled the words of the gentleman at the counting-house, and became as red as a cherry.

'I do not ask alms, Ma'am,' said he, in a respectful tone: 'I only seek to make an honest living. You look so good! do, pray, take the two sheets; I can answer for it they are as good as those you buy in the shops.'

The young lady smiled. 'You do well, my boy; very well. Return me the two sous and give me twenty sheets. So saying, she exchanged the two sous piece for one of twenty, took the twenty sheets which Jacques had carefully counted, and stepped into her carriage, which now came up.

'God bless her!' cried Jacques; she has been the means of my gaining more than two sous without making a beggar of the nephew of Francis Morlot. Whether or not I sell the two sheets that remain, I must try and reach the warehouse before night to get some more to sell.'

He hastened his pace as much as he could; but, presently, he felt some drops of rain upon his hand. He hastened to cover his two sheets of paper under his jacket,

but, in less than five minutes, the storm which had been threatening since the morning, broke, and the first clap of thunder was followed by a pelting rain.

Not to get drenched, Jacques was obliged to follow the example of several persons who took shelter under an archway. The rain redoubled, so that the gutter soon became a broad stream. Much vexed on his own account, seeing that he had on his better suit, Jacques nevertheless lent an ear to the complaints of his companions in misfortune, not without thinking that all of them could change their clothes when they got home, while this consolation was denied him.

'If I were alone,' said a gentleman, wearing several orders, addressing himself to his wife and daughter, both of them dressed with great elegance; 'if I were alone, I should not mind, for this rain cannot long continue so heavy; but I don't know how you can return on foot.'

'On foot, Papa? It is impossible, for Mamma and me, with our thin shoes, without taking into consideration that our dresses will be spoilt.'

'Oh! we cannot think of it unless the rain gives over,' replied her father.

'Let the rain give over when it may,' rejoined the young lady pettishly, 'the streets won't dry to-day. How unfortunate that we thought of paying this visit.'

'I think it is leaving off a little,' said the mother, after a few minutes.

'If only an empty hackney coach were to pass we might hail it,' said the gentleman.

'If Mamma,' said the daughter, 'had been willing to enter a coffee-house, when we felt the first drops of rain, we might have sent for a cab by one of the waiters, who would not have been unwilling to earn twenty sous.'

Jacques did not wait to hear the rest of the conversation ; he had too often practised the trade of errand-boy, without deriving much benefit from it, to hesitate at resuming it when so profitable an occasion presented itself ; he, therefore, approached the ladies and offered to go and fetch them a cab.

'Is the stand far off, my boy ?' asked the gentleman.

'Near or not, Sir, I will go from place to place until I can meet with a cab.'

'Let him go, Papa,' said the daughter ; 'since he is so willing, I am sure he will bring back one.'

'It still rains fast,' added the mother ; 'and it may do so for long.'

'Well, go quickly ; and you will find us here when you get back.'

Jacques started off as if he had got a new pair of legs. He ran in vain to two stands in the neighbourhood, which were known to him ; but, as he was going to a third, he saw two persons paying a cab from which they had just alighted.

'Here's another fare for you,' he cried to the driver, jumping into the empty vehicle. 'Quick ! to University-street.'

When the family, who were waiting beneath the archway, saw Jacques arrive triumphant, but wet to the skin, an exclamation of joy and surprise, attested that they had not expected him so soon ; and when the young lady, having got into the cab with her parents, said, 'Here's something for you,' he stood at first stupefied at the sight of a two franc piece ; then, seized with a transport of joy, exclaimed, shaking the water from his cap :

'It must be owned that I have luck to-day ; and if my clothes dry soon enough for me to get to the warehouse

this evening, nothing will be wanting; but I cannot present myself there looking like a drowned rat.'

Ungracious as Madame Gervais ordinarily was, she yet had her good moods at times; and Jacques had always shown himself so obliging, even to the sweeping of her two chimneys in the winter for nothing, that by degrees she relented in his favour, often spoke to him as she saw him passing in the court, and, what was more strange—trouble and fatigue having made the boy rather poorly—one day, when she had broth, she gave him a basin.

Jacques, who remembered that he had left her in the morning busy at her ironing, did not despair of obtaining her counsels, and, perhaps, her assistance in drying his clothes. Scarcely had the thought struck him than he hurried home. He found Madame Gervais downstairs. She had just been taking fresh heaters from the fire to finish her ironing, when, looking into the court, she saw him and burst into a loud laugh. Emboldened by this good humour, he entered the room.

'What a state you are in!' said she. 'Have you been taking a bath, all dressed.'

In a few words Jacques recounted how, in default of soot in the chimnies, he had become a hawker of paper about the streets, which naturally exposed one to the rain. He then begged her to tell him when his clothes would be dry.

'Clothes, in the state your's are in, won't be dry before two days.'

'Oh!' cried Jacques; 'how much time will be lost if I don't go this evening to get a fresh supply of paper, now I have sold all.'

'You have sold all! and for how much?' asked Madame Gervais, who perhaps was not sorry to learn if her

lodger's new trade was likely to assure the payment of her rent.

'For forty sous.'

'What! you already sell for two francs a day, My boy! Why, that's capital.'

'I much hope to gain more in time,' replied Jacques, rendered sanguine of the future by the good morning's work he had made. 'And, if I make my fortune, I will pay you for my shirts, Madame Gervais, I assure you.'

We must do Madame Gervais the justice to say that she was less touched by this promise than by the feeling of gratitude which prompted it.

'Listen,' said she, 'while I finish this under waistcoat, which is my last piece; go you and put on your sweep's dress, and bring me all you have on, and, as my irons are still hot, I will dry your clothes with them.'

'For this evening?'

'Yes; they will be ready to put on in a quarter of an hour.'

'Oh, Madame Gervais, how good of you! how good of you.'

And, so saying, Jacques made but one spring to his garret; and soon reappeared, bringing not only his wet clothes but his two sheets of paper, which he had vainly tried to protect from the rain.

'Oh! as for paper, nothing can be done to it,' said Madame Gervais. 'You must just let it dry, and try to pass it off among good sheets.'

'No, no!' said Jacques; 'that would be the way to lose all the customers whom I hope to make. When I indulge myself with two sous worth of fried potatoes, I always buy them of Mère Matthieu, because every one knows she sells good things. In order that I may make

my fortune, it must be said of me in many parts of the city: 'Buy your paper of Little Jacques, for he never cheats.'

'It may be so,' replied his landlady, continuing to iron his waistcoat, which she had first vigorously wrung out.

'There go two sous, it's true,' said Jacques; but I must not grumble: we can't have everything good at once.'

'This would not have happened,' replied the washer-woman, 'if you had taken the precaution to put your paper in a box.'

'A box! Oh, you don't know how I long for a box! but, I dare say, it would cost a good deal.'

'That depends; there are different sorts, and one that would do for you might be got for fifteen sous.'

'For fifteen sous! Oh, if you could but get me such a one! Stop! here are twenty sous. You understand the thing. You have a respectable look; whereas, I am so little that people take me for a child, and try to cheat me. As you say, my paper will not then get spoilt by the rain; and, besides, with a box, one has the look of a regular tradesman.'

Madame Gervais took the twenty sous and promised to see about the box that very evening. Interesting as this conversation was to Jacques, it had not impeded work; and very soon he was able to go up to his garret (not without having thanked Madame Gervais twenty times), put on his clothes — now as clean and dry as they were the evening before — and set out for the warehouse. It was not seven o'clock when he got there; but the house was shut. Jacques, astounded, questioned the portress; who explained to him, in a round-about way, that on Saturdays the warehouse always shut at six o'clock, and did not open till Monday morning.

'Oh, yes! I am aware that they don't sell on Sunday; but Saturday evening —'

'Must not Monsieur Duflot have time to make up his weekly accounts?' replied the old woman. 'The conducting of a large house of business is no small matter. I know that, for my son is employed at Monsieur Duflot's;' and the portress drew herself up proudly as she made this announcement.

'Monsieur Duflot is then the master?' asked Jacques, who plainly saw that the old woman liked talking.

'Monsieur Duflot is the partner of Monsieur Grandin; while Monsieur Grandin carries on the house at Corbeil, Monsieur Duflot manages the one in Paris. It is just about fourteen years since he has been daily at the counting-house, and; I can tell you, he has feathered his nest well, as we say; and that is not strange, for there is nothing like attending to one's own affairs oneself. Besides, rich as he is, he is not at all proud; he is the best man in the world; he never meets me without saying, Good day, and —'

The good woman, who seemingly had not had an opportunity of using her tongue all day, would perhaps have gone on talking for long, but for the arrival of a neighbour, who just now came to pay her a visit in passing, and whose conversation, no doubt, appeared to her preferable to that of a little boy whom she saw for the first time; so she dismissed him with a friendly smile, advising him to return on the Monday. Jacques consoled himself for this delay, thinking that he too would not have wished to have sold on Sunday, so that he did not lose time. The least I can do, he said to himself, is to go and thank God for all the good He sends me.

The next morning, therefore, he went to church to pray

with all his heart, and his landlady, who never missed service, seeing him there, conceived such a high esteem for her young lodger that she immediately resolved to make a great sacrifice in his favour. She had by her a



JACQUES GOING A SECOND TIME FOR PAPER.

box with a lock and key, as good as new, though she had kept her needles and thread in it for the last thirty years, and this she did not now hesitate to let Jacques have for twenty sous.

Become the possessor of such a treasure, Jacques started on Monday morning, proudly carrying his box under his arm.

'What!' said Monsieur Duflot, on seeing him enter the warehouse; 'have you already sold all?'

'All, Sir; and I come to get double.'

'You do well; for on a whole ream you get a discount of five per cent.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Jacques. 'Why then it is as if I had already sold for more than two sous.'

'Exactly!' replied Monsieur Duflot, moved to a smile at his joy.

'You laugh, Sir!' said Jacques, himself laughing. 'It is plain that you do not know what trouble one often has in earning two sous.'

'Perhaps so,' said Monsieur Duflot; 'but I know that in gaining sous every day you end by gaining pieces of gold; and that is what I hope for you, My boy,' he added, giving him his change.

'Thank you, Sir; thank you. The wish of a good man like you ought to bring me luck.' So saying, he neatly arranged his paper in the box, which would have held ten times the quantity, and, leaving the lid open, began his rounds.

We shall now cease to follow him in his daily expeditions. Suffice it to say, that from this moment fortune invariably favoured him. Not only did his frank, merry look induce many passers by to take his merchandise, but he rapidly succeeded in getting customers in various quarters, who would not buy of any but the little pedlar. As active as he was intelligent, he lost no occasion of pleasing the persons whom he supplied, either by obligingly doing errands for them or satisfying their requirements in

what concerned his trade, which led to his selling envelopes and also pencils, which he bought in the gross at an excellent house, recommended to him by Monsieur Duflot. Only three months had elapsed since Jacques found the five franc piece, and already (his rent paid) he had by him sixty francs.

It should be said, that far from indulging in any foolish expense, he was content to add to his bread sometimes a piece of cheese, sometimes a piece of sausage. However, notwithstanding the law of rigid economy which he had laid down, he could not resist the agreeable offer which his landlady one evening made him.

From the day on which she had so obligingly ironed his clothes, she had become the object of his friendship, and the depository of his confidences; and, as she attached herself more and more to him, she was troubled to see him undergo so much fatigue, without living better. Knowing exactly how much he earned a month, she proposed to board him for three francs a week.

This offer was so inviting, that after having reflected for some minutes, he accepted it; feeling sure, from the way in which business was answering, his profits must increase.

It was a happy moment for Jacques, when, returning from his morning rounds, he sat down, for the first time since his sojourn in Paris, before a table on which was gravy soup and a piece of beef; for Madame Gervais, who had meat soup two days in the week, wished to treat her welcome boarder on the first day of his eating with them. It is true, that the five other days he had to content himself with vegetable soup, or else a plate of beans or potatoes; but to him, who, for more than a year, had eaten nothing but dry bread, all these meals were excellent.

Jacques prospered too well in his new trade, to think of resuming that of a sweep, when the month of October returned. He had a strong presentiment, that he had taken the road to fortune ; and he remarked, with pride and pleasure, the interest which Monsieur Duflot took in him. That gentleman never saw him come for a fresh supply of paper, without talking with him for a few minutes ; putting various questions to him about his



MONSIEUR DUFLOT.

manner of living. Jacques always replied with so much frankness and intelligence, that these short conversations generally ended on the side of Monsieur Duflot, with some benevolent words, which filled the poor orphan's heart with gratitude. The winter was very severe ; but Jacques continued his perambulations, without being deterred by the hardest frosts or the heaviest falls of snow

and rain. Wisely judging that he must not count upon any sale to passers-by, seeing that every one was anxious to get on as fast as he could ; he was the more diligent in visiting his regular customers, who, from time to time, procured him many others.

Then it was, that he found it very pleasant, when he came in chilled of an evening, to sit down by the little stove, at which the dinner was cooking. This stove was indispensable to Madame Gervais, to dry the clothes in winter, or to heat her irons.

'Ah !' exclaimed Jacques, one day, warming his frozen feet and hands at the fire, ' how can people say that there is not happiness in this world ? To warm oneself, when one is cold ; to eat when one is hungry—these are blessings.'

' I ought to have many others ; I, who have been working from morning to night, for the last twenty years,' replied Madam Gervais, who was not at all in a good humour ; for her nephew had just been drawn for a conscript, and she had not found a lodger for his room.

' Patience ! patience, Madame Gervais ; I have got three new customers to-day ; and only let me once arrive at keeping a stall ; and then, you know, as you have helped me, I shall help you.'

' Set up a stall ! There you are again, at your hobby ; and if you get a sitting, do you think it would lead to much ?'

' I should, in the first place, sit at my ease, instead of running about all day like a hare, to dispose of my goods ; and then—'

' And then,' broke in Madame Gervais, ' your sitting, no doubt, would be far from here ; and you would leave my house.'

‘Oh! no, no. You’ll see all will come right; besides, there’s time enough to think of that, for there’s no chance of my stall just yet. What most presses is to eat our soup. Is it not, Gertrude?’

Gertrude, who was always pleased with Jacques’ gaiety; for he was the only one in the house, she ever saw laugh, rose; and while he helped her to lay the table whispered—

‘Try and set up in this part of the town; it will be best for you.’

Jacques made her a sign of assent; but the fact was, he never thought of his projects for the future, without acknowledging with regret the impossibility of doing a good business in that neighbourhood. However, as he could not hope to attain the object of his desire in less than a year, he determined not to torment himself any further, but to leave to fate the care of arranging matters.

Jacques, who was very thankful to warm himself every day before dinner, was still happier, when, as shortly happened, he only left the lower rooms to go to bed. Anxious as he was to make himself useful to almost the only friends he had in the world; eager, also, for any employment that saved him from the dulness of solitude, he took a pleasure in helping mother and daughter in the household work, and even in their trade. Everything at fifteen, amuses; and in the matter of pleasure the poor boy had not been spoilt.

Often, too, while mother and daughter were working at their needle, he took advantage of the lamp to brush up the learning he had formerly acquired at school. Knowing how necessary it was that he should be a good accountant, he went over the rules in ciphering, which he had learnt;

and with the aid of an old book taught himself a good deal more arithmetic. His greatest enjoyment, though, was reserved for Saturday evening.

Madame Gervais was very fond of hearing the news; and as her trade of washerwoman made her a good customer to her grocer, he, from time to time, lent her newspapers. The old woman's eyes were no longer good; until now, Gertrude had read aloud; but when Madame Gervais found that Jacques could read as well, if not better, the two took the work by turns. The newspaper, it is true, was often many days old; but Jacques, deprived of books for a year and a half, devoured it with delight. Spring had returned; when, one evening, as Jacques went to get his box filled with paper, he was very much surprised not to find Monsieur Duflot at his post; and, on enquiry, learned that he had been taken dangerously ill. This sad news so affected him, that he could not get it out of his thoughts; and, as long as that gentleman's illness lasted, he never let a day pass without enquiring after him. At length, when three weeks had elapsed, Monsieur Duflot was pronounced convalescent, and soon after reappeared in the counting-house; where Jacques could not see him without testifying so much joy, that he was quite affected.

'I know all the interest that you have taken in my life, Jacques,' said he, 'and I thank you for it.'

'It is I, Sir, who ought to thank you, for having got well. As for the rest, you may suppose I was distressed at the fear of losing such a good friend.'

'Losing such a good friend! Why, my poor boy, I have never done anything for you; perhaps I had my reasons for this.'

'You have done nothing for me? Oh, but indeed, you

have, Sir! You, who are a great merchant, have you not shown pity for my troubles? And your kind words and good advice; do you think that I have forgotten all that?"

'You are a good boy, Jaques,' said Monsieur Duflot, pressing his hand. 'Well! and how are your concerns getting on? From the quantity of paper you have been for, during my illness, it seems to me they must be prospering.'

'Thank God, Sir! my profits increase every day. I think I am in a good way.'

'I think so, too!"

At this moment, two persons entering, the conversation ended there. Jacques got his box filled; paid, and left, feeling happier than he had done for the last month.

Four days did not pass without his coming to the warehouse; and, on one of these visits, Monsieur Duflot said, laughingly—

'Do you know, Jacques, that your jacket is out at elbows; and that you stand in need of a new one.'

'Madame Gervais, though, mends it often enough,' Jacques answered.

'Fresh proof of what I assert. However, my boy, after what I have learned from you of your profits, it seems to me you might have laid by something.'

'I have, Sir; but I am keeping it for something much more important.'

'For what?'

'For a stall.'

And then Jacques entered into a detail of his projects and hopes, if he succeeded in installing himself in a very frequented street; and ended by saying, that from

enquiries he had everywhere made, he was certain of having the required sum by next spring.

By next spring ! You are going, then, to encounter another winter of as many hardships as the last ?'

' That must not weigh with me, Sir ! God has given me arms and legs, to make use of them. Help yourself and God will help you, as my Uncle Morlot used to say.'

Monsieur Duflot looked at him, for some moments, with an approving smile on his face, then rejoined—

' What sum have you ?'

' I have a hundred and ten francs ; but you see, I have to lodge and to feed myself.'

' And you have not fared sumptuously, my boy.'

' No, Sir !' said Jacques laughing, ' I have been somewhat sharp set ; but, as I saw my hoard daily increasing, I was content.'

' Listen, Jacques,' said Monsieur Duflot, after having rapidly reflected. ' I know you very well, now ; I have confidence in you ; and I wish you to establish yourself at once.'

' At once ! Oh, Sir ! that is quite impossible. In the first place, I have not yet enough money to buy all the merchandise I should want ; and, then, there is not a good sitting for less than a hundred francs a year.'

' Very well ! I am going to lend you the hundred francs, which you will repay me by degrees, as you are able ; as for the goods, you shall have a running account here, and pay every month.'

' Can it be ? Can it be, that you will do all this for me ?' exclaimed Jacques, beside himself with joy. ' You are an angel, sent to me by heaven.'

' No, no, my boy ! I am no angel ; but I like to help those who, like yourself, have courage and honesty.'

So saying, Monsieur Duflot took from the cash-box five gold pieces, which he put into Jacques' hand, telling him to look out for a place that very day.

Jacques had, among his customers, the portress of a handsome house in the street St. Antoine. The sitting by her doorway, was held by an old woman, who sold cotton, pins, and combs. To-day, he had to go to the house to deliver six quires of paper, for which one of the lodgers — a writing-master — had given him an order. Arrived at the door, he was very much surprised not to see the little stall; and as soon as he was within the lodge, he asked the portress what had become of the old dealer.

'Alas!' replied the portress, 'the poor woman died three days ago; she was buried yesterday; and the day after to-morrow, her wares, and the furniture of her room are to be sold; for her heir is a young girl in service, who won't require the things.'

'And who is going to take her stall?' asked Jaques, eagerly.

'Upon my word, I don't know; the first person that offers, provided they are safe and pay well.'

'How much did she pay?' asked Jaques, whose heart began to beat fast.

'Eighty francs for her sitting; and a hundred and twenty francs for her room, an excellent one on the fourth floor.'

'Oh, Madame Provost!' cried Jacques, 'you can do me a service, which I shall never forget all my life. If you can procure me this sitting, my fortune is made. You know me well enough, don't you? You know that I can be trusted. Ask Monsieur Duflot, also, the great paper-maker, who is so rich; he will tell you that I am an honest

boy, I am sure. And, look here! I will pay the eighty francs in advance, if it is desired,'

'Well! I must enquire of the landlord, if he is willing to let you the sitting, before I can give you an answer.'

The next morning, Jacques hurried off to Madame Provost; and the porters's cheerful look told him that his affairs were in good train.

'Well!' said she, 'the matter is settled; you can have the stall by paying twenty francs the quarter.'

Thanks to the assistance which Madame Gervais and Gertrude lent to expedite the time of his setting up his stall; all that he required for that purpose was ready in less than a week.

Now came the happy day, when Jacques, in a new suit, took his seat before a little show of goods, comprising paper of all sizes, pens, pencils, and wafers.

Every evening at six, and sooner when the winter returned, he carried his table and box into Madame Provost's lodge; that done, he went to dine with Madame Gervais and her daughter, who could soon rejoice with him at the daily increase of his receipts; for six months had not elapsed before he supplied many of the inhabitants of that quarter. This success was doubtless due to Jacques having learnt, by degrees, to choose his goods with much judgment; so that he became known in the neighbourhood for selling only good articles, and never cheating his customers.

The growth of his profits did not lead Jacques greatly to increase his expenditure;—poverty was still too near for him to have any other wish than to drive it away, never to return;—with the exception of what it cost him to be decently dressed, and a slight increase on what he had been giving Madame Gervais for his board, which enabled all

three to live a little better ; for long, all that he gained was laid by, without his once thinking of spending a sou on his own amusement.

And yet, no boy in Paris, perhaps, was happier than Jacques ; unacquainted with such pleasures as are only to be had for money, he drew enjoyment from everything around him ; a customer coming to his little stall ; his frequent talks with the neighbours, or the people of the house ; and the sight of the continual movement in the street, sufficed to maintain his gaiety from morning to night, without taking into account that chance had furnished him with an inexhaustible resource against dulness. One of his customers, who kept a bookstall which stood close to his, from time to time lent him books. In such moments of leisure as his business allowed him, Jacques eagerly devoured a few pages ; and this pleasure, of which he never tired, developed his intelligence ; and by this means he learned many things which were useful to him through life. But his chief pleasure, and the one which far surpassed all the others, was the seeing Monsieur Duflot twice a week, when he went to get his fresh supply of paper ; the exactness with which he paid his accounts every month, and his eagerness to return the hundred francs, which had been lent to set him up in business, all proved so well to the good merchant the honesty and high principle of his young *protégé*, that he felt a great affection for him, and talked to him as a father to his child.

The effect of order and good conduct is to increase the smallest fortune ; a little saving made every day, at length resulted in a large sum. So that Jacques, when he had held his stall for six years, found himself possessed of two thousand six hundred francs, which Monsieur Duflot advised him to lay out in setting himself up in a shop.

During these years, Gertrude had married a young man employed on the railroad, and her Mother had died; so Jacques, without passing for ungrateful, could take up his quarter's in Madame Provost's house.

Known and respected in all that neighbourhood, it was there that he took a shop, and stocked it with such taste and judgment, that he soon became the most frequented stationer in that part of Paris.



JACQUES THROWING OUT THE FIVE-FRANC PIECE.

It was only then, that he allowed himself to enjoy, in moderation, the fruits of his labours; and to take of what he made, a sum sufficient to live in ease and comfort. And, now, certain of not falling again into poverty, he ventured to write to his Uncle, thanking him for what he had done

for him in his childhood, and making an offer of assistance, if such were needed. Not getting any answer, he made enquiries, and learned that his Uncle had been dead some time. Jacques was twenty-eight, when Messieur Duflot, with whom he dined every Sunday, wishing at length to retire from business, sold him his share in the house of Grandin and Co. His money was now invested in a manner not only to secure his fortune, but to treble it; so that he immediately married a young girl whom he loved, but who had no money.

Become one of the richest merchants in Paris, Jacques Morlot often thought of the road by which he had reached his present position; and, especially, of the day on which he had found the five-franc piece. Therefore, on the 16th of every month, he never went to rest without opening his window, whatever the weather might be, and throwing out a five-franc piece, praying that it might fall into good hands."

"Oh, Papa! what a nice story!" exclaimed the children, as Mr. Murray ended.

"I am so glad Jacques made his fortune," said Robert.

"I did not think you could have told us anything so interesting about the picture," added Charlotte. "How good Jacques was! I am glad we have his portrait; I shall often look at it, and think of his story."

"Try, My dears," rejoined their father, "to cultivate Jacques's unrepining disposition, steady perseverance, and firm trust in God. And now, good night. Listening to this long story, you have sat up much beyond your usual bed-time; so be off at once, children."

## THE ORGAN BOY.

From where the sea, of azure hue,  
 Leaves fair Italia's strand,  
 Thou com'st, poor boy, a wanderer lone,  
 Unto our ruder land.

Some idle tale of Britain's wealth  
 Hath charmed thy ready ear,  
 And lured thee from thy sunny skies  
 To tempt thy fortune here.

Those cherish'd pets, thy cage of mice,  
 That droning organ rude,  
 Are all thy slender capital  
 To win a livelihood.

Alas ! in London's busy mart,  
 The thronging passers-by  
 Small thought take of thy foreign strains,  
 Or heed but to decry.

Fond castle-builder in the air,  
 The structure Hope doth rear,  
 Experience rudely shall lay low.  
 Fate smiles not on thee here.

MARIAN E. JAMES.

## THE HOLIDAYS.

Oh, SISTER ! I could jump for joy,  
 The holidays are here ;  
 To free us from the dull routine  
 Of all the long half year.

Good bye ! to Madam principal  
 And subs, a long array ;  
 Gladly I make my parting bow  
 To one and all to-day.

Shut up the old piano, dear ;  
 Have we not loathed its sound,  
 And wished that it were dumb each time  
 That practising came round.

And stow away our drawings all ;  
 Methinks that old oak tree  
 Would scarce be recognised by one  
 Of its fraternity.

Good bye to Young Telemachus,  
 That very model hero ;  
 And all the Roman history  
 From Romulus to Nero.

And Lindley Murray ! How I hate  
 That very sapient bore ;  
 His rules I 've learnt through twice, and am  
 No wiser than before.

Yes ! here go all our lesson books,  
Dire enemies are they ;  
That, for the term of holidays,  
In durance vile shall stay.

Right glad are we to quit the town,  
And our dull walks suburban ;  
Two simple maids with kindred tastes,  
Decidedly not urban.

I almost feel the country breeze,  
And smell the new-mown hay ;  
When will the tiresome coach be here,  
To whirl us on our way ?

Methinks I see the dear old home,  
Our father on his seat  
Reading, beneath the chesnut tree,  
Dash lying at his feet.

How would our starched instructress stare,  
To see me romp and run,  
With dear old Dash : t' were hard to say,  
Which most enjoys the fun.

I mean to be quite childish still,  
And mount the hay-filled wains ;  
And all day long be out of doors,  
Roaming the grassy lanes.

Though we're young ladies in our teens ;  
I fear we both shall be  
Almost as wild as untamed colts,  
With joy at being free.

But, hark ! I hear the sound of wheels.  
 Come, sister ! Come away !  
 We must not lose a minute of  
 Our first Vacation day.

MARIAN E. JAMES.

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### THE ERL-KING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

WHO is it that rides so late by night ?  
 The dim moon shedding a doubtful light !—  
 'Tis the sire, who holds his young son fast,  
 Wrapt warm in his cloak against the blast.

“ Why dost thou hide thy face in fear ? ”  
 “ Father ! the Erl-King ! see ! is there !  
 The Erl-King, with his train and crown.”  
 “ 'Tis but a streak of mist, my son.”

“ Come, my dear child ! come, go with me,  
 Beautiful games will I play with thee ;  
 Many bright flowers are on the shore,  
 And my mother has golden robes in store.”

“ Father ! my father, dost thou not hear  
 The Erl-King whisper, low, in my ear ? ”  
 “ Calm thee, my son—my child be at ease,  
 'Tis but the dry leaf whirl'd in the breeze.”

“ Fair boy; if thou wilt now go with me,  
My daughters shall tend and wait on thee;  
My daughters, their nightly round who keep,  
Shall dance, and sing, and rock thee to sleep.”

“ Father! my father, and seest thou not  
The Erl-King’s daughters in yon dark spot?”  
“ My son! my son, to these eyes of mine,  
They are the old willows so grey that shine.”

“ I love thee well—and willing or no—  
Thou art mine, or force shall make thee so.”  
“ Father! my father, hold me yet more,  
The Erl-King he grasps and hurts me sore,”

The father, he shudders—the spur he plies—  
Hush’d on his breast the sobbing boy’s cries;  
He reaches his door, full hard bested,  
Cold in his arms, the child was dead !

MARIAN E. JAMES.

